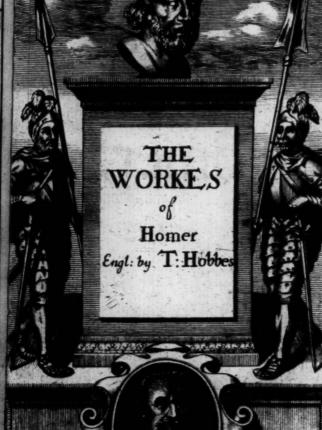


London Printed for W: Crooks at the green Dragon, without Temple Barrs, 1677.



London Printed for W: Crooks at the green Dragon, without Temple Barrs, 1677. THE

ILIADS

AND

ODYSSES

O F

Homer.

Translated out of Greek into English,

BY

THO. HOBBES

Of Malmsbury.

With a large Preface concerning the Vertues of an Heroick Poem; written by the Translator: Also the Life of Homer.

The Third Edition.

LONDON.

Printed for Will. Crook, at the green Dragon without Temple-Bar, next Devereux-Court.

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Clift of

Licensed.

Roger L'Estrange.

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READER.

CONCERNING

The VERTUES of an

HEROICK POEM.

HE Vertues required in an Heroick Poem (and indeed in all. Writings published) are comprehended all in this one word. Discretion.

And discretion consisteth in this, That every part of the Poem be conducing, and in good order placed, to the end and design of the Poet. And the Design is not only to prosit, but also to delight the Reader.

By Profit, I intend not here any accession of Wealth, either to the Poet, or to the Reader; but accession of Prudence, Justice, and Fortitude, by the Example of such Great and Noble Persons, as he introduceth speaking, or describeth acting. For all men love to behold, though not to practise Vertue. So that at last the work of an Heroick Poet, is no more but to surnish an ingenuous Reader (when his leisure abounds) with the diversion of an honest and delightful Story, whether true or feigned.

But

But because there be many men called Critiques, and Wits, and Vertuosi, that are accustomed to censure the Poets, and most of them of divers Judgments: How is it possible (you'll say) to please them all? Yes, very well; if the Poem be as it should be. For men can judge what's Good, that know not what is Best. For he that can judge what is best, must have considered all those things (though they be almost innumerable) that concur to make the reading of an Heroick Poem pleasant. Whereof I'll name as many as shall come into my mind.

And they are contained, first, in the choice of Words. Secondly, in the Construction. Thirdly, in the Contrivance of the Story, or Fiction. Fourthly, in the Justice and Impartiality of the Poet. Sixthly, in the clearness of Descriptions. Seventhly, in

the Amplitude of the Subject.

And (to begin with Words) the first Indiscretion is, The use of such words, as to the Readers of Poesse (which are commonly Persons of the best Quality) are not sufficiently known. For the work of an Heroick Poem is to raise admiration (principally) for three Vertues, Valour, Beauty, and Love; to the reading whereof Women no less than Menhave a just pretence, though their skill in Language be not so universal. And therefore forein words, till by long use they become vulgar, are untelligible to them

them. Also the names of Instruments and Tools of Artificers, and words of Art. though of use in the Schools, are far from being fit to be spoken by a Heroe. He may delight in the Arts themselves, and have skill in fome of them; but his Glory lies not in that, but in Courage, Nobility, and other Vertues of Nature, or in the Command he has over other men. Nor does Homer in any part of his Poem attribute any praise to Achilles, or any blame to Alexander, for that they had both learnt to play upon the Guittarre. The Character of words that become a Heroe are Property, and Significancy, but without both the Malice and

Lasciviousness of a Satyr.

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Another Vertue of an Heroique Poem is the Perspicuity and the Facility of Construction, and consisteth in a natural contexture of the Words, so as not to discover the Labour but the natural Ability of the Poet; and this is usually called a good Style. For the order of words, when placed as they ought to be, carries a light before it, whereby a man may forfee the length of his period; as a Torch in the night shews a man the stops and uneveness in his way. But when plac'd unnaturally, the Reader will often find unexpected checks, and be forced to go back and hunt for the fense, and fuffer fuch uneafe, as in a Coach a man unexpectedly finds in passing over a furrow. And A 4 though. though the Laws of Verse (which have bound the Greeks and Latines to number of Feet, and quantity of Syllables, and the English and other Nations to number of Syllables and Rhime) put great constraint upon the natural course of Language; yet the Poet, having the liberty to depart from what is obstinate, and to chuse somewhat else that is more obedient to such Laws, and no less fit for his purpose, shall not be (neither by the Measure, nor by the necessity of Rhime) excused; though a Tran-

flation often may.

A third virtue lies in the Contrivance. For there is difference between a Poem and a History in Prose. For a History is wholly related by the Writer; but in an Heroick Poem the Narration is a great part of it, put upon some of the persons introduced by the Poet. So Homer begins not his Iliad with the injury done by Paris, but makes it related by Menelaus, and very briefly as a thing notorious; nor begins he his Odysses with the departure of Vlysses from Troy, but makes Vlysses himself relate the same to Alcinous, in the midst of his Poem; which I think much more pleasant and ingenious, than a too precise and close following of the Time.

A fourth is in the Elevation of Fancy, which is generally taken for the greatest praise of Heroick Poetry; and is so, when governed

governed by discretion. For men more' generally affect and admire Fancy, than they doeither Judgment, or Reason, or Memory, or any other intellectual Vertue; and for the pleafantness of it, give to it alone the name of Wit, accounting Reason and Judgment but for a dull Entertainment. For in Fancy. confifteth the Sublimity of a Poet, which is that Poetical Fury which the Readers for the most part call for. It flies abroad swiftly to fetch in both Matter and Words; but if there be not Discretion at home to distinguish, which are fit to be used, and which not, which decent, and which undecent for Persons, Times, and Places, their delight and grace is loft. But if they be discreetly used, they are greater ornaments of a Poens by much than any other. A Metaphor also. (which is a Comparison contracted into a word) is not unpleasant; but when they. are sharp, and extraordinary, they are not fit for an Heroick Poet, nor for a publick Confultation, but only for an Accusation or Defence at the Bar.

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A fifth lies in the Justice and Impartiality of the Poet, and belongeth as well to History as to Poetry. For both the Poet and the Historian writeth only (or should do) matter of Fact. And as far as the truth of Fact can defame a man, so far they are allowed to blemish the reputation of Persons. But to do the same upon Report, or by Inscanda.

rence, is below the dignity not only of a Heroe but of a Man. For neither a Poet nor an Historian ought to make himself an absolute Master of any mans good name. None of the Emperors of Rome, whom Tacitus or any other Writer hath condemned, was ever fubject to the Judgment of any of them, nor were they ever heard to plead for themselves, which are things that ought to be antecedent to condemnation. Nor was (Ithink) Epicurus the Philosopher (who is transmitted to us by the Stoicks for a man of evil and voluptuous life) ever called, convented, and lawfully convicted, as all men ought to be before they be defamed. Therefore 'tis a very great fault in a Poet to speak evil of any man in their Writings Historical.

A fixth Vertue confifts in the perfection and curiofity of Descriptions, which the ancient Writers of Eloquence call Icones, that is, Images. And an Image is always a part, or rather the ground of a Poetical Comparison. As (for example) when Virgil would set before our eyes the fall of Troy, he describes perhaps the whole Labour of many men together in the felling of some great Tree, and with how muchado it fell. This is the Image. To which if you but add these words, So fell Troy, you have the Comparison entire; the grace whereof lieth in the Lightsomness, and is but the description

cription of all (even of the minutest) parts of the thing described; that not only they that stand far off, but also they that stand neer, and look upon it with the oldest spectacles of a Critick, may approve it. For a Poet is a Painter, and should paint Actions to the understanding with the most decent words, as Painters do Persons and Bodies, with the choicest colours, to the Eye; which is not done nicely, will not be worthy to be plac'd in a Cabinet.

The feventh Vertue which lying in the amplitude of the Subject, is nothing but Variety, and a thing without which a whole Poem would be no pleasanter than an Epigram, or one good Verse; nor a Picture of a hundred figures better than any one of them asunder, if drawn with equalart. And these are the Vertues which ought especially to be looked upon by the Criticks, in the comparing of the Poets, Homer with Virgil, or Virgil with Lucan. For these only, for their excellency, I have read or heard compared.

If the comparison be grounded upon the first and second Vertues, which consist in known words and Style unforced, they are all excellent in their own Language, though perhaps the Latin than the Greek is apter to dispose it self into an Hexameter Verse, as having both sewer Monosyllables and

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fewer Polyfyllables. And this may make the Latin Verse appear more grave and equal, which is taken for a kind of Majesty; though in truth there be no Majesty in words, but then when they seem to proceed from an high and weighty employment of the mind. But neither Homer, nor Virgil, nor Lucan, nor any Poet writing commendably (though not excellently) was ever charged much with unknown words, or great constraint of Stile, as being a fault proper to Translators, when they hold themselves too superstitiously to their Authors words.

In the third Vertue, which is Contrivance, there is no doubt but Homer excels them all. For their Poems (except the Introduction of their Gods) are but so many Histories in Verse; where Homer has woven so many Histories together, as contain the whole Learning of his time (which the Greeks call Cyclopedia) and surnished both the Greek and Latin Stages with all the Plots and Arguments of their Tragedies.

The fourth Vertue, which is the height of Fancy, is almost proper to Lucan, and so admirable in him, that no Heroick Poem raises such admiration of the Poet, as his hath done, though not so great admiration of the Persons he introduceth. And though it be a mark of a great Wit; yet it is fitter for a Rhetorician than a Poet, and rebelleth

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rebelleth often against Discretion; as when he says

Victrix caufa Dis placuit, fed victa Catoni.

That is,

The Side that Wonthe Gods approved most, But Cato better lik'd the Side that lost.

Than which nothing could be spoken more gloriously to the Exaltation of a man, nor more disgracefully to the Depression of the Gods. Homer indeed maketh some Gods for the Greeks, and some for the Trojans; but always makes Jupiter impartial. And never prefers the judgment of a Man before that of Jupiter; much less before the judg-

ment of all the Gods together.

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The fifth Vertue, which is the Justice and Impartiality of a Poet, is very eminent in Homer and Virgil, but the contrary in Lucan. Lucan shews himself openly in the Pompeyan Faction, inveighing against Casar throughout his Poem, like Cicero against Cataline or Marc Antony; and is therefore justly reckon'd by Quintilian as a Rhetorician rather than a Poet. And a great part of the delight of his Readers, proceedeth from the pleasure which too many men take to hear great Persons censured. But Homer and Virgil (especially Homer) do every where

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where what they can to preserve the Reputation of the Heroes.

If we compare Homer and Virgil by the fixth Vertue, which is the Clearness of Images (or Descriptions) it is manifest that Homer ought to preferr'd, though Virgilhimself were to be the Judge. For there are very few Images in Virgil besides those which he hath translated out of Homer; fo that Virgil's Images are Homer's Praifes. But what if he have added fomething to it of his own? Though he have, yet it is no addition of praise, because 'tis easie. he hath fome Images which are not in Homer, and better than his. It may be fo, and fo may other Poets have which never durst compare themselves with Homer. Two or three fine fayings are not enough to make a But where is that Image of his better done by him than Homer, of those that have been done by them both? Yes, Eustathins (as Mr. Ogilby hath observ'd) where they both describe the falling of a Tree, prefers Virgil's description. But Eustathius is in that, I think, mistaken. The place of Homer is in the fourth of the Iliads, the fense whereof is this:

As when a man hath fell d a Poplar Tree, Tall, streight, and smooth, with all the fair boughs on; Is

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Of which he means a Coach-wheel made shall be, And leaves it on the Bank to dry i'th' Sun: So lay the comely Simoisius, Slain by great Ajax, Son of Telamon.

It is manifest, that in this place Homer intended no more, than to shew how comely the body of Simoisius appeared, as he lay dead upon the Bank of Scamander, streight, and tall, with a fair head of hair, and like a streight and high Poplar with the boughs still on; and not at all to describe the manner of his falling, which (when a man is wounded through the breast, as he was with a Spear) is always sudden.

The description of how a great Tree falleth, when many men together hew it down, is in the second of Virgil's Aneads. The sense of it, with the comparison, is in

English this:

(Imoke, And Troy, methought, then sunk in fire and And overturned was in every part:

As when upon the mountain an old Oak

Is hewn about with keen steel to the heart,
And ply'd by Swains with many heavy blows,

It nods and every way it threatens round:

Till overcome with many wounds it bows,
And leisurely at last comes to the ground.

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And here again it is evident, that Virgil meant to compare the manner how Troy after many Battles, and after the losses of many Cities, conquered by the many Nations under Agamemnon in a long War, and thereby weak'ned, and at last overthrown, with a great Tree hewn round about, and then falling by little and little leisurely.

So that neither these two Descriptions. nor the two Comparisons can be compared The Image of a man lying on together. the ground is one thing; the Image of falling (especially of a Kingdom) is ano-This therefore gives no advantage Tis true, that this to Virgil over Homer. Description of the Felling and Falling of a Tree is exceeding graceful. But is it therefore more than Homer could have done, if need had been? Or is there no Defcription in Homer of somewhat else as good as this? Yes, and in many of our English Poets now alive. If it then be lawful for Julius Scaliger to say, that if Jupiter would have described the fall of a Tree, he could not have mended this of Virgil; it will be lawful for me to repeat an old Epigram of Antipater, to the like purpose, in favour of Homer.

The Writer of the famons Trojan War, And of Ulysses Life, O Jove make known,

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Who, whence he was; for thine the Verses are, And he would have us think they are his own.

The feventh and last Commendation of an Heroick Poem confifteth in Amplitude and Variety; and in this Homer exceedeth Virgil very much, and that not by superfluity of words, but by plenty of Heroick matter, and multitude of Descriptions and Comparisons (whereof Virgil hath translated but a small part into his Aneads) fuch as are the Images of Shipwracks, Battles, Single Combats, Beauty, Passions of the mind, Sacrifices, Entertainments, and other things, whereof Virgil (abating what he borrows of Homer) has scarce the twentieth part. It is no wonder therefore, if all the ancient Learned men both of Greece and Rome, have given the first place in Poetry to Homer. It is rather strange that two or three, and of late time, and but Learners of the Greek tongue, should dare to contradict fo many competent Judges both of Language and Discretion. But how soever I defend Homer, I aim not thereby at any reflection upon the following Translation. Why then did I write it? Because I had nothing elfe to do. Why publish it? Because I thought it might take off my Adversaries from shewing their folly upon my more ferious Writings, and fet

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fet them upon my Verses to shew their wisdom. But why without Annotations? Because I had no hope to do it better than it is already done by Mr. Ogilby.

T. Hobbes.

THE

J I F E

HOMER:

Collected and Written by J. Wallim.

Omer, whose proper name was Melesigenes, was born in the Country of Æolia, about 160 years after the Siege of Troy, which was a= bout the year of the World 3665, of Critheis Daughter of Melanopus and Omiris, who after her Father and Mothers death was left to a Friend of her Fathers at Cuma, who when he found she was with child, in dispeasure he sent her away to a friends at a place nigh the River Meles; where at a Feast among other young women she was delivered of a Son, whose name she called Melesigenes, from the place where

where he was born. Critheis out with ber Son to Ismenias, and after to Smyrna, where the dreffed Wool to get a livelyhood for her self and Son. Phemius the Schoolmaster, taking a fancy to her, married her, and took her Son into the School, who by his sharpness of Wit outwent all the School in Wisdom and Learning. In a short time after, his Master dying, he taught the Same School, and gained great reputation by his Learning, not only at Smyrna, but all the Countries round about; for the Merchants that did frequent Smyrna with Corn, &c. did Spread his Fame about : Amongst which Merchants, one Mentes, Master of a ship. of Leucadia, took that kindness for him, that he persuaded him to leave his School and travel with him, which he did, by whom he was maintained well and plentifully in his Travels.

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They went to Spain, from thence to Italy, and from Italy through several Countries, and at last came to Ithaca, where a violent Rheum fell into the Eyes of Homer, that he could not travel any further; so that Mentes left him with a friend of his called Mentor, a perfon of great Riches and Honour in Ithaca, where Homer learned the principal matters relating to Ulysses Life: But Mentes the next year came back the same way, and finding Homer recovered in his eyes, took him in his Travels: They went through many Countries, till they came to Colophon, where he fell into his old distemper of his eyes, and there grew quite blind; after which he addicted himself to Poetry; but being poor, he went to Smyrna, expecting to get better encouragement there; but being disappointed of his expectation, he

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he went to Cuma, and as he went he rested at a Town called New-wall, where he repeated some of his Verses. and one Tichio a Leatherseller took such delight to hear them, that he entertained him kindly for a long time. After, be proceeded on his fourney to Cuma, and when he came there he was well received, and he bad some friends in the Senate that did propose to have had a maintenance settled on him for his life, but it could not be carried. At this place he first received the name of Homer, from his Blindness. From Cuma he went to Phocaa, where lived one Thestorides a School-ma= fter, who invited Homer to live with bim; and by that means be got some of bis Verses, and after went to Chios, where he taught them as his own Verses, and got great reputation by them. When Homer heard that Thestorides

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des had thus abused him, he followed him to Chios, and by the way at a place called Bollifus was taken up by a Shepherd, as he was keeping his Masters Sheep; the Shepherd did relieve him, and carried him to his Master, where he lived some time, and he taught his Children, yet he could not rest till he had been at Chios to discover the Cheat of Thestorides, who when he heard of Homer's coming, he left Chios, where Homer tarried some time, and m taught a School, grew rich, married, re and had two Daughters, one of which as died young, the other he married to the Shepherd's Master that took him in at Bollisus. When he grew old he of left Chios, and went to Samos, where he staid some time singing of Verses at Feasts and at New Moons is at the chiefest mens houses in all places, where

where he was. From Samos he was going to Athens, but fell sick at Ios, and there died, and was buried on the Sea-shore. Long after, when his Poems had gotten an universal applause, the people of Ios built him a Sepulchre.

Hom.

Homers ILIADS

To which is added

Homers ODDYSES,

Both in English by THO. HOBBES of Malmsbury.

LONDON:

finted for William Crooke, at the Green Dragon without Temple-Bar next Devereux-Court. 1684.



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Ooddess fing what woe the discontent Of Thetis Son brought to the Greeks; what fouls Of Heroes down to Erebus it fent, Leaving their Bodies unto Dogs and Fowls; Whilft the two Princes of the Army strove, King Agamemnon and Achilles fout. That so it should be was the will of fove, But who was he that made them fir A fall out? Apollo; who incensed by the wrong To his Priest Chryses by Atrides done, Sent a great Peftilence the Greeks among; Apace they di'd, and remedy was none. For chryses came unto the Argive Fleet, With Treasure great his Daughter to redeem 3 And having in his hands the Enfigne meet, That did the Prieftly Dignity befeem, A Golden Scepter and a Crown of Bays, Unto the Princes all made his request; But to the two Atrides chiefly prays, Who of the Argive Army were the best. O Son; of Atreus may the Gods grant you A fafe return from Troy with Victory; And you on me compassion may shew, Receive these Gifts and set my Daughter free; And have respect to fove's and Leto's Son. To this the Princes all gave their confent, Except King Agamemnon. He alone, And with tharp language from the Fleet him fent; Old man (said he) let me not see you here Now staying, or returning back again, For fear the Golden Scepter which you bear

And Chaplet hanging on it prove but vain

Your

Your Daughter shall to Argos go far hence, And make my Bed, and labour at the Loom, And take heed you no farther me incense, Left you return not fafely to your home. Frighted with this, away the Old man went; And often as he walked on the fand, His Prayers to Apollo up he fent. Hear me Apollo with thy Bow in hand, That honour'd art in Tenedos and Chryse, And unto whom cylla great honour bears, If thou accepted haft my Sacrifice, Pay th' Argives with thy Arrows for my tears. His Prayer was granted by the Deity s Who with his Silver Bow and Arrows keen, Descended from Olympus filently In likeness of the sable night unseen. His Bow and Quiver both behind him hang, The Arrows chink as often as he jogs, And as he shot the Bow was heard to twang, And first his Arrows flew at Mules and Dogs, But when the Plague into the Army came, Perpetual was the fire of Funerals; And so nine days continued the same, Achilles on the tenth for counsel calls; And Juno 'twas that put it in his head, Who for the Argive Army was afraid: The Lords to counsel being gathered, Up flood Achilles, and thus to them faid, We must I think (Atrides) run from hence, Since War and Plague confume us both at once, Let's think on how to flay the Pestilence, Or else at Tiey resolve to leave our bones. Let's with some Priest or Prophet here advise That knows the pleasure of the Gods above, Or some that at expounding Dreams are wife, For also Dreams descend on men from fave: That we may from him know Apollo's mind,

If we for Sacrifice be in arrear,

Or if he will for Lambs and Goats be kind,

And to destroy us from henceforth forbear.

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Achilles then fat down, and chalchas rofe. That was of great Renown for Augury,

And any thing was able to disclose

That had been, is, or should hereafter be;

And guided had the Greeks to Ilium;

Achilles (said he) fince you me command

To tell you why this Plague is on us come,

Swear you will fave me both with word and hand.

Of all the Greeks it will offend the best;

Who though his anger for a time he smother. .

Will not, I fear, long time contented reft, But will revenged be some time or other.

Calchas (reply'd Achilles) do not fear,

But what the God has told you bring to light:

By Phabus not a man shall hurt you here,

As long as I enjoy my life and fight; Though Agamemnon be the man you dread,

Who is of all the Army most obey'd.

The Prophet by these words encouraged, Said what before to fay he was affraid.

Tis not neglect of Vow or Sacrifice

That doth the God Apollo thus displease;

But that we do his Priest so much despise, As not his Child for ransome to release.

And more, till she be to her Father sent,

And with a Hecatombe, and ranfomless. The anger of the God will not relent,

Nor will the Sickness 'mongst the People cease.

This faid, he far. The King look'd furioufly, And anger flaming stood upon his eyes,

While many black thoughts on his heart did lye; And to the Prophet Chalchas thus replies.

Unlucky Prophet, that didft never yet Good fortune prophecy to me, but ill,

And ever with a mind against me set.

Inventest Prophecies to cross my Will; And now again you fain would have it thought,

Because I would not let Chryseis go,

the Gifts refusing which her Father brought, Therefore this Plague was fent amongst us now.

Ba

With

With clytemnestra she may well contend For Person, or for Beauty, or for Art.

Yet so to send her home I do intend.

For of our loss I bear the greatest part. But you must then some prize for me provide.

Shall no man unrewarded go but I? This faid, Achilles to the King reply'd, Atrides, that on booty have your eye,

You know divided is, or fold the prey Which never can refumed be again.

But fend her home. When we shall have sack'd Troy Your loss shall be repaid with triple gain.

No faid Atrides that I never meant ;

D've think 'ris fit that you your shares retain?"

And only mine unto the God be fent, That unrewarded none but I remain?

I thought it reason th' Argives should collect

Amongst themselve, the value (how they lift)

And give it before they did expect

This Prize of mine should be by me dismist. If they'l do that, 'cis well. If not, I'le go

To your or Aiax, or uly ffes tent,

And take his prize, and right my felf will fo,

Wherewith I think he will not be content. But fince there's time enough to speak of this, Let's ready make a ship with able Row's,

Andth' Hicatombe, to go with fair Chryfeis And (to direct) one of the Counsellors;

Ajax, Idomeneus, ulyffes, or

Your self may go, Achilles, if you please,

Aud do the bus'ness you are pleading for, and if you can th'offended God appeale.

O impudence (Achilles then reply'd) What other of th' Acheans willingly

Will when you only for your felf provide, Go where you bid, or fight with thenemy?

Against the Trojans I no quarrel have.

In Pthia plundering they were never feen,: Nor ever thence my Kine or Horses drave,

Nor could; the Sea and great Hills are between.

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Only for yours and Menelaus fake,

To honour gain for you we came to Troy,

Whereof no notice (Dogshead) now you take,

But threaten me my prize to take away;

Which by my labour I have dearly bought,
And by th' Acheans given me has been,

And when the City Troy we shall have gor,

Your share will great, mine little be therein.

For though my part be greatest in the pain,

Yet when unto division we come,

You will expect the greatest part o'th' gain,

And that with little I go weary home. Then farwel Troy. To Sea Fle go again,

And back to Pthia. Then it will be feen

When you without me shall at Toy remain,

What Honour and what Riches you shall win.

Go when you will (said Agamemnon) fly, I'le not intreat you for my sake to stay.

When you are gone more honour'd shall be I,

Nor fove (I hope) will with you go away.

In you I shall but lose an enemy

That only loves to quarrel and to fight.

The Gods have given you ftrength I not deny.

Go'mongst your Myrmidons and use your might.

Icare not for you nor your anger fear,

For after I have sent away Chryseis,

And satisfi'd the God, I'le not sorbear,

To fetch away from you the fair Brifeis,

and that by force for I would have you fee

How much to mine inferiour is your might,

And others fear t'opose themselves to me.

This swell'd Achilles choler to the height.

And made him study what to do were best,

To draw his Sword and Agamemnen kill,

Or take some time his anger to digest.

His Sword was drawn, yet doubtful was his Will.

But Juno, that of both of them took care.

Sent Pallas down who coming stood behind.

Achilles, and laid hold upon his Hair.

Whereat Achilles wondring in his mind,

B 3

Turn'd

Turn'd back, and by the terror of her eyes Knew her; but by none else perceiv'd was she.

Come you (faid he) to see the injuries

That are by Agamemnon done to me?

So great (O Goddes Pallas) is his pride, As I believe it cost him will his life.

I hither came (Athena then reply'd)
To put an end to this unlucky strife.

From Heaven I hither was by Juno fent,

(That loves you both, and of you both takes care)

Drawing of Swords and Blood-shed to prevent. But as for evil words you need not spare.

For the wrong done you he shall trebly pay

Another time. Hold then. Your Sword forbear.

I must (then said achilles) you obey, [hear.

Though wrong'd. Who hears not Gods, the Gods not This faid, his mighty Sword again he sheath'd,

And Pallas up unto Olympus flew.
Achilles still nothing but choler breath'd,

And Agamemon thus revil'd anew.

Dogs-face, and Drunkard, Coward that thou art,

That hat'ft to lead the People out to fight. Nor yet to lye in ambush hast the heart,

And painfully watch in the field all night. But thou to take from other men their due

(Safe lying in the Camp) more pleasure hast

But Fools they are that ruled are by you, Or else this injury had been your last.

But this I'le say, and with an Oath make good.

(Now by this Scepter, which hath left behind

The flock whereon it once grew in the wood, And never more shall have nor leaf nor rind,

And by Achean Princes now is born,

By whom Fou?'s Laws to th' People carried be.)
You hear now what a great Oath I have fworn:

If e're the Acheans shall have need of me,

And Agamemon cannot them relieve.

When Hettor fills the field with bodies slain,

And Agamemnon only for them grieve, They my affiftance wish for shall in vain,

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This said, Achilles threw the Scepter down
That stuck all over was with Nails of Gold;
And Nestor rose of Pyle that wore the Crown,
Wise and sweet Orator and Captain old.
His words like Honey dropped from his tongue.
Two ages he in battel honour gain'd,

For all that while he youthful was and strong, And with the third age now in Pyle he reign'd,

What grief t' Achea coming is, faid he, O Gods, what joy to Priam and his Seed,

How glad will all the Trojans be to fee You two that all the rest in power exceed,

With your own hands fled one anothers blood!

I elder am, do then as I advice.

For I conversed have with men as good, That yet my counsel never did despite.

Perithous and Dryas were great men, And Polyphemus and Exadius,

Such as for strength I ne'er shall see agen; And so were Canens, and Theseus.

The strongest of mankind were these, and slew
The strongest of wild beafts that haunt the Wood.
These strong men I convers'd withall, and knew;

And with them also I did what I cou'd.
With these no other could contend in fight.

Yet they from Pyle thought fit to call me forth Far off; nor ever did my counfel flight.

Think not therefore my counsel nothing worth.
Attides take not from him though you can,

The Damfel which the Greeks have given him.

Forbear the King (Pelides.) For the man
Whom Jove hath crown'd is made of Jove a limb.

Though you be strong and on a Goddess gor,
Atrides is before you in command,

Atrides, be but you to peace once brought, T'appease Achilles I will take in hand.

Who is (while we are lying here) our Wall.

To this Atrides answered again,

I nothing can deny of this at all.

This

But he amongst us thinks he ought to raign,

And

And give the Law to all ashe thinks fit. But I am certain that shall never be.

He well can fight; the Gods have granted it, But they ne're taught him words of infamy.

Then interrupting him Achilles faid,

I were a wretch and nothing worth indeed,

If I what ever you command obey'd.

I will no more to what you fay take fieed.

But this I tell you, if you take away

The Damfel which is mine by your own gift,

I do not mean for that to make a Fray

Amongst the Greeks, or once my hand to lift. Fetch her your sell Atrides, but take heed

Against my will you nothing else take there.

Try; that th' Acheans may fee how you speed,
And how your black blood shall run down my spear.

Thus in disorder the Assembly ends.

Achilles to his own ships took his way, Patroclus with him and his other friends.

And Agamemnon then without delay

Lanch'd a Bark, and in go Row'rs twice ten.
Aboard the Maid and th' Hecatombe they lay.

ulyffes went Commander of the men.

And fwiftly then the ship cuts out her way.

And then Atrides th'Army purifi'd,

And threw into the Sea the Purgament. Then sacrificed o'th'sands by the Sea-side

A Hecatombe. To Heaven went up the scent.

And busic were the People. But the King Still on his quarrel with Achilles thought, And how Brifeis from his Tent to bring.

For what he threatned he had not forgot,

But sent Talthybius and Eurybates

T'Achilles Tent to fetch Briseis thence.

(Two publick servants of the King were these Ordained to carry his commandments.)

If he refuse (said he) to let her go,

I'le thither go my telf with greater force And take her thence, whether he will or no. Which, angry as he is, will vex him worfe.

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The Messengers though not well pleased,
Unto the Fleet o'th' Myrmidons, and there
They sound Achilles sitting by his Tent.
Well pleas'd he was not. And they silent were,
And sound fill struck were fear, and reverence.

And flood still, struck were fear and reverence.

Achilles seeing that, spake first, and said,

Come near to me you have done no offence.
Go you Patroclus and lead forth the Maid;

And give her to these men, that they may be To Gods and Men, and to th'unbridled man

My Witnesses, when they have need of me To save th' Acheans, which he never can.

For what can he devise of any worth?

Or how can he the Greeks in battle fave?

This faid, Patroclus led Briseis forth, And to Atrides Messengers her gave:

She with them went, though much against her heart,
Achilles from his friends went off and pray'd.

And fitting with his face to th' Sea apart Weeping, unto his Mother Thetis faid,

Mother, though fove have given me fo small A time of life, I could contented be,

Had I not been dishonoured withat.

And forc'd to bear such open injury:

Thetis in th'inmost closets of the Deep, Sat with the old God Neveus, and heard

And not enduring long to hear him weep,
Above the Sea like to a Mist appear'd,

And by him fat and ftroak'd his head, and faid,

Why weep you Child? What is't that grieves you fo?

Tell me, speak out. Of what are you afraid?
Come whatsoever 'tis let me it know.

Mother (faid he) 'tis not to you unknown, When we took Thebe, and had brought away

The Captives and the riches of the Town, Christis fell t'Atrides for his prey.

And how her father chrysis came to th' Fleet
With ransom great his Daughter to redeem,

And having in his hands the Enfigns meet. Which did his Prieflly dignity befeem,

B .

A Golden Scepter and a Crown of Bays, Unto the Princes all made his request.

But to the two Atrides chiefly prays,

Who of the Argive Army were the best. O Sons of Atreus, may the Gods grant you

A fafe return from Troy with Victory;

And you on me compassion may shew, Receive these Gifts, and set my Daughter free;

And have respect to Jove's and Leto's son. To this the Princes all gave their consent,

Except King Agamemnon. He alone,

And with sharp language from the Fleet him sent.

Away the Old-man goes, and as he went, Against the Greeks, he to Apollo pray'd;

Who heard him and the Plague amongst them sent, Which daily multitudes of men destroy'd.

Of which the Prophet being ask'd the cause, Said-'twas for th' injury to chryses done.

I mov'd to fend her back, Then angry was

Atrides, though befide Atrides none.

And though he too has fent her now away, Yet what he threat'ned he has brought to pass.

His Officers from me have forc't my prey,

And Agamemnon now Brifeis has.

And now, if ever, let me have your aid,
If you have holpen Jove with word or deed;
(For in my Fathers house you oft have said,

That heretofore you flood him in great fleed, When other Gods tobind him had decreed,

Juno and Neptune, Pallas and the rest, You to him came and from his bonds him freed.

For up you fetcht Briareus the best Of Titans all, whom men Ageen call,

The Gods B iareus, with a hundred hands. And fer him next to Jove. No God at all

Then durst to Jupiter approach with bonds)
Put Jove in mind of this, and him intreat
The Tiojan hands to fortifie in fight,

And to repel the Greeks with flaughter great, That in their goodly King they may delight, H

And Agamemnon count what he hath won . By doing such dishonour to the best

Of th' Argives, and that has fuch service done.

Ay me, (said Thetis) would you could here rest Unhurt, ungriev'd. For I have born you to

Short life. And not far from you is your Fate.

And grievous 'tis to be dishonour'd too.

But I to Fove will all you say relate When I go to Olympus. Till then stay,

And angry though you are, from War forbear.

To Blackmoor-land the Gods went yesterday,

And twelve daies hence agen they will be there. This faid, the Goddess wenther way, and left

Her Son Achilles with his Anger striving,

For that he had been of his prize bereft, And then uly fes at the Port arriving

Of Chryle, first his fails he furl'd, and flow'd

Them on the Deck together with the Mast; And with their Oars their Ship ashore they row'd,

And out their Anchors threw : and ty'd her fast, And on the Beach the Men descending laid

The Victims in good order on the Sand.

When this was done they difimbark'd the Maid. And then ulyffes took her by the hand,

And brought her to the Altar, where the Price

Her Eather stood, and to him spake, and said O Chryse Se, Arides hath dismit You highter and this Hecatombe hath paid. By Ag a mon we are hither sent The me to offer, and t'Apollo pray. That he ccept it will and be content

The Sickness from the Greeks to take away.

This faid, he put Chryfeis to his hand,

And he with great contentment her receiv'd.

Then all with Salt and Barley ready fland,

And Chryses pray'd with hands to Heaven upheav'd.

Hear me Apollo with the Silver Bow,

That dost in Tenedos and Cylla reign,

And heardst my Pray'r against the Greeks, hear now, And from them fend the Pestilence again.

When

When chryses had thus to Apollo pray'd,

Then pray'd they all; and Salt and Barley threw Upon the Victims; which they kill'd and flay'd.

But from the Altar first they them withdrew.

And then the Thighs cut off they flit in twain, And round about they cover them with fat,

And one part on the other laid again.

The Priest himself came when they had done that,

And burnt them on a fire of cloven wood;

And as they burning were pour'd on black Wine. Young men with Spits five branched by them stood.

When burnt the Thighs were for the Pow'r divine

And Entrails eaten, the rest cut in joynts Before the fire they roasted skillfully,

Pierc'd thorow with the Spits that had five points;
And took it up when roafted thorowly.

When ended was their work, began the Feast; Where nothing wanting was of what was good.

And having thirst and hunger dispossest,

And filled with sweet Wine the Temp'rers flood.

Then round the Cups were born and all day long Sitting they celebrated Phæbus might,

And magnifi'd his goodness in sweet sweet Song, And he in his own praises took delight.

But when the Sun had born away his light.

Upon the Sands they laid them down to fleep,

And when again Aurora came in fight, .
Again they lanch their ship into the deep.

A good fore-wind Apollo with them fent.

Then with her Breaft the ship the water tore (Which by her down on both sides roaring went)

And foon arrived at the Trojan shore.

And there they drew her up again to Land, And every man went which way he thought best,

Achilles yet not able to command

The anger that still boiled in his breast,
No longer would the Greeks at Councel meet,

Nor with them any more to battel come;

But fullen far before his Tent and Fleet, Wishing to see th' Augives beaten home.

Twelve .

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Twelve times the Sun had risen now and set,
The Gods t'Olympus all returned were;
Thetis her Sons complaints did not forget,
But up she carried them to Jupiter.

Upon the highest top alone sat he

Of the great many-headed Hill, and laid.
One hand on's breaft, th'other on his kneed

And in that posture thus unto him faid.

O Father Jove, if for you I have done
Service at any time by word or deed

Repay it now I pray you to my Son
Whom Agamemnon hath dishonoured.
Short time the Fates have given him to live.

Atrides taken from him hath his prey-

Now Victory unto the Trojans give

Till Agamemon for his fault shall pay

Thus prayed she. But Jove made no reply.

Nor took she off her hands; but pray'd anew;

O Jove my Prayer grant me, or deny,

That I may know what power I have in you. Then Jove much grieved, spake to her, and said,

'Twist me and Juno 'twill a quarrel make.

For the before the Gods will me upbraid,
When the thall know the Trojans part I take.

But go, left the observe what you do here.
I'le give a Nod to all that you have spoken,

That you may fafely rruft to and not fear.

A Nod from me is an unfailing token.

This faid, with his black Brows he to her nodded,
Wherewith dispayed were his Locks divine !

Olympus shook at stiring of his God head;
And Thetis from it jumpe'd into the Brine,

And Jupiter unto his house went down.

The Gods arose and waited on him thither:

But unto Juno it was not unknown
That he and Thetis had confer'd together,

Who presently to Free her husband went,
And angry him rebuk't with Language keen.

You that still in my absence tricks invent, What God hath with you in counsel been?

Though

Though unto me you hate to tell your mind.

Juno (faid Jove (you must not hope to hear

All whatsoe're it be, I have design'd.

But what I mean shall come unto the ear Of all the Gods, you first of all shall know.

But what from all together I shall hide Ask me no more, I will not tell you, though My Wise you be. Jano then thus reply'd.

Harsh chronides, what words of yours are these!
To ask you questions I'le henceforth forbear,

And quietly let you do what you please.

But one thing I must tell you that I fear Thetis I fear has gotten your consent,

For her Son's sake the Argives to oppress. Suspect you can (said Jove) but not prevent,

Which doth but give me cause to love you less.

Though it be true, 'twas I would have it fo.

Therefore fir fill anddo as I would have yo

Therefore fit ftill anddo as I would have you, Left when my mighty hands about you go,

Not all the other Gods in Heaven shall save you! Then Juno filent sat with grief and sear;

And all the Gods i'th' House of Fove did grieve.

But Vulcan the renown'd Artificer

Stood up his Mother June to relieve.

Oh what will this come to at last, said he,

If you for mortals thus shall be at odds! The tumult than the chear will greater be:

What pleasure can be this unto the Gods? And though my Mother wifer be than I,

Yet thus much I'le not doubt her to advise, that with my Fathets Will she would comply,

That no fuch quarrel may hereafter rife. For by the roots he can the World pluck up. Therefore I pray you Mother speak him fair:

He'll soon be pleas'd. Then filled he a Cup
Of Nictar sweet, and bore it to her Chair;

And to her faid, Mother, I pray you hold, And do no more my Fathers Choler move.

If you be beaten I shall but behold,

And grieve, I am not ftrong enough for Fove,

I would have helpt you once, when by the foot He threw me down to Lemnos from the skie,

All the day long I was a falling to't,

Where more than half dead taken up was I.

And there by the Sincians I was taken up.
When Vulcan had his History told out,

His Mother on him smil'd, and took the Cup,
And to the Gods he Nestar bore about.

And then the Gods laught all at once outright

To fee the lame and foory Vulcan skink.

And all the day from morning unto night Ambrofia they eat, and Nectar drink.

Apollo played, and alternately

The Muses to him sung. When night was come

Then gently fleep follicited each eye,

And to his house each God departed home.

And Jupiter went up unto the bed
Where he at other times was wont to Iye

When sleep came on him, and laid down his head To take repose and Juno lay him by.

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THe Gods, and princes of the Argive Hoft Slept all night long. Fove only waking lay, And many projects in his mind he toft, To grace Achilles, and the Greeks annoy. At last a Dream he call'd. False Dream, said he, Go hye to Agamemnons Tent, and fay, Distinctly as you bidden are by me. Bid him bring up his Army now to Trey; For now the time is come he shall it take. The Gods no more thereon deliberate, But all consented have for Juno's sake, No longer to delay the Trojan Fate. Then with his errand went the Dream away, And quickly was at Agamemnons Tent. And finding him as fast asleep he lay, Up presently unto his head he went. And in the shape of Nefter to him spake. Sleep you, faid he, Atrides? 'Tis not fit For him from whom the People counsel take, That fleep all night upon his eyes should fit. But Fove looks to you: Liften then to me: For 'tis from fove that I am to you come. He bids you lead the Army presently Up every man to the Walls of Ilium. For now the time is come you shall it take: The Gods no more thereon deliberate. But all consented have for Juno's sake, No longer to delay the Trojan Fate. And therefore when you wake forget it not. This faid, the Dream departed. And the King Believed it as an Oracle, and thought To take Troy now as fure as any thing;

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Vain man prefuming from a Dream Jove's will,

Who meant to th' Greeks and Trojans much wo,

And with their carcalles the Field to fill

And with their carcasses the Field to fill Before the Greeks should back to Argos go:

The King awak't, and far upon his Bed,

Puts on his Coat and a great Cloak upon, Handsome and new; his Dream still in his head;

And then his Silver fludded Sword puts on.

And then he took his Scepter in his hand

Which formerly his Ancestors had born, And went to th'ships whereof he had command.

And to the Gods with light then came the Morn.

Then Agamemnen bids to Council call.

The Cry'rs call'd, the Greeks together went.

But first he had with the old Captains all Consulted what to do at Nestors Tent,

And faid he dream'd that one like Neftor spake

To him and faid, Atrides 'tis not fit For one of whom the People Counsel take

That fleep upon his eyes all night fhould fit.

But Jove secures you. Listen then to me,

For 'tis from him that I unto you come.

He bids you lead the Army presently. Up every man to th'Walls of Ilium:

For now the time is come you shall it take.

The Gods thereon no more deliberate, But all consented have for Juno's sake,

No longer to delay the Trojan Fate.

And therefore when you wake forget it not:

This said the Dream went off again, and I how to th'assault the Army may be brought

As far as we can fafely fain would try. The first give them advice to go away,

As if there were no hope to gain the Town. But you must then be sure to make them stay.

This faid, King Agamemnon fate him down. And Nestor rose. Captains of th'Hoast, said he,

This Dream had it been told b'another man, feigned and foolish would have seem'd to me.
But since the King is th'Author (if we can)

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Let us perswade the people to take Arms.

And having said, began to lead away.

And now the People coming were in swarms.

For as the Bees in a fair Summers day Come out in clufters from the hollow rock,

And light upon the Flow'rs that honey yield;

So to th'Affembly did the People flock,

And briftling flood with expectation fill'd, When they fat down it made the ground to figh.

The Lords nine Cryers then amongst them sent To make them filent or to drown their cry,

And from the press their Chairs to defend.

With much ado at last they filent were. Then Agamemnon took into his hand

His Scepter (which was made by Mulciber For Jove to carry when he did command.

Jove gave it afterwards to Mercury;

And Mercury to Pelops gave the same. From Pelops it went down successively

To Atreus, and to Thyeftes came.

From him it came to Agamemnon's hand, Who many Islands and all Argos sway'd.)

And leaning now upon it with his hand,

Unto the Princes of the Army faid, Servants of Mars, Commanders of the Greeks,

O what great trouble fove involves me in! Diffracefully to fend me home he feeks,

Although he told me I the Town should win,

And now (when I have loft so many men)
It seems to play with men he takes delight.
What Towns has he destroy'd, and will agen

Destroy still more to exercise his might?

For both to us and our posterity.
'Twill be a great disgrace to go to Troy

With fo great multitudes, and baffl'd be,
And nothing done again to come away.

If we and they should on a Truce agree, And one by one they muster up their men;

And we should count how may tens we be, And make one Trojan fill out wine for ten,

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Many a ten would want a man to skink

So much in number we the Town exceed.

But when upon their many Aids I think,

I wonder less that we no better speed. Nine years are gone; our Cordage spoil'd with rain;

Our Ships are rotted, and our Wives at home,

And Children dear expect us back again.

Nor know we of the War what will become.

Come then and all agree on what I say,

Let's put to Sea, and back t' Achea flie We shall not win the Town although we stay.

This faid the Army with applauses high

Consented all (save those that had been by

In Counsel of the Princes of Achea)
And moved were like to the Billows high

That rolled are by some great Wind at Sea,

Or as, when in a field of well-grown Wheat

The Ears encline by a sharp wind opprest; So bow'd the heads in this Assembly great

When their confent they to the King exprest,

Then going to the ships cry'd Ha, la la.

Great Dust they raised, and encouraged Each other to the Sea his Ship to draw,

And cleans'd the way to th' water from each bed;

And strait unpropt their Ships; and to the skie

Went up the noise. Then Juno sent away Pallas, Pallas (quoth she) the Greeks will flie,

And Helen leave behind, for whom at Troy

So many of the Greeks their lives have loft,

And flay'd so long in vain before the Town. And then will Priam and the Trojans boast,

Unless you quickly to the Ships go down.

Go quickly then, try if you can prevail

With hopeful words to ftay them yet ashore,

And take away their sudden lift to fail,

lany

And let the Ships lye as they did before.

This faid, the Goddess leapt down to the ground,

From high Olympus, and stood on the sand Where lay the Greeks. ulysses there she found.

Angry to see the people go from Land.

ulyffes

ulyffes faid the do you mean to fly, And here leave Helen after fo much coft Of time and blood, and shew your vanity; And leave the Trojans of their Rape to boaft?

Speak to each one, try if you can prevail

With hopeful words to flav them on the shore,

And take away this sudden lift to fail,

And let the Ships lye where they lay before.

ulyffes then ran t'Agamemnons Tent,

And rook his flaff (the mark of chief command) And laying by his Cloak to th'ships he went

Amongst th' Acheans with that staff in's hand: And when he met with any Prince or Peer,

He gently said, Fear does not you become. You should not only you your self stay here,

But also others keep from flying home. Atrides now did but the Argives try,

And those he sees most forward to be gone

Shall find perhaps least favour in his eye.

For of the Secret Counsel you were none: Deep rooted is the anger of a King,

To whom high fove committed hath the Law,

And Justice left to his distributing.

But when a common man he bawling faw, He bang'd him with his staff, and roughly spake.

Be filent, and hear what your betters fay, For who of you doth any notice of you take

In Counsel or in Martial Array?

Let one be King (we cannot all be Kings)

To whom fove gave the Scepter and the Laws To rule for him: Thus he the People brings

Off from their purpose, and to Counsel draws, Then to th'Assembly back again they pass'd,

With noise like that the Sea makes when it breaks

Against the shore, and quiet were at last:

Toerfites only standeth up and speaks: Tfay: One that to little purpose could say much And what he thought would make men laugh, would

And for an ugly fellow none was fuch 'Mongst all th' Argives that befreged Troy.

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Lame of one Leg he was and lookt asquint; His shoulders at his breast together came; His head went tapering up into a point,

With stragling and short hair upon the same.

uly fes and Achilles most him hated;

For these two Princes he us'd most to chide And Agamemnon now aloud he rated,

And thereby anger'd all the Greeks befide.

What is't Atrides (faid he) flays you here?

Your Tent is full of Brass; Women you have The best of all that by us taken were,

For alwaies unto you the choice we gave. Or look you for more gold that yet may come

For ransom of some prisoner whom I

Or other Greek shall take at Ilium,

Or for some young maid to keep privately? But Kings ought not their private ease to buy With publick danger and a common woe:

Come women of Achaia, let us fly,

And let him spend his gettings on the Foe. For then how much we help him he will know,

That has a better than himself disgrac'd.

But that Achilles is to anger flow,

That injury of his had been his laft.

This faid, uly fes straightway to him went, And with four look, and bitter language faid,

Prater that to thy felf feems eloquent,

How dar'ft thou alone the King t'upbraid,

A greater Coward than thou art there's none Mongst allthe Greeks that came with us to Troy.

Else 'gainst the King thy tongue would not so run Thou feek'ft but an excuse to run away.

Because we know not how we shall come off

As yet from Troy, must you the King upbraid,

And at the Princes of the Army (coff,

me

As if they too much Honour to him paid? But I will tell you one thing, and will do't.

If here again I find you fooling thus,

Then from my shoulders let my head be cut, Or let me lose my Son Telemachus,

If I not ftrip you naked to the skin, And fend you foundly beaten to the ships

With many stripes and ugly to be seen.

This faid, he basted him both back and hips.

Thersites shrug'd, and wept, sat down, and had
His shoulders black and blew, dy'd by the staff,

Look'd scurvily. The People that were sad But just before, now could not chuse but laugh.

And, Oh said one t'another standing near; ulysses many handsome thing has done,

When we in Councel or in Battel were, A better deed than this is he did none.

That has fo filenced this railing knave,

And of his pievish Humour stay'd the flood,

As he no more will dare the King to brave.

And then to speak ulysses ready stood.

And then to speak ulysses ready stood. Where Pallas like a Crier did appear,

And flanding by him filence did command, That also they that satar off might hear.

Then spake he, with the Scepter in his hand.

The People, O Atrides, go about

To put you on an act will be your shame, Forgetting what they promis'd setting out, Not to return till Troy they overcame.

But now like Widow-women they complain,
Or little Children longing to go home.
To be from home a month it is a pain

To them that to their loving Wives would come.

To Sea they'ld go though certain to be toft By many a flurdy wind upon the same

But they have now lyen here Nine years almost; I cannot therefore say they are to blame.

But certainly after so long a stay

'Tis very shameful empty back to go. Let us at least abide till know we may

Whether what chalchas faid be true or no. For this we all know and are witnesses

(Excepting only those that fince are dead)
When we from Aulis went to pass the Seas,

And by contrary winds were hindered,

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That there we to the Gods did facrifice
Upon an Altar close unto a Spring,
That of a Plant-tree at the root did rise;
And how he saw there a prodigious thing.

A mighty Serpent with a black blood-red From out the Spring glided up to the tree, The boughs whereof were ev'ry way far spread.

On th'outmost chanc'd a Sparrows nest to be.
Young ones were in it eight, with th'old one nine;

The old one near the neft ftay'd fluttering, And grievously the while did cry and whine;

At last the Serpent catch'd her by the wing. And when the serpent had devour'd all nine,

He presently was turn'd into a stone;

That we might fee from Jove it was a fign
Of what should afterwards at Troy be done.

We were amaz'd so strange a thing to see, Till Chalchas rose and did the same explain.

This is a certain fign from Jove, said he, That he intends the liketo do again. For as the snake devour'd nine Birds in all;

So nine years long we shall make War at Troy, And after nine years Ilium shall fall.

But in the tenth year we shall come away.

This then said chalchas; and all hitherto
Is come to pass. Therefore Atheans stay,
Since nothing here remaineth now to do,

But overcoming the old Town of Troy.

This faid the People made a mighty noise

(Which bounding from the Ships was twice as great)

Sounding of nothing but ulyffes praise.

And up then rose old Nefter from his seat.

Fie, Fie, (faid he) why fit we talking here?
Where are your promises, and whither gone
Our Oaths and Vows? to what end did we swear?

Where be the hands that we rely'd upon? What good will't do to fit upon the shore, How long soever be our time to stay?

Hold fast, Attides, as you did before, The power you have; and lead us up to Troy. A man or two you safely may neglect, Though they dissent and secret counsel take, For they'l be able nothing to effect,

Before to Argos our retreat we make, And know if Jove have spoken true or no.

For when wee went aboard to go for Troy,

Jove lighten'd to the right hand, which all know

A fign of granting is for what we pray.

Let none of you long therefore to be gone,

Till of fome Trojans wife he hath his will,

And ta'ne a not unfit revenge upon

The Trojans that have Helen us'd as ill. But he that for all this is fiercely bent

On going home, and thinks that counsel best,

And lais hand on his Ship, let him be sent Down into Errbus before the rest.

But you, O King, think well and take advice First into Tribes the Army to divide,

And Tribes again into Fraternities,

That Tribe may Tribe, and Fellow Fellow aid?
The Leaders and the Souldiers then you'll know

Which of them merits praise, and which is naught

And if the Town you do not overthrow.

Whether on us or fove to lay the fault. To this Atrides answer made and said,

O Neftor, Father, you exceed all men In giving Counfel. Would the Gods me aid

With Counsellers such as you are but ten, The Town of Priam we should quickly win.

Nor had we now so long about it staid,
If Jupiter had not engaged me in

A quarrel with Achilles for a Maid. But if we come but once more to agree,

The evil day from They will not be far. Now take your food that we may ready be,

And able to endure the toil of war.

Let ev'ry man now sharpen well his Spear,

And look well to his Chariot every where,

That we may fight all day without retreat.

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For we shall fight I doubt not all day long, And never cease as long as we can see. Of many a shield sweaty will be the Thong,

And Spear upon the hand lye heavily;

And many Horses at the Charret sweat.

But he that willingly to avoid the fight

Shall flay behind, or to the Ships retreat, His body shall be food for Dog and Kite.

This faid, the People pleas'd with what was spoken,
Approved the same with shours, as loud as when

Approved the same with shouts, as loud as when Berwixt great Waves and Rocks the Sea is broken.

Then from the Affembly they return agen.

And at their ships they sacrifice and pray Each one to th'God in whom he trusted most,

That he might by his favour come away

Alive with whole limbs from the Trojan Hoft.

But Agamemnon sacrific'd a Steer

To fove, of five years old, and to the Feast

Call'd such as in the Army Princes were, Or held to be for Chivalry the best,

Nestor, Idomeneus, two Ajaces,

And the Son of Tydeus Diomed,

The fixth ulyffes Laertiades,

And Menelaus thither came unbid.

For well he knew his brother would be fad.

About the Victim then the Assembly stands, And in their hands they sale and Barley had.

Then pray'd Atrides, holding up his hands; Great, glorious Fove, that dwellest in the Sky,

O let not P habus carry hence the day

Till Priam's palace Proud in after be,

And Hector sprawling in the dust of Troy, And many Trojans with him. So pray'd he,

And Fove was with his facrifice content, But unto all his Pray'r did not agree, Intending fill his labour to augment.

When all had pray'd, they falt and Barley threw Upon the Victim which they kill'd and flay'd.

But from the Altar they it first withdrew.

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The Thighs they flit, and far upon them laid.

And

And burnt them in a fire of cloven wood;
The Entrails o're the fire they broiled eat,
The rest they rost on Spits that by them stood;
And when they rosted were, sell to their meat.
When the defire of meat and drink was gone,
Nestor stood up and to Atrides said,

Let us no longer leave the work undone, Which Jupiter himself has on us laid. Let call the Greeks together out of hand;

That we may make them ready for the War: Atrides then to th' Cryers gave command

T'assemble them. They soon assembled are. And then the Princes went into the field,

And then in Tribes and in Faternities

Distinguished. And Pallas with her shield,

(An undecaying Shield and of great price,

Ras'd at the brim with orbs of beaten Gold,
An hundred, worth an hundred Cows at leaft)

With this the Goddess went to make them bold, Courage inspiring into ev'ry breast.

And now their hearts are all on fire to fight,
And vanisht is the thought of their returning
And such as of a Mountain is the fight

Upon whose top a large thick Wood stands burning Such (as they marching were) the splendor was,

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And seemed to reach up unto the Sky,

Reslected from so many Arms of Brass,

Bright and new polished unto the eye.

As when of many forts the long-neckt Fowls
Unto the large and flowery Plain repair,
Through which Caysters water gently rolls

In multitudes high flying in the Air,
Then here and there fly Priding in their wing,
And by and by at once light on the ground,
And with great clamour make the Air to ring,

And th'Earth whereon they settle to resound; So when th' Acheans went up from the Fleet, And on their march were to the Town of Troy,

The Earth resounded soud with hoofs and feet. But at Scamander's flow'ry bank they stay, In number like the flowers of the field,
Or leaves in Spring, or multitude of Flies
In some great Dairy bout the Vessels fill'd,
Delighted with the Milk, dance, fall and rise.
The Leaders then amongst them went and brought
Them quickly into Tribes and Companies;
As ev'ry Goat. Herd quickly knows Goat
Whether it be another mans or his.
And Agamemnon there amongst the rest
Was eminent. like Jove in head and sace;
Belted like Mars; like Neptunes was his breast.
Such beauty Jove upon the man did place.

Tow Muses ye that in Olympus dwell, (For Goddesses you are, and present were, And all that pass'd at Troy can truly tell And we can nothing know but what we hear.) Who of the Greeks at Troy commanded men? The common Souldiers you need not name. For I should never say them o're agen, Although I had as many tongues as Fame. Boetia wherein contained be Etonus, and Schanus, and Scolus, Aulis, Thefpeia, Graa, Hyrie, Harma, Elefius, and Mycaleffus, Erithra, Elien, Ocalia, Hyla, Eutrefis, Thisbe, Peleon, Platea, Aliareus, and Cope, Coronia, Glyffe, Thebe, Medeon, Onchestus Neptune's Town, Niffa divine, And Midias, and utmost Anthedon, And Harne that great plenty has of Wine. The which in all made fifty Ships. And those Commanded were by Archefilaus, And Prothosnor and Penelees, And Leitus, and with them Clonius, The Seamen in each one to fixfcore role. Apledon Aspledon and Orchomenus besides,
Did set forth twenty good black Ships to Sea.
Ascalaphus and Ialmenus were guides,

Begot by Mars upon Astyoche.

The Towns of Phocis, Criffa, Panopea,
And Cypariffus, Python, and Daalis,
And on the Brook of Cephifus Lilea.

And Anemoria, and Hyampolis,

And other Towns o'th' bank of ciphisus, Made ready forty good Ships for the Seas

Ruled by Schedius and Epistraphus The Sons of Iphitus Naubolides.

The Lacrians the leffer Ajax led, Of King Oilens the valiant Son.

(For he was lower more than by the head, Than th'other Ajax Son of Telamon.)

A linnen Armour lie wore on his Breaft.
But understood as well to use a Spear,

Or better, than could any of the reft That in the Army of th' Acheans were.

There went with him from Cynus and Opus, From Bessa, Scarphe, Thronius, Aygia, Tarphe, Calliarus, Boagrius,

Forty good Ships well fitted for the Sea.

Th'Eubwans were by Flepheno led,

That dwell in Chalcis and Eretrie, cerinthus, Dion (that holds high her head)

Carystus, Styra, and in Istica.

And by the name Abantes they all go, Good men, and that in battel use the Spear,

And love to pierce the Armour of a foe.

And these on forty ships embarqued were.

From Athens (who Erectheus People were)
Aurora's Son by Pallas nourished

In her own Temple, in which every year Many good Bulls and Lambs are offered.

Under Menestens fifty Ships did pass,

Who for the ordering of a Battel well Of Horse or Foot the best of all men was, Save Nestor, who in age did him excel.

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From Salamis came to the Trojan shore, And by the greater Ajax govern'd were, The Son of Telamon, twelve good ships more, And lay at Anchor to th' Athenians near.

Argos, Tyrinthe, Trezen, Afine, And Epidaurus, and Hermione,

Mases, and Agina, and Eione,

Amongst them all put sourscore ships to Sea. Of which there were three Captains, Diomed,

Euryalus, and Sthenelus. But they By Diomed were chiefly governed.

For him they all commanded were t'obey.

And from Mycena, Corinth, Cleonæ,

And Orthe, and Hyperefile,

From Sicyon, and Arathuree,
And Ganoessa, and from Helice.

Pellene, Agium, and all that shore,

An hundred Ships were laid upon the Scas;

And his peculiar command were the

And his peculiar command were these.

Amongst them he puts on his Armour then,

Proud that he was of all the Hero's best.

For of his own he thither brought most men, And chief Commander was of all the rest.

From Sparta, Phare, Meffa, Bryfie,

From about Otylus, with those from Laus,

Helos, Amycla, and from Aygia,

Went thirty good black thips with Menelaus.

Which from his Brothers forces flood apart,
And he amongst them heart'ning them to fight,

And breathing courage into every heart
For to the Trojans he bare greatest spight.

Pylos, Arene, Cypariffeis,

rom

Amphigenia, Apy, and Thryus,

(Wherear a Ford i'th' stream Alpheus is)

Elos, and Pteleus, ,and Dorius.

(He'twas the Mules met with Thamyris

The Thracian Fiddler which their Art did flight,

And faid their Skill was not fo good as his,

And they depriv'd him both of Art and fight:)

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The number of the ships those Towns set forth, In all amounted to fourscore and ten;

And led were by a Captain of great worth.

Twas Neffor the command had of these men.

From Phene, Ripe, and Orchomenus,

And from Enife, and from Stratie,

Tegea, Mantinea, Stymphalus,

And those that dwelled in Parhasia,

(Arcadians all and in sharp war well skill'd)
Came fixty Ships by Agapenor led,

And ev'ry ship sufficiently fill'd.

But then the ships Atrides furnished.

The men of Helis, and Buprasium

And all the ground enclosed by Hyrmine,

Myrfinus, Olene, Alifium,

Amongst them all put forty ships to Sea,

Led by Amphimachus, and Thalpius, Diores, and Polixenus the Son

Of martial Agasthenes, and then

Ten good ships were commanded by each one.

Dulichium and th'Isles Echinades,

Sent Forty Ships. Meses Commander went The Son of Phyleus, who for his ease

Liv'd from his Father there in discontent.

ulysses also brought out twelve good Ships From Ithaca, Neritus, Ceph'lonia,

From Same, and from Zant, and Agylips, And from Epirus, and Crowylia,

Th' Atolians with Thoas Andramon's Son Sent from Pylene, and from Chalcis, and

From Olenus, Pleuron, and Calydon,

Sent forty Ships whereof the fole command

In Thoas was. For Oeneus was dead, And Meleager; all the Royal race.

Andramon's Son their men to Troy to lead

By suffrage of the Cities chosen was, From Cnossus, Gortus, (in the Isle of Creet) Littus, Miletus, Phastus, Rycius,

Lycastus, and some others went a Fleet Of eighty Ships with King Idomeneus.

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And valiant as Mars Mariones.

And nine good Ships went with Tiepolemus

(That was the Son of mighty Hercules)

From Lindus, Camirus, Ialiffus,

For Hercules Tlepolemus begat

On Astyochia whom in war he won,

And for her many Cities had laid flar.

But after Hercules was dead and gone,

Thepolemus now grown a man, and bold, Licymnius (his Fathers Uncle) flew

By th'Mothers fide a branch of Mars, but old.

Then cuts down Trees and rigs a Navy new;

And many men together gathered,

And wandered till to Rhodes he came at last,

And there dwelt in three Tribes diffributed.

Fear of his Kindred made him go in hafte...

And mightily in little time they throve,

And ev'ry day in wealth and power grew,

And favour'd were continually by Fove.

For daily he unto them riches threw.

From Syme went with Nireus Ships three, Nireus that was the fairest man of all,

(Achilles alwajes must excepted be)

But weak was Nireus and his number small.

From Casus, Carpathus, and Nisyrus,

Went thirty Ships. Two Sons of Toeffalus:

The Son of Hercules commanded those.

And the Pelasgique Argives sent to Sea

From Trechis, and from Hellas, and Halus,

From Pthia, and the Port of Alope,

Commanded by the Son of Peleus,

Fifty good Ships of Myrmidons, which some

Acheans, others Helens use to call.

But these would not to battel come.

For fullen sat ashore their General,

Because Briseis they had forc'd away,

Which when he won Lyrneffus was his prize,

And did Epiftrothus and Mynes flay,

There fathe then, but shall again arise.

From Inon, Phylace, and Pyrasus, From Pteleus and Antron on the Sea

Went forty Ships with Protesilaus,

Which he commanded while alive was he.

Bur he was dead. For as he leapt to land

From out his ship he was the first man slain

Of all th' Acheans by a Trojan hand,

And left his Wife to tear her hair in vain,

His house at Phylace half finished.

His Souldiers chose Podarces in his place, His younger Brother, who at Troy them led,

A Captain good; but th'Elder better was-

And they that dwelt about Boebeis Lake Iaoleus, Boebe, Phera, Glaphyra,

Pur altogether ships eleven make.

Under Eumstus there were put to Sea.

From rugged Olyzon and Melibaa.

The towns Mithone and Thomacia fent Seven ships of fifty Oars apiece to Sea; And Philostetes their Commander went.

But him the Acheans left in Lemnos Isle, In cruel torment bitten by a Snake.

And of his ships Medon took charge the while But better care of him the Greeks will take.

From Tricca then, and from Methone steep, And from Occhalia, (seat of Euritus,)

Thirty good ships to Troy went ore the Sea,

By Macham led and Podalirius,

Two skilful sons of Asculapius.

From chalky Titanus Hyperia, and

Astirius, and from Ormanius,

Euripilus did forty ships command.

And from the Towns Argists, and Gyrtone,

From Oloosson, Orthe on the Hill,
With those that sent were from the Town Elone

So many went as forty ships did fill. And had two Leaders. Polypates one, Son of Perithous the Son of Jove,

And gotten by him was the day whereon
He and the Lapiths 'gainst the Centaurs strove,

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And drave them from the Mountain Pelion.

The other Leader was Leontius,

Whole Father was Capanens, who the fon

Was of the valiant Lapith Coneus, The Anians and Perrhibeans bold,

Did two and twenty good black ships fet out,

From hollow Cyphus, and Dodona cold,

And other habitations about.

The pleasant River Titaretins,

That into Peneus runs, but doth not mix

But glides like Oil at top of Peneus.

For Titaretius is a branch of Styx.

These Gouneus led. Then the Magnessans sent From Towns upon the banks of Peneus,

And fides of Pelion mountain eminent,

Forty good ships under swift Prothous.
These were the Leaders of th' Achiean sorces.

O Goddess tell me now who was the best

In Battel of the Leaders, and whose Horses In swiftness and in sorce excelled the rest.

Eumelus his two Horses did surpass

(Though they were females) all the rest for speed,

Their colour, age, and flature equal was, Sprung in Pierio from Apollo's Breed.

That terror drew about as swift as wind.)

Mongst the Greeks the greater Ajax had no Peer,

(For now Achilles had the War declin'd,

Whom none in Prowess equall'd or came near,

Nor other Horses could with his compare. But at his ships he discontented staid,

And full of spight which he t'Arrides bare,

Whilst on the Beach idle his Souldiers plaid:

At who can furthest throw a Dart or stone.

The Horses loosly wandered here and there

Amongst the People and had Riders none, Or upon Lore and Cinquefoil feeding were.

But the Acheans to Scamander march'd,

And

Swiftly as when a fire runs o're a Plain Which Phubas had with a long Summer parch'd, And going made the ground to groan again,

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As:

As when Jove angry lasheth Arimy,

Which men say of Typheus is the bed,

The earth therewith is made to groan and figh, So groan'd the ground when they to Troy were led.

Then Jove unto the Trojans Iris fent,

Who old and young were then at Priams gate

Assembled with the King in Parliament.

Over their Heads stood tris as they sate.

Her voice was like to that of Priam's Son Polytes, that was watching at the Tomb

Of old Asuites, there to wait upon The coming of the Greeks to Ilium.

Old man (sad he) you love to hear men preach
As in a time of Peace. But now 'tis War.

The Greeks no more lye idle on the Beach, But at your Gates, and numberless they are,

As fands by the fea-fide, or leaves in Spring, And to the City now they bring the War Heltor to you this counsel now I bring.

Within the City many People are

To aid you come of divers Languages. Let them that hither led them lead them here, Arm and command them each one as he please.

When she had done, dismist the People were.

Hefter to open all the Gates commands,

And with great clamor Horse and Foot come out.

Before the City a high Pillar stands,

To which the field lyes open round about

And Battiea called was by men;

Which mongst the Gods another name did bear,

Myrinna's Sepulcher. And there agen

The Trojans and there fuccours muster'd were.

The Trojans were by Hector led. The best In Battle, and in number most were these

With Spear in hand, and Brass on Back and Breast.

The Dardans were commanded by Aneas, (Anchifes Son; but Venus was his Mother;

Amongfithe Hills of Ida got he was)

And joint Commanders with him were two others

And joint Commanders with him were two other, Brave men Archilochus and Acamas

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And of Zeilea the Inhabitants,

Which of Mount Idalyeth at the foot,

And on the River of Afopus stands,

Under command of Pandarus were put,

Son of Lycaon, and that well knew how

To make an Arrow in the Air fly true.

Phabus himfelf had given him a Bow, And how to use the same none better knew.

Th' Adrasteians and the men of Apasas,

Of Pityeia and Tereia Hill.

Were by Adrastus led and Amphius,

Two Sons of Merops, that had mighty skill

In Prophecy, and both of them forbad

Themselves to venture in the War at Troy.

But Fate a greater power with them had,

And made them go but brought them not away.

The People of Percosia, and they

That dwell upon the banks of Practins

Arisbe, Sestn, Abydus, obey

The orders of their Leader Afins

The Son of Hyrtacus, whose Chariot

By Horses great and black as any coal,

And on it he to Ilium was brought.

And of Selleis race each one a foal. Lariffa was Pelasgique by descent.

Under Pylaus and Hyppothous,

Two fout Pelasgique Leaders these were fenty.

Who both the Grandsons were of Tentomus.

The Thracians on this fide Hellespont,

Were led by Pyros and by Achamas

O'th' Cycons who do these oppose in front

Træzenus Son Euphemus Leader was.

From Amydon that standeth on the side

Of Axius the fairest stream that flows,

The Penos came. Pyrichmus them did guide,

And arm'd they were with Arrows and with Bows.

The Ennety in Paphlagonia,

From whence proceedeth of wild mules the race,

Parthenius Brook and the Town Coronia,

Cytories, Sesamius, and the high place,

Of th'Erithins and of Agyalus,
The charge was given to Pylomenus,
And of the Halizons t'Epifrophus,

But not alone; joyn'd with him was Dins

Of Alybe, where is a Silver Mine,

The Leaders of the Mysians were Chromis, And Enomus. Both of them could divine

By flight of Birds, though they foresaw not this
That in Scamander stream they both should dye,

Slain by Achilles who there massacred

Many a Trojan, many a good Ally,

Which to the Sea the River carried.

The Phrygians from Ascania, far off, Were led by Phorcys and Ascanius;

And Battle lov'd. But the Comanders of The Maones, Mesibles, and Antiphus,

The two Sons were of old Polymenes,

Both of them born upon Gygaa Lake, (At th' foot of Tholus dwell the Magnes.)

Amphimachus and Nastes charge did take

Of those of Caria, people of rude tongue, And of Miletus, and the Hill Phtherion,

And of the Towns that seated are among The windings of Meander, and upon Mount Mycale, And Nastes carry'd Gold

Unto the Battle, like a Child or Sot; Wherewith his life he did not buy but fold.

For flain he was; his Gold Achilles got, And left him lying at the River dead.

The Succours by the Lycians fent to Troy, By Glaucus were and King Sarpedon led.

Far off they dwelt, and a long murch had they.

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I. I.B. III.

7 Hen both the Armys were prepar'd for fight. The Trojans marched on with noise and cry. As in the Air of cackling fowl a flight, Or like the Cranes when from the North they fly, The Army of Pygmean men to charge, And shun the Winter, with a mighty cry Fly through the Air over the Ocean large ; So swiftly march'd the Greeks, but filently Resolved one another to affift. And such a dust between both Hosts did rife. As when upon the Mountains lies a Mift, Which to a stones cast limiteth the eves. (Which good for Thieves is, but for Shepherds not) So great a dust the middle space possest. When they were near to one another got, Came Alexander forth before the reft. A Leopards skin he wore upon his shoulders. Two spears in hand, his Sword girt at his side Bow at his back and brave to the beholders; And any of th' Achean Hoast defi'd. And glad was Menelans to fee this. As when a Lion finds a lufty prev, A wild Goat or a Stag, well pleased is, And hungry seizes him without delay, Although by Hunters and by Hounds purfu'd; So glad was Minelans him to fee, And foon as he his person had well view'd. Arm'd from his Charret to the ground leapt he. Affured (as he thought) revenge to take But foon as Alexander once faw that,

He fled into the throng, as from a Snake

Seen unawares, trembling and pale thereat.

Then

Then Hestor him with words of great difgrace Reprov'd and faid, Fine man and Lover keen, Cajoler that confideft in thy face,

I would to God thou born hadft never been.

Or never hadft been married. For that

A great deal better had been of the twain, Than to be scorn'd of men, and pointed at

For one that durft not his own word maintain.

Ohow the Greeks are laughing now to fee That so absurdly they themselves mistook,

Supposing you some mighty man to be

That are worth nothing, judging by your look:

Was't you to Lacedemon pass'd the deep,

And fetch'd fair Helen thence (the bane of Troy) And now when it concerns you her to keep,

You dare not in her Husbands presence stay? For you would quickly know what kind of man

You have bereav'd unjustly of his Wife. Neither your Cittern nor your Beauty can

Nor other gifts of Venus fave your life. Were not the Trojans fearful more than needs. You had a Coat of stones by this time had,

A fit reward for all your evil deeds.

This answer then to Hector, Paris made. Hattor, fince your reproof is just (said he)

And your hard language (as when helpt by Art

A Shipwrights Ax strikes deep into a tree) Like rigid Sceel has cut me to the heart. If with Atrides you would have me fight,

Object not Venus favours ('cis unfit The gifts of the immortal Gods to flight) But make the Greeks and Trojans both to fit.

And in the midst set me and Menelaus, And which of us shall have the Victory,

Helen be his, and all the wealth she has, And 'twixt the Greeks and Trojans Amity.

Let this be sworn to, that we may remain At Troy in quiet, and the Greeks repair

To Argos and Achea back again.

At this brave proffer Hector joyful was;

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And stepping forth the Trojan Ranks kept in with both his hands o'th'middle of his spear And to shoot at him then the Greeks begin,

And many took up ftones and hurling were.

But Agamemnon with a Voice-as high

As he could raise it, to the Greeks cry'd, Hold. Throw no more stones, let no more Arrows fly,

Hector to us has somewhat to unfold.

This said, they held their hands and filent were 3... And Hellor both to Greeks and Trojans spake.

May you be pleased on both sides to hear

The motion I from Alexander make.

Let Arms (faid he) on both fides be laid by,

And in the midft fet him and Menelaus.

And which of them shall have the Victory,

Be Helen his, with all the wealth she has. And let the rest an Oath on both sides take

The Pacts agreed on not to violate. When this was faid, then Menelaus spake,

And both the Armies with great filence fate.

Hear me too then, said Menelaus, who
By Alexander have been most offended.

If you'l do that which I advise you to

The quarrel he began will soon be ended. Which of us two shall fall in single fight,

Let him dye only, and the reftagree. Bring forth two Lambs, one black, another white,

To th'Earth and Sun a Sacrifice to be, Another we will facrifice to Jove.

And let the old King Priam present be.

(His proud Sons think themselves all Oaths above)

That what is sworn he may performed see.

No hold is to be taken of an Oath Which Young men make, whose likings change like

But Old men can foresee what's good for both,

'Tis good for both that makes a Contract bind. These words did to both Armies sweetly found;

They thought the worst was past; and up they ty'd Their Horses; and their Spears stuck in the ground,

With spaces lest between them, but not wide.

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Then Hettor to the King two Heralds sent,
To fetch two Lambs and Priam to implore
To take the Oath. From Agamemnon went
Talthybius to the Fleet to fetch two more.

Mean while to the fair Helen Iris came, So like t'Antenor's Wife Laodice,

King Priam's daughter, that she seem'd the same. Quickly she found her; for at work was she,

Upon a double splendid Web, wherein Many a cruel Battle she had wrought

The Trojans and th'incensed Greeks between,
That for her own sake only had been sought.
Come Nymph, said Iris, see one Battle more

Between the gallant men of Greece and Troy.

They fight not altogether as before,

But filent fit and from their Arms away. Shields are their Cushions, planted are their Spears; Paris and Menelaus only fight.

Save these two no man any Armour wears;

And you his wife are that has greatest might.

Thus Iris said, and her inspir'd anew With love to Menelaus as before.

Then o're her Head a milk-white Scarf she threw, And out went weeping at the Chamber-door,

But not alone; two Maidens follow'd her, Fair Athre Pittheus child, and Clemene. And quickly at the Scean Gate they were;

Where Priam sate; and in his company Were the old Lords Lampus and Clytius,

And Icetaon, and ucalegon,

Antenor, Thymates, and Panthous,

Whence both the Armies they might look upon. Old men they were but had brave Captains been,

And now for consultation prifed were.

Affoon as Helen came into their fight

They whisper'd one another in the Ear, .

I cannot blame the man that for her strives
Like an immortal God she is. Yet so,

Racher than we should hazard all our lives, I should advise the King to let her go.

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Thus faid they one t'another. But the King
Call'd her and faid, Daughter fit down by me,
(Not you but the immortal powers bring

(Not you but the immortal powers bring Upon the Trojans this calamity.)

And tell me who that great Achaanis.

I ice some higher by the head than he,
But comelier man I never saw than this,

Nor liker to a King in Majesty,

O King (then answered Helen) to whom I Of all men owe most reverence and fear,

Would I had rather chosen there to dye,

Than to your Sons ill counsel given ear, Leaving my House, my Child, and Brothers two,

And all my fweet companions for his fake.

But fince I cannot what is done undo, Unto your question I'll now answer make.

The man you point to Agamemnon is,

A good King, and a valiant man in fight, And brother to the Husband is of this

Unworthy woman me that did him flight,

And Priam then the man admiring faid, Happy Atrides, great is thy command,

Whose Soldiers though now very much decay'd,

In such great multitude before us stand. At a great fight I was in Phrygia,

And brought to Otreus and Mygdon aid

Against the Amazons. I never saw

Till then, so many for a fight array'd, As were the Amazons, upon the Banks

Of Sangareus. and yet they fewer were, Than are contained in the brisled Ranks

Of th' armed Greeks that stand before us here.

Again uly ses coming in his fight,

hus

Tell me (faid he) fweet Daughter who is this ?

He wants the head of Agamemnons height, But at the breast and shoulders broader is.

His Arms ly still upon the Ground, but he In no one certain place himself can keep, But through the Ranks and Files runs busily,

Just as a Ram runs in a Fold of sheep.

To this Fove's Daughter Helen thus replies : ulyffes'tis, the old Laertes Son

Of Ithaca; to counsel and devise,

In all the Army like him there is none.

O Helen (said Antenor) you say right; On your he once came into Troy,

With Menelaus. I did them both invite

To sup with me; and in my house they lay. I them compar'd. When at their audience They both stood up, Atrides taller seem'd;

Sitting ulyffes won most reverence,

And was amongst the People most esteem'd

And when they were Orations to make, Atrides words went easily and close.

For little he, but to the purpose spake,

Though th'younger man. But when uly sies rose, Upon the ground a while he fix'd his eyes,

Nor ever mov'd the Scepter in his hand; You would have thought him fullen or unwife,

That did not yet his bus ness understand. But when his voice was raised to the height,

And like a Snow upon a Winters day Hisgentle words fell from him, no man might

With him compare, so much his words did weigh.

Then Priam seeing Ajax, askt agen,

What Greek is that, that taller by the Head And shoulders is than all the other men?

And Helen to the King thus answered,

Great Ajax. Who of the Argives is the Sconce, And he o'th'other side Idomeneus,

Who was the guest of Menetaus once,

And lodg'd at Lacedemon in his house.

And now I see the rest and could them name.

But Caster I and Pollux cannot see. Two Princes are they and well known by Fame,

And by one Mother Brothers are to me.

Did they not pass the Sea? Yes sure they did

Come with the rest but are asham'd of me.

And in the Argive Fleet lye somewhere hid, And will not of my shame partakers be.

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Thus Helen faid, because she could not tell Whether her Brothers were alive or dead.

But dead they were; and (where they both did dwell)

In Lacedemon they were buried.

The Heralds now the two Lambs had brought in,

That for their Sacrifice appointed were, And full of noble wine a great Goats skin.

idens with the Golden Cups flood near,

And pray'd the King to go down to the Plain,
There flay for you the Greeks and Trojans both;

A Peace agreed on is; but all in vain Unless you also go and take the Oath.

For Paris must with Menelaus fight,

And he must Helen and her wealth enjoy Upon whose side the Victory shall light;

The Greeks return ; and Peace remain at Troy!

These words to th'Old mans heart eame cold as Ice.

But streight he bad his Coach made ready be.

The Servants made it ready in a trice,

And up into 't Antenor went and he; And past the Scean Gate into the Plain.

And when they came near to Scamander Banks,

From out the Coach alighted they again, And flood between the adverse Armies Ranks,

Then Agenemnon and uly ses came,

And to the contract for the Greeks did swear.

And Priam and Antenor Swore the same.

The Heralds mix the Wine with Water clear;

And poured Water on the Princes hands.

Atrides at his Sword a Knife did wear, And as he near unto the Victims stands.

Cuts with it from their foreheads locks of Hair.

Which by the Heralds were distributed,

Till ev'ry Leader part had of the hair.

hus

The Ceremonies being finished,
Atrides to the gods then made this Prayer.

O mighty Jove, the Monarch of the Gods,

O glorious Sun with thy all-feeing Eye,
OStreams, O Earth, O you that hold the Rods
Beneath the Earth, feourges of Perjury,

Hear

Hear me and be you witnesses of this.

If Menelaus be by Paris slain,
Let Hilen and the wealth she has be his
And to Ashea we return again.

If flain by Menelaus Paris be,

Let Helen with her wealth to Greece be fent

Wth some amends made for the injury,

To be of th' wrong done an acknowledgment.

I fuch amends the Trojans will not make,
I will pursue the War and here abide,

Till I the Town of Ilium shall take,

Or till the Gods the quarrel shall decide This said the victims with his Knife he slew.

And sprawling there upon the place they lay. Then into Golden Cups the Wine they drew,

And pour'd it on the Lambs. Then pray'd they Both Greeks and Trojans; Jove, and pow'rs divine,

Who first to break this peace shall go about,

As poured on the Victims is this Wine
So they and their Sons brains be poured out.

Thus prayed they. But Jove that pray'r did flight.
Then Priam faid to Troy return will I.

It cannot please me to behold the fight.

For none but Gods know which of them shall dye.

And then into the Charret went again He and Antenor, and drave t' Ilium,

And with them carried their Victims flain.
Then in ulyffes and great Hector come,

And having measured out the Lists, wherein

They were to fight, then the two Lots they drew

For who to throw his spear should first begin.

And then the Greeks and Trojans pray'd anew.
O glorious Jove whom all the Gods obey,

Let him that of the War the Author was Be slain, and all the rest firm peace enjoy.

Then mighty Hetter shook the skull of Brass. The lot that was the first drawn out, was that

Which gave to Paris the right to begin.

Then down upon the ground the People fat
fa order as their Armours plac'd had been.

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And Paris arm'd himself, and first puts on His Leg-pieces of Brass, and closely tyes, That filver'd over were at th'Ancle-bone.

And then his Breaft-plate to his Breaft applyes,

Iyeaons Breast-plate 'twas, but ev'ry whit As just upon him sat, as it had done

Upon Lycaen when he used it.

And next to this his good Sword he puts on. And then his broad Shield and his Helmet good.

And last of all a Spear takes in his hand.

And in like Armour Menelaus stood.

Then come they forth and in the Lists they stand.

And one did on another fiercely look.

(The pople flupid fat 'twixt hope and fear.)

And when they come were nigh, their spears they shook.

But Paris was the first to throw his spear, And threw, and smote the shield of Menelaus,

But through the Mettle tough it passed not,

But turn'd, and bended at the point it was.

Then Menelaus was to throw by Lor.

But first he prayed. Grant me, O Jave, (said he)

That this my spear may Alexander slay, Who was the first that did the injury,

That they who shall be born hereaster may

Not dare to violate the Sacred Laws

Of Hospitality. Having thus said,

He threw his Spear, which Paris Sheild did pass,

And through his Breaft-plate quite, and there it staid; But tore his Coat. And there he had been dead,

But that his Belly somewat he drew back.

Then with his Sword Atrides smote his head
Which arm'd was, and the Sword in pieces broke,

Then Menelaus grieved at the hearr,

And

Looking to Heaven did on Jove complain.

O fove that of the Gods most cruel art,

Broken my Sword, my spear is thrown in vain:

then fuddenly laid hold on Paris Creft,

And to the Greeks to drag him did begin, and Paris then was mightily diffrest,

Choakt by the Latchet underneath his chin:

And

And to the Greeks had drag'd been by the Head,
If Venus to his aid had not come in,
Who broke the ftring and him delivered.
Atrides conquest else had famous been.

Then to the Greeks the empty Cask he threw. But Venus fnatcht him from him in a Mift.

And whither the convey'd him none there knew.

A God the is, and can do what the lift.

When Paris to his Chamber was convey'd,

His Chamber which of Perfumes sweetly smelt,

Then part the on the form of an old Maid

Then puts she on the form of an old Maid That Helen serv'd when she at Sparta dwelt,

And in that shape went to call Helen home,

That stood with other Ladies of the Town
Upon a Tow'r. When she was to her come,

She gently with her finger flir'd her Gown.

Helen (faid she) Paris has for you sent,

And on his Glorious bed doth for you stay, Not as a man that came from Fight, but went

To Dance, or from it were new come away.

Helen at this was mas mov'd, and mark'd her Eyes.

And of her lovely Neck did notice take,

And knew 'twas Venus though in this disguise;
And troubled as she was, thus to her spake.

Venus, why feek you to deceive me still, Since Menelaus has the Victory?

Though I have wrong'd him, he receive me will, And you come hither now to hinder me.

Whither d'ye mean to send me further yet?
To Phrygia or to Mæonia.

That there I may another Husband get? You shall not me to Alexander draw.

Go to him you, and Heaven for ever quit; Grieve with him, have a care the man to save,

And by his fide continually to fit,

Till he his Bridle have made you, or his Slave.

I will not to him go (for 'twere a shame)

Nor any longer medle with his Bed, Nor any longer bear the scorns nor mocks nor blame Which from the Wives of Troy I suffered.

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Then Venus vext, Hussie (said she) no more Provoke my anger. If I angry be,

And have you as I loved you before,

The Armies both will to your death agree, This said, the beauteous Helen frighted was,

And with the Goddess went, who led the way,

And by the Trojan Wives did quiet pass
Unto the house where Alexander lay

I'th'Rooms below at work her women were,

But up went Helen with the Goddess fair, And when to Alexander they were near

The Goddess unto Helen fetch't a Chair.

Then sat she down and lookt at him again.

You come from Battel. I would you had there, And by my former Husbands hand, been flain.

You brag'd you were his better at a spear.

Go Challenge him again, and fight anew. But do not though, for fear you should be kill'd,

But rather when you fee him, him eschew,

Left he should leave you dead upon the Field,

To Helen Alexander then reply'd.

Forbear; though he have now the Victory
By Pallas help; there are Gods on our fide,
And they another time may favour me.
Let's go to Bed and in fweet love agree.

Your Beauty never did me so much move,

At Lacedemon; nor in Cranae;

Where the first blessing I had of your Love. This said to bed they went, first he, then she.

Atrides then fought Paris in the throng O'th' Trojans and their Aids; but could not fee

Nor hear of him the company among; They would not have conceal'd him though they might;

But had to Menelaus him betray'd, so hateful to the Trojans was his fight.

Then stood King Agamemnon up and said, Hear me you Tiojans and your Aids. 'Tis pla

That Menelaus has the Victory.

Let Helen therefore rendred be again, And pay your Fine, 'Iis Right, the Greeks all cry.

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/ Ean while the Gods at Counsel drinking sat. Hebe the Nestar carried up and down. And Fove amongst them present was thereat, And fitting had his eyes upon Troy Town. Then Jupiter puts out a word to fee What June would unto the same reply: Two Goddesses affirtants are (said he) To Menelaus, but fit idly by, Pallas and Jano; but on th'other-fide Venus gives Paris aid, and really Has helpt him when he thought he should have dy'd: Though Menelaus have the Victory. But let us now think which the best will be, To fuffer war to make an end of Troy, Or let Troy stand and make them to agree, And Helen with Atrides go her way: Juno and Pallas that together fat, Grumble and plot; Pallas her spite kept in: But such of Juno was the choler, that Had she not spoke her Heart had broken been: Harsh Fove (said she) what do you mean by this? Shall I with so much sweat and labour spent, And Horses tyr'd now of my purpose miss? Do: But the other Gods will not confent, Devil said Fove what hurt is done to you By Pryam and his Sons, that you should so Fiercely the ruine of the Town pursue? I think if you int'thinm should go, And eat up Priam and his Children all. And ev'ry Trojan in the Town beside, Man, Woman Child alive within the wall, Your anger will at last be satisfi'd:

Do as you please. It shall breed no contention 'Twixt you and me. But then remember this.

When I to raze a City have intention

That yours, and greatly in your favour is, To let me do't without Plea or Request;

Since to give you your will I lose my own.

For Ilium I love above the reft,

Though under Heaven be many a goodly Town:

For I by Priam and his People still

Have honor'd been, my Altars richly ferv'd

With Wine and Sacrifices to my will,

Which is the Honor to the Gods referv'd.
To this the Goddes Juno then reply'd,

Three Cities I prefer before the reft,

Argos, and Sparta, and Mycena wide.

Destroy you may which of them you think best.

If you see cause I'll not stand in your way.

Or if I do, what 'mends can I have so?

For fince your Pow'r does mine so much outweigh,

It will be done whether I will or no.

But you ought not t'undo what I have done.

For I a Goddess am, and have the same Parents, of whom you boast to be the Son.

And further of your Wife I bear the name, Whom Mortals and Immortals all obey.

Then let us not in such things disagree.

But I to you, and you to me give way.

For of our two minds all the Gods will be. et Pallas to the Army streight be sent

Tomake the Trojans first the Peace to break.

nd Jupiter to do so was content,

And did (as he was bid) to Pallas speak.

Let not this Peace be by the Trojans kept.

Then Pallas heard her Father Jove fay fo,

Glad of the Errand from the Sky she leapt. It like a falling Star, which Saturn sends

To Armies or unto Seafaring men;

thich change of Fortune commonly portends.

The Goddess through the Air descending then,

Splendid

D

Splendid and sparkling on the ground did light.
The Armies that were in the field array'd
Both Greeks and Trojans wondred at the sight;
And one unto another next him said,

This bloody War will fure return again,

Or else the Peace be surer made than 'tis.
But which o'th'two Jove has not yet made plain,
Who both of Peace and War disposer is.

Pallas the form took of Landocus

Antenor's Son, and went into the throng

O'th' Trojans to enquire for Pandarus.

At last she found him his own Troops among,

That were of Lycaonia the Bands, And from Zeleia led by Pandarus

To Ilium. There Pallas by him stands Like to Antenor's Son; and to him thus:

Lycaon's Son, faies she, dare you let fly
A shaft at Menelaus? For I know

The Trojans all would thank you, specially
Paris the Son of Priam, and bestow

Great Presents on you if you should him kill.

Shoot at him then, and to Apollo pray

The God of Archers that he help you will.

And yow a Hecatombe of Lambs to pay,

When to Zeleia fafely you come home. For there your people to Apollo vow.

When this was faid, the vain man overcome, From off his Shoulders taketh down his Bow

(Which did a lufty Goats-head once adorn, Which with a Shaft he killed had among

The Rocks, and taken from his head the Horn,
Which was no less than fixteen handfuls long.

And to a Fletcher gave it to be wrought,

Shaven, and Polisht, and Guilt at the hand)
This Bow he bent; and lest the Foe should know't,
He crouched down and laid it on the sand.

Fut lest the Greeks should rush on him, before He ready were to shoot, they that stood near,

Before him with their Bucklers stood good store.

And being now delivered of that fear,

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From out the Quiver takes an Arrow keen,
And new, well wing'd to carry mischief true,
Which shot before that time had never been.
But yet his Vow before his Arrow slew.

Phabus (said he) if I Atrides slay; Assoon as I shall to Zeleia come,

I vow unto your Deiry to-pay

Of my first yeared Lambs an Hecatombe: Then to his breast he drew the leacher string. And to the Bow returned the Arrow head:

Out leapt the Shaft, and as it went did fing
Amongst the throng, as pleas'd mans blod to shed.

And (Menelaus) now the Gods you bleft,

And chiefly Pallas that before you flood; And turn'd the deadly Arrow from your breaft, About as much as a kind Mother cou'd

From her childs face divers a bufie fly;

And made it on the Golden Buckle fall, Where of his Breast plate double was the ply:

And though it past through Buckle, Plate and all,

And Girdle which his Coat unto him bound, The Shaft into his Body penetrated,

And made (though not a great one) yet a wound,

The force it went with being much abated. Yet out the blood ran. As when Ivory

Is stain'd with Crimson, to adorn the Cheeks

Of the proud Steeds, and please the Drivers eye.

Many a Cavalier to have it seeks.

The Dame that stain'd it then holds up the price,

And keeps it by her as a precious thing; so lovely feems the Colour to her eyes,

As to be fold to none but to a King: So look'd his body when the streams of blood His Iv'ry Legs and Insteps did defile:

But Agamemnon stiff with horror stood; And so did Menelans for a while:

But when he saw the Arrow Barbs appear Above the Nerve, his courage came again:

But Agamemnon not yet out of fear,
Did on the Tojans perjury complain.

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Brother

Brother (faid he) and took him by the hand,
Dear Brother, 'tis the Oath that has you flain,
Making you thus before the Trojans fland.
But fure I am the Oath cannot be vain.

Confirmed with so great solemnity.

They shall (though late) pay for it with their lives. (For Fove ne're fails to punish perjury)

Both they themselves their children and their Wives.

For I well know the fatal day will come To Priam and to Priam's People all. Jove will his black Shield shake o're Ilium,

And for this ugly action make it fall.

This (Menelaus) is a thing to come.

But what if of your wound you chance to dye? The Argives streight wil think of going home.

How by the Greeks then scorned shall be I! How proud will Priam and the Trojans be,

When Argive Helen shall be left behind,

And your bones rotting in the ground they see,

Without effecting what they had defign'd?

Some trampling on your Grave perhaps will fay,

Would Agamemnon thus would alwaies vent His Choler as he now has done at Troy,

Now gone with empty ships back to repent,

Leaving his Brother Menetaus here.

Then should I wish the earth would swallow me.

But Menelaus to displace that fear,

Fright not the Army brother, thus faid he.
Not Mortal is the Wound. 'Twixt me and death
My Armour and the Clasps stood all of Brass

Besides a good tough Girdle underneath.

Pray God't be true (said he to Menelaus.)

But we must send for a Chyrurgeon
To mitigate with Lenitives the pain.
Talthybius (said he) call Machaon,

And having found him quickly come again;

Tell him he must to Menelaus come, Who by a Foe is with an Asrow shot, Trojan or Lycian, I know not whom,

That with great grief to us has honour got.

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This faid, the Herald wenr, and look'd about Amongst the troops of Tricca which he led.

Nor was it long before he found him out With many Targetiers environed.

You must (said he) to Menelaus come, Who by some Foe is with an Arrow shor,

Trojan or Lycian I know not whom,

That (with great grief to us) has honour got.

'Tis Agamemnon calls you. Then they pass
Together through the Host, and hastened
Till they were come, where Menelous was

Till they were come where Menelaus was With many other Lords encompassed.

There Machaen the Arrow first pulls out.

(The Barbs were broken as they came away)

Then took he off his Armour and his Coat:

Then sucked he the wound the blood to stay;

And laid on Unguents to allay the pain.

Mean while the Trojans arm'd were coming in.

And then the Greeks were forc'd to arms again.

And Agamemnon's vertue now was feen. He did not at their coming fleep nor flart,

But speedily prepared for the fight,

And of a chief Commander did the part.

His own Commanders first to disaffright.

His Horses and his Chariot he sent off.

T'Eurymedon the Son of Ptolemy, The Son of Pirus he gave charge thereof,

And bad him with it always to be nigh, To use when labour tired had his Knees,

Through the great Army then on foot he went,

And where them hasting to the Fight he sees, He gives them in few words encouragement.

On Argives, and be fure fove never fights

Against good men for such persidious knaves, But leave them will for food to Dogs and Kites, And to their Foes their wives and children Slaves.

But where he faw the fouldiers negligent,

His admonition was then severe.

Fie Argives, what do you fear? To what intent:
Stand you thus staring like a Herd of Deer?

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O're some great Plain locking about they stay, So stand you here like frighted Deer amazed, Till to our ships come down the Troops of Troy,

To try if fove will help you there or no:

Thus he commanding went the Hoaft throughout.

And when the Martial Cretans he came to, Where armed frood Idomeneus frout: (Miriones the Rear led, he the Van)

And Agamemnon look'd on them with joy;

And to Idomeneus thus began:

I value you the most, both in the War And otherwise. And when at Feast we drink,

Other mens Cups by measure stinted are,

But yours as mine, stands alwaies full to th'brink.

The King of Crette reply'd, I shall, said he, Continue still your good confederate,

As heretofore I promis'd you to be:

But go, and th'other leaders animate,

That we may with the Trojans quickly fight:

Then wo be to them fure they are to die, Who of the Gods and facred Oaths make lights

Then on went Agamemnon joy fully;
And came to th' Quarters of the Ajaxes,

There armed both compleat and followed With a huge multitude of Greeks he fees,

And ready to the Battle to be led.

As when a shepherd from a Hill espies

A full charg'd cloud march tow'rds him in the Deep,

It feems as black as pitch unto his eyes, And makes him feek a shelter for his sheep;

So black the Squadrons of the Ajaxes
And horrible with thick and upright Spears
T'Atrides seem, and well it did him please,

And both of them he thus commends and chears,

O Ajaxes expect not I should bid

You hearten up your Army for the fight; I is done so well already there's no need.

O Jove, Apollo, Pallas, that I might

Find

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But :

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Find all the other Leaders such as you,

We should not need from Argos long to stay

E're we the Town of Priam should subdue

And rifle: And this faid, he went away,

And came to Neftor, who was ordering

His Troops and bands of Horse and Foot, each one

Against the Enemy encouraging.

And with him flood Alastor, Pelagon;

Hemon, and chromius, skillful men in War,

I'th' Front the Charrets and the Horsemen were,

The most and best infantry placed are

(A Hedge unto the Battle in the Rear.)

The middle Ranks were filled up with those, Upon whose courage he did least rely.

For these would fight because they could not chuse;

Since they could neither back nor forward fly.

And Neftor to the Horsemen spake: Let none,

Said he, before another go, to shew

His Manhood or his skill. But all go on

At once. To fingle is to weaken you.

Further, if any of you should have need

To mount into anothers Chariot,

There let him use his spear; but still take heed That with the Horses Reins he meddle not.

Our Fathers have before us us'd these Laws.

And thereby many Ciries level laid.

Thus Neftor raught them. Glad Atrides was;

And with great approbation to him faid,

O Nestor, that your Arms were but as strong

As is your mind! But they're decay'd by age.

Or could you give your age to fome man young,
And with the youngest of the Foes engage.

Atrides (then faid Neftor) fo wish I.

Would I were as when Ereuthalyon

Islew. But Gods gifts come successively.

I then was young; and age is now come on:

But as I am I'le ride amongst my Horse,

Ind

And as becomes an Old-man give advice,

While they that may presume upon their torce,

With spear in hand charge on their Enemies.

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Atride

Atrides pass'd on to th' Athenians

That by Menestheus commanded were.

And by these stood the Cephalonians
ulysses Bands. Neither of these did hear

The clamour of the Battle new begun,

But stood unmov'd, because they did expect Some greater Troops of Greeks should first fall on.

For this Atrides grievously them check't.

Menestheus (said he) Son of a King, And you the crasty man ulyss, why

When you your men should to the Battle bring, Stand you here shrinking from the Enemy?

You hear the first when there will be a Feast, And stay for no man. For your Messes are

Greater than other mens; your Wine the best,
And without stint. And therefore in the War

You fould ftrive who fhould be the first to fight.

But now though ten Troops were before you there, You would not be displeased with the fight.

These words came harshly to ulysses ear,

And with a frowning look, what's this (faid he)

Are we not making all the haft we can?

Telemachus his Father you shall see

By and by fighting in the Trojan Van,

And that this reprehension needless was. But Agamemnon smiling then reply'd,

(Seeing his Censure did not kindly pas)
Noble ulysses, I mean not to chide,

Nor to direct you that so skilful are,

For we are both of us of the same mind.

What's faid amiss I shall again repair. But let it now away go with the Wind.

Then on he went and came to Diomed, Whom mounted on his Chariot he found

With Capaneus Son accompanied,

And other Lords that him encompass'd round,

Ay me, Tydides, wherefore stand you thus, As if you for some Brigde did look about?

You do not as your Father Tydeus,

Who still before his fellows leaped out.

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So faid they that had feen him at the War, Which I'did not but take it upon fame,

Which him above the rest preserved far. But certain 'tis, he to Mycena came

With Polynices to defire their aid

Against the Thebans. And they willingly

Had granted it, but that they were afraid. For Jove forbad them by a Prodigy.

Then to the Brook Asopus back they went,

Which doth the Thebane Territory bound!

To Tydeus the Greeks a letter fent

To enter Thebes, and terms of Peace propound.

To Thebes he went, and with Etocles

He found the chief o'th'Thebans at a Feast.

And at all manly Games the prize with ease,.

By Pallas help he carry'd from the best:

And when for spight they sent out fifty men:

With Maon Hamon's Son, and Lycophes

To murder him as he went back agen, Slain by Tydens they were all but one.

For he fav'd Meon (warned by the Gods)
Such Tydeus was, but left a Son behind
The left could do have for ground had the old.

That less could do, but for words had the odds.

But valiant Diomed Reply declin'd,

Who gave t'Atrides what respect was due.

The other answer'd him with language rude.
You say, said he, what you know is not true.

We than our Fathers there more manhood ffiew'd.

For we with fewer men proud Thebes did gain, By Jove's Help, and Observances divine.

Whilst the cadmeans for their pride were sain.

How from our fathers then do we decline?

But streight reprov'd he was by Diomed.

My friend (faid he) are you more griev'd than!

Would you not have the Army ordered?

So

B most concern'd. Ler us of Battle think;
And down he leapt, as soon as that was said,

In complear Arms with fuch a sudden chink,
As might a constant man have made asraid.

As when the Billows of the Sea rais'd high By fome great wind go rolling to the Shore,

And follow one another to the dry,

There stop'd and broken are, and foam and roar: So then the Greeks up to the Trojans come.

Obeying each his Leader filently.

You would have thought them, (though so many)dumly In glittering Arms, and glorious to the eye.

On th'other fide the Trojans made a noise,

Like Ews a milking kept off from their Lambs When in the field abroad they hear their cries, And they again bleat back unto their Dams.

But did not one another understand;

For few there were whose language was the same.

Some were of one, some of another Land, And most of them from far off thither came,

Pallas the Greeks, Mars Trojans favoured.

Then Fright came in, with (Mars his fifter) Strike

Little when born but grew until her Head

Was in the Clouds; for she grows all her life.

But when the Armies were together near,

Then Man to Man came close, and Shield to Shield And mingled in the Front was Spear with Spear,

And horrible the noise was in the field; Whilst some insult and others groaning dye.

And th'earth they flood on cover'd was with blood As when great Torrents from the Mountains high

Pour down into the Valley a great flood;

The streams through thousand Channels falling row whys

The trembling shepherds hear it to the Hills.

So much the noise o'th'Battle the Air tore, And all the Region with terror fills.

A Trojan was the first man that was slain, Echepolus Son of Thalysias.

He smote was with a Spear into the Brain; Antilochus the man that smote him was.

His Armour rattled on him as he fell,

As if some Tow'r had fall'n. But then Elphenor (To strip him of his Arms that hoped well)

Dragging him off was killed by Agenor.

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For whilft in flooping he his Flank unhides.

Agenor quickly his advantage spyes,

And pierc'd him with his Spear through both his fides

Then down he fell and darkness seiz'd his eyes.

And then about his body rose great strife, And one upon another falling on,

Anthemon's Son, a fair youth lost his life,

Slain by great Ajax Son of Telamon,

And Simoisius called was by name,

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'Cause born upon the Bank of Simois, Whither from Ida both his Parents came

To view their flocks, left ought should be amis, '

But had no joy of him. He was unbleft

To be the first that came in Ajax way,

Who smore him with his Spear quite through the breast.
There dead he fell, and by the River lay.

As when a man has fell'd a Poplar-Tree

Tall, ftreight and smooth, with many fair boughs on

Of which he means a Cart-wheel made shall be,

And leaves it on the Bank to dry i'th'Sun;

So lay the comely Simoifius

Slain by great Ajax Son of Telamon,

At Ajax then a Spear threw Antiphus,

Bright-armed Antipbus, King Priams Son.

Death the Spear carries, but of Ajax misses,
And deadly wounds the Groin of Leucus bold.

And well beloved Soldier of ulyffes,

Who dragg'd the dead, but now lets go his hold.

whysses angry that his friend was slain,

Went out before the rest, and coming close

To th' Trojan front some fit revenge to gain.

Democoon, King Priam's fon he chose, (A Lawful fon where Nature is the Law)

The Trojans when they faw him look about,

Into the shelter of the Ranks withdraw.

Then foon his spear Democoon pickt out.

And through both Temples forward went the head.

Then heavily he falls, his Armour chinks,

His eyes with endless night are covered,

And Hector with his Trojans from him firinks.

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The Greeks then shouted, and drew off their slain, And on the Trojans pressing further were.

But then Apollo cryed out amain

From Pergam Tow'r, O Trojans, what d'ye fear?

Go on upon the Greeks; no more give way.

Their Bodies neither are of Stone nor Steel,

Nor able are the force of Brass to stay.

No less then you the wounds it makes they feel

Nor fights Achilles here, but angry lyes,

And wishes that the Greeks were overthrown. So Phabus. 'Mongst the Arrives Pallas slies.

Through Ranks and Files encouraging each one.

And then Diores flain was with a ftone,

By Pyros whom the Thracians obey'd Crusht of his right leg was the Ankle-bone,

And in the duft upon his back was lay'd,

Unto his fellows holding up his hands.

Ready to die he for affiftance cries.

Piros comes quickly in, and o're him flands,

And wounds him in the belly. Then he dies.

But Troas then flew Piros with his Spear,

That pass'd his Breast till in his Lungs it stopt.

Then coming in he drew his Sword, and there

His Belly ript till out his Bowels dropt,

But to disarm him could not stay, because. So many Tracians about him stood.

Then back retir'd he, and well pelted was, Leaving two Leaders wrapt in dust and blood;

One an Epeian, th'other Thracian,

And many others lying by them dead.

This Battle was well fought, Although a man Through both the Armies fafely had been led

By Pallas, and protected by her Shield,

He had no want of courage feen that day, So many Greeks and Trojans in the Field Depriv'd of Life by one another lay.

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Nd Pallas now t'ennoble Diomed Amongst the Greeks, with force did him inspire. Whereby his Heart and Hands were strengthened; And on his Shield and Helmet flood a Fire Bright as th' Atumnal Star above his Head And shoulders flaming. And straightway he runs (Set on by Pallas and encouraged) Into the throng, where were the two good Sons Of Dares who was Valcan's Prieft. Well Skil'd They both were in the War. Ideus one. The other Phegus. These seeing him i'th' field On foot, and not far from them, and alone. Met him; Pheeus threw, but hit him not. For o're his shoulders flew the Spear in vain-Then Diomedes threw, and Phegus Imote, Clean through the breast. When Phegus thus was slain Down leapt Idaus from the Chariot; But durst not by his Brothers body stay For if he had, the like Fate he had got. But Vulcan in a smoke took him away, Not willing that his Priest should childless die. Tydides to the Ships the Horses sent. To see these two, one slain, the other fly, To the proud Trojans very hearts it went. But Pallas then took Mars by th' hand, and faid, Mars, bloody Mars, to what end flay we here? Let's Neuters be. For I am much afraid. We both shall too much anger Jupiter. This faid, the led him out, and let him on Scamander bank. And then the Trojans fled. Before the Greeks. Each leader killed one,

Preffing them at their backs uncovered

Then

Then Dalius first his Charret turn'd about, And open lay to Agamemnon's Spear,

Which in at's back, and at his breaft went out.

Down fell the Alizonian Charloteer.

Adomentus flew Phaffus with a thrust, Asup into his Chariot he went.

The Spear at the right shoulder passed just, And back again unto the earth him sent.

And Menelaus flew Scamandrius,

That well the Art of hunting understood.

I'th'Hills and Woods none was more dexterous.

Pur Dien's and his skill did him to good.

But Dian', and his skill did him no good.

For Menelaus pierc'd him back and Breaft

Personnel of the back and breaft.

Between the shoulders with a deadly Spear, And down he tumbled of life dispossest,

His eyes with endless darkness covered were.

Meriones slew Phericlus the Son
Of Harmonides the great Archite&

That (but by Pallas) raught had been by none:
But of his Art unhappy was th'effect:

Twas he that built those ships for Alexander,
That brought with him so much ill luck to Troy,

And to himself, and to his chief Commander;
Not knowing what the Oracles did say:
But he, as from the Fight he fled, was here,

O'retaken by Meriones and flain.

At his right Buttock entered the spear; And at his Groin the point came out again.

Meges Pedeus flew, Antenor's fon,

Though not his Wives, yet was his Wife so kind

T'Antenor that the bred him as her own, And lookt upon him with a Mothers Mind.

Him Meges overtaking as he fled [lighting Slew with his ftrong sharp-pointed Spear, which

Behind upon the noddle of his Head,

Forward he fell the senseless weapon biting,

And then Eurypylus Euemon's Son

Hypsenor slew, new made Scamander's Priest, That from him, but not fast enough, did run. Eurypylus shav'd off his hand at th'Wrist.

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For at his shoulder though he aim'd the stroak,
The quick sword finding there the Brass resist,
Slipt down unto his hand with force unbroke,
And there in streams of blood his soul dismist.

Mean while Tydides like a man enraged,

Ran up and down the Field. One could not know

With whom and where he was in fight engaged, Whether amongst the Greeks or with the Foe.

As when a torrent falling from the Hills Diftends it felf with fury on the plain;

And suddenly the River overfills,

Supply'd by Fove with mighty showers of Rain,

And beareth down the Bridges as it goes, No fence of Vineyard can against it stand;

But all the husbandry of men o'rethows, And uncontrolled paffes o're their Land: Tydides fo brake through each Trojan band,

And made them fly before him as he went

And Pandarus then took his Bow in hand, And a sharp Arrow from it to him sent

Which passed through the right shoulder of his Coat Of Mail, and setcht the blood, and with great joy,

Trojans (cry'd he) no more stand so remote.

For wounded is the stoutest Foe of Troy,

And long he cannot the fore pain endure, Unless my faith in Phæbus be in vain.

Thus faid he boafting. For he thought 'twas furc

The wound was mortal, and Tydides flain.

And Sthenelus alighting on the ground
(For fitting he was on the Charret-leat)

Drew out the cruel Arrow from the wound.

And out the blood gusht. Then Tydides pray'd,
O Pallas, Jove's all-conquering Child, said he,

If e're you did me or my Father ayd

Within my spears reach let me this man see,

That with his Arrow me prevented has, And boaffing fays I have not long to live.

Athena to his wish indulgent was,

And to him did more strength and courage give.

Fcar

Fear not (faid she) to go into the throng, And charge i'th' thickest of the Enemies. For I have made thee as thy Father strong,

And taken have the mift off from thy eyes, That thou mayft fee who Gods are, who are men:

If any God oppose thee, give him way, Except if Venus thou encounter, then

Spare her no more than mortals in the Fray.

This said, away the Goddess Pallas went, And Diomed went to the fight again, And though before he were upon it bent,

His courage now was trebled by his pain;

As when a Shepherd fees a Lyon come,

And wounds him flightly as he leaps the Pen; Then leaves the Sheep, and frighted runneth home,

And dares not in the Field appear agen; The Lyon now made fiercer than before.

And back again the Pen once more leaps ore:

So rag'd amongst the Trojans Diomed.

Astynous there, and Hypenor dy'd;

One through the Breaft he pireced with his Spear; And th'others Head did from his Neck divide

With his Broad Sword. And flain he left them there,

And overtook Abas and Polyeide

Sons of Eurydamas, who could tell what Upon a Dream should to a man betide

And flew them both. No Dream had told him that.

Thoon and Xanthus then he followed

Phanaps two Sons, gotten when he was old, And of them both the vital blood did shed.

Th'Estate to strangers came to have and hold.

Then Chromius and Echemon he flew, Two Sons of Priam in one Chariot,

Whom from the Seat unto the ground he threw, And till he had difarm'd them left them not.

But to the Ships he sent away the Horses. Aneas seeing how he-disaray'd

Before him as he went the Trojan forces, Sought Pardarus, and having found him, faid,

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Lycaons Son where are thy Shafts and Bow, And Skill, wherein the Lycians yield to thee?

See you the man that rages yonder now? Aim a Shaft at him whofoever he be.

For many valiant Trojans he has flain,

(Unless he be one of the Gods above Neglected by us) 'twill not be in vain.

Shoot boldly then, but first invoking Fove.

Then Pandarus replying, to him faid; 'Tis Diomed as far as can be guess'd.

His Horses, and his Shield I have survay'd.

And platted Horse-Hair hanging at his Crest.

Though it be he, as I believe it is,

Yet sure some God does on his Shoulders sit. For else of killing him how could I mis,

When I his Shoulder with my Arrow hit?

For I one Arrow shot at him before, And verily believ'd I had him flain.

His Armour all besmeared was with gore,

But flew him not. Now here he is again.

I did not on a Charret hither come, Although Lycaon have eleven new,

With handsome Curtains to each one, at home,

And Horses fit to draw them not a few.

The old Knight too advis'd me earneftly

That when to Battle I the Trojans led, I from a Charret should charge the Enemy;

But to his counsel I not hearkened.

(Which I repent.) It came into my Head That when within Troy Walls we should be pent,

My Horses, which we us'd to be well fed

Would there be useless wanting nourishment,

This made me come without a Chariot,

And march (as far as 'twas) to Troy on foot.

And trust unto my Bow which helps me not,

But faileth me as often as I shoot,

For two of them I have already shot, Tydides and Atrides, and good store

Ofblood have drawn from both, though killed not, But made them fiercer than they were before,

In an ill hour fure I took down my Bow
To fight for Hietor and the Trojan men;

But if I safely to my Country go,

And to my House and Wife get back agen, Let any man that will cut off my Head,

If prefently my Bow I do not burn, That never yet my hopes has answered.

For why not when it doth not ferve my turn?

To Pandarus Aneas then reply'd,

No, say not so, but first let's to him go. For by th'encounter soon it will be try'd

Whether he be indeed a God or no. Get up into the feat and you shall see

The vertue of my Horses on the Plain,

And if some God with Diomedes be,

How nimbly they will fetch us off again.

Come take the Whip and Reins in hand, and I

Descend will from the Chariot and fight. Or if you please, when to him we are nigh

I'll hold the Whip and Reins, and you alight, No, no, (faid he) keep you the Reins in hand,

The Horses us'd thereto will you obey.
To me, it may be, they will restive stand,

And to the Foe themselves and us berray.

Let me alight and meet him with my spear.

This said, they mounted both; and coming on,

Towards Tydides both observed were

By Sthinelus Capaneus his Son, Who warning to Tydides gave. I see

Two mighty men to fight us coming on, Of which I know th'one Pandarus to be,

The other Venus and Anchifes Son.

Come up into your Charret and retire.

But frowning he reply'd, I'll ne'r do that:

It not becomes the Children of my Sire,

When they should fight to double or to squate

I loath to fit upon a Chariot, And as I am I will attend them here.

For of my strength deprived I am not, And Pallas has forbidden me to sear. TI

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I doubt not but to kill them both, or one If both, your Reins unto the two Wheels tie,

And to Aneas Horses quickly run,

And seize their Reins, lest frighted they should flie. Then send them to the ships, brave Steeds, well bred;

Of heavenly race they are, and got by those, Which fove to make amends for Ganymed,

Was pleas'd to give unto his Father Tros.

Anchifes privily convey'd to these,

Six Mares, and had a Colt by ev'ry one; Whereof he gave two to his Son Anias.

To take these Horses now were bravely done. While they were talking th'other two came nigh,

And then faid Pandarus O Diomed,

Since my swift Arrow could not make you die, I come to try now how my spear will speed.

And as he spake the spear flew from his hand And pass'd his shield, but in his Armour staid.

Y'are hir, faid he, and long you cannot stand. But Diomed, nothing at all dismaid,

No, no cry'd out your spear is thrown in vain.
But I believe before we have done here.

That one of you, if not both, will be slain, And as he spake he at him threw his spear.

Which at his nose close by his eye went in, And struck his Teeth out, and cut off his Torque.

And out again it pass'd beneath his Chin.

For Pallas from above it downward flung.

There dead he lay. Aneas to defend
His body to him came with Spear and Shield,

And 'bout him went, resolv'd the man to send To Hell that should oppose him in the field.

Tydides then took up a mighty stone

Which two men scarce could bear such as are now.

But Diomedes swinging it alone,

The same with ease did at Aneas throw, and bit him on the Huckle-bone, wherein into his Hip inserted is the Thigh and torn was by the rugged stone the skin,

And Tendons broken which the joynt did tie.

Then

Then down upon his knees and hands he fell, And taken from him was his fight with pain. That Venus faw him lying thus 'twas well, Else by Tydides he had there been flain, For then came Venus down and with the lap Ofher Celeftial Robe him covered, Left any of the Greeks should have the hap To kill or wound him as from Earth he fled. But Stheneleus remembring well his Order, Ty'd his own Steeds up to his Charret-wheels And led them our o'th' tumult and disorder, And to Deiphilus that was at's Heels, (His Friend) he gave the Horses of Aneas To carry them unto the Argive Fleet. But took Tydides Horses and with these To try went if Tydides he could meet. But he in chase of Venus now was gone (Knowing that sheatender Goddess was, And for the War Commission had none, Nor had as Pallas any shield of Brass.) And had when he came to her wounded her. For through her Robe though by the Graces made, Without resistance quickly pass'd the spear, And at her wrift did her fair Hand invade And from the Wound out sprung the blood Divine. (Not such as men have in their Veins, but Ichor. For Gods that neither eat Bread nor drink Wine Have in their Veins another kind of Liquor, And therefore bloodless and immortal be.) And Venus screaming then lets fall her Son. But by Apollo's hand preserv'd was he, Convey'd then in a Mist perceiv'd by none, For fear he should be by some Argive slain. To Venus then Tydides whoop'd; and faid, Away Jove's Daughter from the War abstain. Go practice how to cofen Wife or Maid, For I believe if here you longer stay, (So many fuch as these mishaps there are) That you therein will have but little joy, And troubled be when men but talk of War.

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This faid, away she went not knowing where
She was; and great the pain was of her hand.

But Iris from the fight conducted her,
And let her hard by Mars upon the land.

For there by Pallas placed he had been.
His Horses and his Chariot by him staid

Hid in a mift by man not to be feen.

And Venus there before him kneeling faid, Dear Brother let me your good Horses have,

To bear me to Olympus from the Fray; This cruel wound mad Diomed me gave,

And would wound fove if he came in his way.

Mars presently his Horses to her lent.

Venus and Iris mount into the Seat, Iris the Reins held, and away they went.

The time they spent in going was not great. When they were there tris the Steeds unty'd,

And fet them up, and gave unto them meat, Ambrofian meat till they were fatisfy'd,

Such as immortal Horses use to eat.

But Venus fell into Diones lap,
Her Mother who imbrac'd her lovingly,

Stroakt her, and said. How came this sad mishap?

Who us'd you thus? What a rath God was he? What more could he have done, if he had found

You doing something openly amis? It was a man, said she, gave me this wound, Tydides; and for nothing else but this;

fav'd my Son Aneas from his hand,

My dearest Son, whom he was going to slay.

and now the War is all (I understand)

'Twixt Greeks and Heaven, not 'twixt Greeks and Troya Baughter (reply'd Dione then) 'tis hard.

For we the Gods that in Olympus dwell,

any from men as ill as you have far'd, And many no less wrongs have put up well.

Dtus and Ephialtus Neptune's Sons

In a Brass Dungeon once imprisoned Mars, and kept him in the dark there thirteen Moons.

There like he was t'have staid till now, for scarce

Could

Could Hermes fet him free with all his Art And Juno's help. And when to liberty He was restor'd he took it in good part,

Though with his chains he gall'd was cruelly.

When Hercules that Juno in the Breaft,

Though wounded fore, yet she reveng'd it not.

And Pluto by the same man shot did rest Contented, and no reparation got.

But to the House of Jupiter he went,

And got the Arrow pluck't out from the Wound

By Peon; who with gentle Plaisters sent

The Pain away, and made his shoulder sound. But though no God of any wound can die,

Yet of Amphitryon the pievish Son

(Who little cares at whom his Arrows flie)
Great mischief oft unto the Gods has done.

But Pallas' ris that thus has wounded you,

Though with Tydides Spear. Fool as he was what 'tis to wound a God he never knew.

Not long such wicked deeds unpunish'd pass. Such men when they return from painful War

Shall feldom fet their Children on their Knee Pleas'd with their half-form'd words. Let him bewan

Lest he provoke some stronger Deity, And then Agilia Diomedes Wife

Awake the Houshold with her Lamentation,

And cry, Tydides thou haft loft thy life, Omy dear Husband, best of all the Nation.

This faid, she wip'd the Ichor from her hand,

And streight her hand was well, the pain was gone

Then Juno by and Pallas jeering stand. And Pallas thus to Jupiter begun;

Shall I say what I think? O Father Jove, Venus some Argive Dame has courting been

To take the Trojans part whom she doth love, And stroaking her, her hand scratcht with a pin.

Jove smil'd at this, and then to Venue said, Daughter, I gave you no command in War,

That charge on Mars and Pallas I have laid.

Of Nuptials and Love take you the care:

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While they were thus discoursing, Diomed
Did with great speed and rage Aneas follow,
To gain his Armour and his Blood to shed,
Knowing he was in th'hands now of Apollo.

Undaunted then with Shield before his Breaft,
And Sword in Hand, ftruck at Aneas thrice,

And thrice again Phabus his rage represt.

But at the fourth time gave him good advice.

Retire (said he) Tydides, and beware

You not your self think equal to the Gods.

They sway the Heavens, on Earth men creeping are. 'Twixt morrals and immorrals there is great odds.

Tydides then retir'd a little way,

Not knowing what harm might from Phabus come.

And Phabus thence Aneas did convey,

T'a Temple of his own in Pergamum.

There Leto and Diana cur'd his wound.

And then an Image Phabus like him made,

And in like Arms, and fet it on the ground, For which the Foes each other then invade.

And there they one anothers Bucklers hew.

To Mars Apollo speaking, Why, said he, Mars, bloody, murthering Mars why suffer you

Tydides at the Battle still to be?

Mad as he is now he with Fove would fight.

From Venus hand he made the blood run down,

And then at me he flew like any Sprite.

This said he sat o'th' top of Pergam Town.

And Mars the Tiojan Bands encouraged,

Taking the shape of valiant Acamas.
Who to the War at Troy the Toracians led.

And as he through the Armed Ranks did pass,

Children of Priam what d'ye mean, said he; Shall the Greeks follow killing us to Troy?

Tall'n is Aneas the great man whom we Like Hellor honor'd. Come, let's if we may

This good Commander rescue. Thus said he,

Sarpedon likewise Hector sharpened, Are now your Kin you said enough would be

Troy to defend? I fee none of them here.

Like

Like Hounds about a Lion off they fland.
We your Confederates the Fight maintain.

The labour lyeth all upon our hand;

And I my self amongst the rest would fain Make tryal of this mighty man in fight.

At least I shall, as doth a friend become.

At least I mail, as doth a triend become

My peoples courage all I can excite,

Since they are here and very far from home; And though from me the Greeks can nothing get, neither to carry nor to drive away,

But you to th' Trojans have not spoken yet So much as to defend their Wives in Trop

From being taken in the Argives net,

And plundered be the stately Town of Troy. When chiefly you on this your heart should ser,

And your Confederates perswade to stay, And not the fault on one another lay.

So faid Sarpedon. Hestor therewith Rung,

Upon his Charret could no longer flay,

But armed down unto the ground he sprung. And 'mongst the Trojan Ranks and Files he goes, Into their hearts new courage to inspire:

Aud then they turn'd their Faces to their Foe. Nor did the Argives from their place retire.

And then as when on Ceres facred floor

The winnowed Chaff lyes heapt together white, So white the Troops of Argives were all o're

With dust their Horses rais'd had in the Fight.

And then the Trojans boldly marched on,

And Mars to aid them dark'ned had the Field, As he was bidden by Latona's Son,

When Pallas from the Greeks remov'd her Shield.

And from the Temple fetch'd Aneas out.

Alive and whole, and bold, and made him fland

Amongst the Troops that joyful stood about. But other work now lying on their hand,

Made them by Mars and strife) no time had they To ask him questions. But encouraged

The Argives were by th' Ajaxes to flay,
And by uly seand by Diomed.

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For of the Trojans they were not afraid. But as a Cloud that refleth on a Hill,

Which in calm weather there by Fove is laid, Till boysterous Winds arise it resteth still.

Then up and down went Agamemnon there,

My friends, faid he, be bold, and fight like men

Of one anothers censure stand in fear.

Of them that do fo fewer perish then Of those that fly and never think upon

The loss of fame. This said, he threw his Spear

And (mot Aneas friend Democoon,

Who was unto the Trojans no less dear

Than if he one of Priams Sons had been:

For with the foremost he was still in fight. And at his Buckler went the Weapon in,

And through both that and Belt it passed quite.

And mortal in his Belly was the wound,

And with his Armour ratling down he fell.

Aneas then two Greeks laid on the ground,

The Sons of Diocles, descended well.

For of th'immortal and fair stream Alpheus, Orfilochus a great King was the Son.

And he the Father was of Diocles.

And he Orfilochus got and Crethon;

Brave men, who when they came to mans estate

With Atreus Son, his honour to regain,

To Ilium fayl'd, and there they met their Fate,

And never to their Country came again. As when two Lions in the Monntains bred

And Woods obscure, come down into the Plain,

And sheep and Cattle in the field leave dead,

Until at laft by Hunters they are flain;

so fell these two men by Aneas kill'd,

And like two Fir-Trees straight lay on the Sand.

and Menetaus then with fury fill'd,

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For

With Helmet on his Head and Spear in Hand,

dvanced boldly to Anchifes Son,

In hope to have deprived him of brea h. and Mars himself it was that set him on

To bring him by Aneas hand to death.

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Antilochus then Nestor's valiant Son
Fearing lest Menelaus should be slain,
Resolv'd he should not sight with him alone
And all their toil at Ilium make vain,
Went after him, and overtook him as
They ready were to sight, but nothing done,

Aneas then as valiant as he was,

Retir'd eschewing the odds of two to one.

And when they had brought off the bodies slain,

And left them in their fellow-soldiers hands,

Unto the skirmish they return'd again, And slew the Prince of Paphlagonians

Pylamenes, Atrides threw the Spear
Which near the Shoulder pass'd into his Neck.
By Nester's Son skip was his Charioties.

By Neftor's Son slain was his Chariotier, Mydon by name that did his Horses check,

As he his Charet turning was to fly,

Antilochus him wounded with a ftone,

On th'Elbow and benum'd his Hand, whereby
The fense he had to hold the Reins was gone.

The Reinsfell down and then with Sword in hand Antilochus divides his Head in twain,

And headlong fell he where it chanc'd the fand Was very deep, and there he did remain

With Head and shoulders sticking in the Sands, But upright in the Air were both his Hips The Horses laid him slat. Which by the hands

Of Neftor's Son conveyed were to the Ships.

Whom bands of lufty Trojans followed.

Mars and Bellona marching furiously

Against the Argives to the Fight them led. Bellona brought in tumult and Affright.

And Mars a mighty Spear had in his hand, And sometimes after Hetter went i'th' fight,

Sometimes before, and oft did by him fland.
Tydides when he faw him was afraid,

As when a man in hafte has loft his way, And running on is at some River staid, That's deep and swift, he runs as fast away: So he retired. And to his Argives said,

No wonder tis if Hestor valiant be;
One God or other alwaies gives him aid,
And near him stands from death to set him free.
Now Mars comes with him like a mortal wight.
Retire. But turn your faces to the Foe,
Forbearing still against the Gods to sight.
This said he, but the Trojans near were now.
And Hestor there had slain two men that sat
Together, Mnestheus and Anchialus,

Both Warriors good. But Ajax griev'd thereat (The greater Ajax, Telamonius)

Darted his heavy Spear at Amphius.

Rich was he both in Lands and Goods, and dwelt

At Pass. And sought here for Priamus.

But by the spear which pass'd quite through his Belt

Ipon his Belly took a mortal wound.

And as he fell Ajax ran fiercely in

To ftrip him of his Armour on the ground,

And ftript him had, had he not hindred been,
for from the Trojans came a shower of Spears,

Whereof his Shield received not a few.
Then to be hemm'd in by the Foe he fears.
His own Spear he recover'd and withdrew.
Whilf they in flubborn War thus toiling were

Whilst they in stubborn War thus toiling were, Unlucky fate Thepolemus brought on to charge Sarpedon; and when they were near Together come, Jove's Grandson and his Son,

Unskilful in the War to tremble here?

sue's Son men say you are, but 'tis not true.

No such weak men by Jove begotten were;

at such as Hercules is said t'have been
Couragious as a Lion; with sew men
but six Ships this strong Town he did win,
And rist'd it, and sase went off agen.
at you are weak, your men a great part dead,

And can but little help afford to Troy.

Indehough from Lycia you were strengthened,
I mean to send you now another way.

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To this Sarpedon answered, 'Tis true That Hercules sackt Troy, because the Steeds Laomedon kept back that were his due,

And gave him evil language for good deeds. But you from me shall present death receive, For which I shall have Honor truly paid,

And you your Soul shall now to Pluto leave.

And this Sarpedon had no sooner said,

Than from their hands their Spears together started.
Thepolemus clean through the Neck was struck,

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And from him presently his life departed.

But from Sarpedon Jove kept such ill luck;
Yet on his lest Thigh he receiv'd a wound.

For through it went the Spear close by the bone.

Sarpedon by his friends born off the ground, Was plac'd apart where battle there was none,

Tormented with the spear still in his Thigh.
To pull it out they all had quite forgot.

In so great haste they were, the Foe so nigh, The time so little, and the fight so hot. Mean while Tlepolemus his body dead

The Greeks fetch'd off. The wife uly ffes then

Within himself a while considered, Whether to charge Sarpedon or his men.

But fince by fate Sarpedon was to die
By other, and not by ulysses hands,
Athena made him lay that purpose by,

And turn his anger on the Lycians, Alastor then he slew, and Coramus, Alcander, Pritanis, and Noemon,

And Halius he flew, and Chromius, And many Lycians more had overthrown.

But mighty Hellor now approached near In glittering Arms, and brought with him Affright

But glad Sarpedon was to fee him there;
And when he was come up unto him quite,
Himself lamenting thus to Helter said,

But let my body in your ground be laid,

Since I my Country must no more enjoy,

Nor my beloved Wife and tender Son.
So faid Sarpedon. Histor not replies,

But to the Enemy he passeth on;

And as he goes the ground with blood he dyes:

Under a Beech sacred to Jupiter

Sarpedon placed was upon the ground,

And gently Pelagon pull'd out the Spear 5 The pain hereof put him into a swound.

Lost was his fight, but by a gentle wind,

And cool, that from the North upon him blew,

He foon recover'd both his Sight and Mind, And all the company about him knew.

To Mars and Hellor still the Greeks gave way,

And flill their faces to the Trojans were,

But for to charge none durst advance or stay.

For Diomed had told them Mars was there.

Now tell me Muse, who flain by Hittor was?

Trechus, Orestes, Teuthras, Helenus,

(Whose Father Oenops was) and Oenonaus.

And last of all wealthy Oresbins.

In Hyla on Cephissis Lake he dwelt,

The richeft Paffure of Boetia,

And known was by the gayness of his Belt.
This slaughter of the Greeks when Juno saw,

She then to Pallas spake: Pallas (said she)

If we let Mars still play the madman here,

Our word to Menetaus false will be,

That he from Troy return should Conqueror.

Let's courage take, and try what we can do.

Pallas contented, 'twas agreed upon.

And June ready made her felf to go,

And quickly the Coach-wheels Hebe fets on:

Eight spokes each Wheel had and were all of Brass, And fixed round about at th'Axle-tree.

The Axle-tree it felf of Iron was:

The Circle Gold and wonderful to fee:

But arm'd it was above with Plates of Brais:

The Naves on both fides were of Silver white,

With Gold and Silver Wire extended was

The Sear, which had two Silver rings and bright.

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In which the Beam of Silver fastned staid.

At th'other end the Golden Yoke she ty'd,
And on the Yoke the Golden Reins she laid.

And Juno then no longer could abide
But to the Coach her self the Horses brought,
From quarrels so impatiently she stay'd.

Pallas threw off her Robe, and took Jou's Coa

Pallas threw off her Robe, and took Jove's Coat And with the same she there her self array'd. And then her Breast with Armour covered,

And on her shoulder hung her frightful Shield, Wherin Strife, Force, Flight, Chase were figured, With all the Horror of a foughten Field.

And in the middle flood out Gorgoes Head.

Then put she on her Golden Helmet, that Ten thousand mens heads might have covered, And to the Charret up she went and sat, And her great heavy Spear takes in her Hands,

The Spear wherewith, when the displeased is, She scatters of proud Kings the Armed bands.

Then Juno with the Whip was not remis. And of it self flew open Heaven-gate,

Though to the Seasons fove the power gave. Alone to judge of Early and of Late.

And out the Goddesses their Horses drave.

Jove on the highest of alympus tops

Sitting alone they found, and none him nigh. The Goddes Juno there her Horses stops,

And spake unto him thus, his mind to try.

Pray tell me Jove if you contented be,

That Mars thus raging in the Field remain: For what unfeemly work he makes you fee,
And of brave Greeks how many he has flain,

While Venus at my grief stands laughing by, And pleased is Apollo with the fight,

And fet him on. But I could make him fly
(But that I fear your anger) from the Fight,

Do't then, said Jove; not you, but Pallas; she Accustomed is to vex him more than you. June took this commission willingly.

Feeling the Whip away her Horses flew,

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Twixt Heav'n and Earth and went at every strain
As far as coming one can see a ship,

That from a Hill looketh upon the Main,
So far the Horses of the Gods can skip.

Arriv'd at Troy, on ground they fet their feet, And Juno there her heavenly Steeds unty'd

Where Simois doth with Scamander meet.

And with Ambrofia Simois them supplyed.

Then swife as Doves to give the Argives and
They went to where they saw the greatest throng.

There was Tydides, and about him staid Many as Lions valiant and strong.

And Juno there in shape of Stentor stood, And spake as loud as any fifty men.

Argives, faid the, Cowards, for nothing good, Although you make a goodly thow. For when

Achilles went before you to the Fight,

Our at their Gate, the Trajans durst not peep, So much they of his Spear abhorr'd the fight.

But from your ships you scarce now can them keep.

When Juno thus the Greeks encouraged,

To Diemed went Pallas; whom she found

Hard by his Horses sitting wearled,

And cooling in the open Air the wound Given by Pandarus; which with the sweat Under his belt afflicted him the more.

And lifting up his Belt some ease to get,

He from the wound was wiping off the gore, As at the yoke Athena leaning flood,

Like him (faid fhe) your Father left no Son.

A little man was he, but Warriour good.

Though I not bad him, he went boldly on.

And when to Thebes alone I bad kim go Ambassador and with the Theban Lords,

To fit at Feast and not provoke the Foe,
And at their Table to forbear harsh words,

Yet he his native courage ftill retained,

And them defi'd at manly Exercises, And from them all the Victory he gained, And won by my affistance, all the Prizes.

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But when I you, as I did him, defend,
And bid you boldly with the Trojans fight,
You are afraid, or weariness pretend.

Of Tydeus sure the Son you are not right.

Tydides to her then replying faid,

Daughter of Jove, (Pallas I know you are)

'Tis not that I am weary or afraid,

That I stand here abstaining from the War,

Eut in obedience to your own Command, Who gave me leave if Venus in the Wars

I met, to wound her; but not lift my hand 'Gainst other Gods. Now in the field is Mars,

And domineering fights on H. Etors fide.

And that's the cause why I from fight abstain,

And others by my counsel here abide.

To this the Goddes then reply'd again, Nor Mars nor any of th'Immortal Gods spare That shall advance against you in the field.

And for your fafety trust unto my care,

And know you are protected by my Shield.

Eut first to Mars drive up your Horses close, And strike the Blockhead with your Spear in hand,

That fights sometimes for these, sometimes for those, And with the Trojans now you see him stand,

And yet to help the Greeks he promis'd me And Juno, but a little while before,

And thinks upon his promises no more.

This faid they mount into the Chariot, And Schenelens descending left his Seat.

The Axtree groaned under them Why not?

A great man he, she was a Goddess great.

And then to Mars directly they drive on, Who had but newly flain great Periphas,

Of old Ochefius the valiant Son,

And far the best of all the Atolians was Athena then puts Pluto's Helmet on,

Left she by Mars should be discovered. When Mars there saw Tydides all alone,

He Periphas forfook who there lay dead;

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And turn'd to meet Hidides on the way;
And when to one another they were near,
Mars making full account the man to flay,

Over the Yoke thrusts at him with his Spear.

But Pallas with her hand the point supprest,

And made it light beneath the Seat in vain.

Tydides then to Mars a Spear addrest,

Which had he been a Mortal had him flain,

For Pallas in his Belly stuck the Spear,

And presently the same plucks out again,
Mars roar'd as loud as if in battle there

Fighting had been nine or ten thousand men,
And frighted both the Armies with the noise,

Then like a black Cloud which some wind makes rife.

He left th'unlucky field and went his ways, And in a little time was in the Skies.

And fitting down hard by his Fathers Throne,

Shew'd him the blood that from the wound did flow,

And grievously Lamenting made his mone.

Father said he, do you such work allow,

That we the Gods such harm from Mortals take,

While some for Trojans, some for Argives fight,

And partial be for one anothers fake,

The fault is to be laid on you by right.

For you brought forth this mad pernicious Maid,

Whose study is her malice to effect, When by us other Gods you are obey'd,

And this you faw, but never would correct.

Twas she that on the Gods set Diomed,

Who wounded Venus first then flewat me.

And there in pain I lien had 'mongst the dead Or crippled been had not my feet been free

Uncertain Mars (then Jupiter reply'd)

Of all the Gods most hateful to my fight, That quarrel lov'st to make but not decide.

Thou hast thy Mother Juno's nature right,
That oft provokes me with her pievish Tongue,

And by her order. I think, this was done.

But in this pain I'll not detain you long,

Seeing you are as well mine as her Son.

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But had another got you, you had fure
To Pluto and th'Infernal Gods be fent.
This faid to Peon he commits his cure;
And Peon prefently about it went.
As quickly as the Milk is turn'd to Curd,
When with a proper Rennet it is mixt,
And with a Housewifes hand together stir'd;
So quickly was the wide wound clos'd and fixt.
Then bath'd he was by Hebe, and new clad;
And that he so came off was well content.
Juno and Pallas when they driven had
Mars from the Battle, up t'Olympus went.

And thing down band by his I when Throngs.

And grievently Law meing made his mone.
Faller fait he, to you fireh work allow.

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The Gods to neither fide affistance yield,
But on his own hand each mans fortune lies.
Now here now there they skirmish in the field
Betwixt the Streams Xanthus and Simoeis.

And first great Ajax killed Acamas,

And for his fellows opened a door

For Saughter mones the Files and Re

For flaughter mongst the Files and Ranks to pass, And caus'd thereby the loss of many more.

And by Tydides Axylus was flain,

That at Arisbe dwelt near the High-way, Rich, and the Greeks did often entertain.

But none of them would fave him in the Fray.

For slain he was by Diomedes there.
Together with his Squire Calesius,

That by him far and was his Charioteer.

Euryalus then flew Opheltius

And Drefus. After Pedafus he runs :

And Afepus fons of Bucalion,

Who by Abarbarea had two Sons, Bur he for Father had Laomedon,

And th'eldeft was, but not in Wedlock got, .

And Twins the Sons were of Bucalion.

But from Euryalus they scaped not,

Nor long they lay there with their Armour on?

Then Polypætes by Astyalus,

Pidytes by ulyffes, and by Tine-

Er Areton, and by Antilochus Ablerus, by Atrides Elateus

Was flain, that the Pedafians led
From the delightful Bank of Satnius.

And Leitus Philacus flew as he fled.

Eurypylus then flew Melanthius.

And then Adrestus taken was alive By Menelaus. For his Horses frighted, Whilft to the Town they labour'd to arrive, Upon two branches of a Tree they lighted, And brake the Charet pole off at the head. The Horses loose away-ran tow'rd the Town, As did the rest that from the Battle fled. Advestus headlong from the Seat fell down, And by him with a Spear Atrides stood. Adrestus then laies hold upon his knee. Save me, faid he my ransome will be good. At any rate I shall redeemed be. My Father wants nor Iron, nor Brass, nor Gold, And any thing to fet me free will give, When he of my condition shall be told, And that I am your prisoner and live. This faid, Atrides was thereto enclin'd, And ready for to fend him to the Ships. But Agam: mnon came and chang'd his mind Before he had confirm'd it with his lips. Brother, faid he, what makes you be so kind To any of these men? Is it because You did at Home the Trojans faithful find, And that they had well ferved Menelaus? No, no, we must no quarter give at Troy. Nor spare the Child yet in his Mothers womb, But utterly the Nation destroy, And pluck up by the root proud Ilium. Then Menelaus pity'd him no more, But violently push't him from his Knee, Wherewith he backward tumbled o're and o're, And foon by Agamemnon flain was he. Then Nefter to the Greeks with Voice as high As he could raise it, cried out, Let none Yer on the Spoil and Booty fet his eye, But follow killing now, plunder anon. The dead will flay till back again we come. The Gracks by Neftor thus encouraged, Had chas'd the Trojans into llium.

But that by Helenius was nindered.

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For standing near to Hector and Aneas, Since all the work, faid he, lyes on your hand, And you in Fight and Counfel chiefly please Both Lycians and Trojans, make them stand. About them go and put your felves between The Gates and them, left followed by the Foe They should be by their loving Wives there seen, And th' Argives stand triumphing in our woe. And when you once have them encouraged, Aneas and my felf will with them flay, And fight against the Greeks though wearied. But Hector to the Town go you away, And bid your and my Mother take with her The eldest Trojan Matrons and make hafte To Pallas Temple, and present her there With the best Robe she has; and having plac't Iton her Knee, vow to her Deity (If the protect our Wives and Children will And City from this raging Enemy, And take off Dirmed) that you will kill Twelve Heifers at her Altar. For in fight-He has the great Achilles much outdone, Who never did the Trojans thus affright, Although they fay he is a Goddess Son-Then Hellor armed leapt down to the ground, And with two Spears about the Army goes,

Courage inspiring to the Tisjans round,
And streight they turn'd their Faces to the Foes.
The Greeks retiring then no longer fought.

Some God from Heaven descended was they thought, And t'Heffor and the Trojans aid had brought.

Then Heller to the Tinjins cried out,
Tojans and Aids, faid he, be fure to flay
And play the men, whillf I to Ilium
Return and cause them to the Gods to pray,
And to them sacrifice an Hecatomb.
And as he walkt the edges of his Shield

By turns his Ankle and his Neck did fmite
Tylides then and Glaucus on the field

Met one another, and prepar'd to fight.

Tydides

Tydides speaking first, Brave man, said he;

Who are you? Let me know your name and Race,

That dares so boldy thus advance on me. Inever yet in Battle saw your Face.

Men mortal to provoke me thus none dare,

But they whose Parents are condemn'd to wo. But if some God come down from Heaven you are,

Do what you will I'll not return a blow.

Lycurgus Son of Dryas chas'd the Train

Of Bacchus with a Goad at Nysfa, where The Menades threw from them on the Plain

Their Ivy twined flaves, and fled for fear;

Bacehus him felf leapt into Thetis Lap,

Trembling and frighted, and the Goddess kind

Receiv'd him and defended from mishap. But for this act Jove struck Lycurgus blind,

Who dy'd foon after. For the Gods above

All hated him. And that's the Cause that I Dare not the anger of the Gods to move,

But if thou mortalart, come near and die

O brave Tydides (Glaucus answered then)

To what end serves it you to know my Bace? As with green Leaves so fareth it with men;

Some fall with wind, others grow in their place. But fince you ask me (though it be well known)

My Pedegree at large I shall you tell,

Within a Creek of Argos stands a Town, Call'd Ephyre. There Sifyphus did dwell.

The subtile Sissphus who Glaucus got. Glaucus the Father of Bellerophon,

Than whom a fairer person there was not, Nor valianter in all the Land, not one.

But Pratus fought to take away his life.

For so enamour'd of him was the Queen Anteia, who of Pratus was the Wife,

That she a Suitor to him oft had been, But still in vain. For he would not consent.

The fury of her love then turn'd to Hate. And spitefuly, she to her Husband went,

And weeping bitterly down by him fate,

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And to him faid, O King refolve to dy Your felf, or elfe Bellerophon to kill,

For he attempted has my Chaftity.

And would have ly'n with me against my will.

The King incens'd, to kill him did intend,

But loath to do it there, he thought it better

Unto the King of Lycia him to fend

(Who was Anteia's Father) with a Letter,

Wherein he had declar'd his cruel mind, And many waies to bring it to effect.

He ignorant of what was then defign'd,

The Kings Commandement did not neglecta

To Lycia he went and coming thither,

In favour with the Gods, was honoured

And treated like a God nine days together.
O'th'tenth his Letter he delivered.

The Letter read, the King him first employ'd,

The terrible Chimæra to affail,

That by the Monster he might be destroy'd.

A Lyons Head it had and Dragons Tail,

And in the midst the body of a Goat;

A flame of burning fire was it's breath.

Bellerophon with this foul Monster fought,

And put it (by the aid o'th' Gods) to death.

The next Adventure that he fet him on

Was th'Expedition 'gainft the Solymi,

The third when from the Amazons he won

(Those Martial Females) a great Victory.

And as he came from thence the King had laid

An Ambush for him on the way in vain, of choicest Lycians whom he destroy'd,

That nor a man of them return'd again.

The King receiv'd him then, believing now

That he descended was of Heavenly Race, And gave him half his Fow'r, and Land enough,

And with his Daughters Marriage did him grace.

Milerophon by her had Children three,

Two Sons, Mandrus and Hippolochus,

And one fair Daughter call'd Laodamie.

On whom by Jove Sarpedon gotten was,

Her Father by the Gods forfaken then Liv'd up and down in the Alean Plain, And shun'd the conversation of men.

At. Solym Battle was Mander flain. .

But of Hippolochus the Son am I,

And he of Noble Ancestors descended.

To Troy he fent me, and especially

Unto me th'Honor of my Race commended,

Than which in Ephyre none Nobler is,

Nor in the Land of Lycia more renown'd.

And Diomedes joyful to hear this

Turn'd his Spears point and fluck it in the ground,

And to him kindly spake. There is, said he, Between your Ancestors and mine of old

A mutual Bond of Hospitality.

Bellerophon, as I have oft been told,

Was by my Grandfire Oeneus freely treated,
And flayed with him twenty days and nights,

And when again he from his House retreated, and They Tokens gave of Hospitable Rites;

Oeneus to him a Belt most glorious,
Bellerophon to him a Golden Cup.

Which I not with me brought, but in my House.
When I came thence I fafely left lockt up-

My Father I remember noted For hemon A you of

Left me too young when last he went from home.

Henceforth my Guest in Argos you must be, I yours in Lycia, when I thither come.

Mean time let's one anothers Spear decline; For many Trojans more I have to kill,

Unless I crost be by some Pow'r divine.

And of th' Acheans kill you whom you will. And that our Friendship may the more appear,

I will prefent you with these Arms of mine; And you to me present the Arms you wear.

This faid they lighted and their Hands did jo yn.

But Glaucus surely here bewitched was,

Or cursed by the Gods, that had forgot. His Arms were Gold, and Diomed's but Brass.

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Hellor was now come the Scean Gates.

To him the Tiojan Wives and Daughters run To ask their Husband, and their Brothers Fates,

But to those questions he answer'd none. But to the Temples bad them go and pray,

Inquire no more for what you will Iment:

Then to the Royal Palace went his way.

For great the danger was and imminent.

On every fide within were Galleries

Magnificent, of square well-plained Stones,

With fifty Lodgings for the Families

(One by another) of King Priam's Sons.

And for his Daughters twelve Apparamentswere
(In the same Court but on the other fide)

To lodge his Sons in Law when they were there,

Of the same stone in like form beautifi'd.

Here Hecuba, as the conducted home Landice her beautifulleft Daughter,

Met her Son Heefor that was newly come

In dusty bloody Armour from the Slaughter. And took him by the Hand, and to him said,

Why come you from the fight? Have we the worst,

And you come to follicit Fove for aid,

And after that is done to quench your thirst?

A little Wine will much the strength sustain

Of one that labour'd has as you have done.

No,no, from Wine (faid he) I must abstain

Lest I forget and leave my work undone. Besides, to Four I dare not offer Wine

With bloody hands left I should him incense.

But, Mother, go you to Minarva's shrine

With other Ladies, and with Frankincense.

And of the Robes in your perfumed Cheft
Take with you that which in your judgment is

Amongst them all the largest and the best,

And lay it down upon the Goddess Knees:

And you that at her Altar you will kill
Twelve yearling Heifers of the best you have,

lat your prayer condescend she will

Your Children with your felves and Troy to fave,

And

And from the Fight this Diomed remove. To th' Temple presently, go you away. But I to Paris now must go, and prove If he th'advice I give him will obey.

Then Hecuba into the Chamber came

Where many divers-colour'd Veftures lay,

The work of many a Sidonian Dame,

Which then from Sidon Paris brought to Troy,

When thither he from Sparta Helen brought. Of these to give the Goddess, she took one,

The largest and most curiously wrought, And that like to a Star in Heaven shone.

And when unto the Temple come they were,

Theano opened the door; for the

(Antenor's Wife) was Pallas Prieft. And there She took the Robe and laid it on her Knee.

Then prayed she (whilst with a mighty cry, They to the Goddess lifted up their hands) Pallas (said she) Daughter of Jove most high,

In whose protection ev'ry City stands, Great Pallas break the Spear of Diomed,

And overthrow him at the Scean Gate,

That at thy Altar may be offered Twelve yearling Heifers; and commiserate The Wives and Children and the state of Troj.

Thus prayed they. But Pallas would not hear.

To th'House of Paris Hestor went away

That was unto his own and Priam's near,

Built by himself the Citadel within,

With all the Art the Trojans understood. There Hettor with his Spear in hand went in,

That was in length eleven Cubits good, And pointed at the Head with polisht Brass, Fastnedinto the staff with a Gold Ring.

Bufy about his Armour Paris was,

And Helen work to th'Maids distributing.

Here Hector Paris chid. Is this, faid he, The firrest time to manifest your spite

Against the Trojans, when the Enemy Under our Walls is killing them in fight;

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When none but you the cause is of the War And Tumult which surrounds the Town of Troy,

I think it would become you better far ...
To rate those men that from the Battle stay.

Brother, faid Paris, What you say is right.
But hear me too. I stayed not behind

Because I to the Trojans bear a spite,

But from their Slanders to avert my mind.

And now my Wife too has perswaded me, Who of my self was ready to be gone.

Not fure to any fide is Victory.

Stay only while I put my Armour on. Or go, I'll follow you and find you out.

Thus he, But Heffer to it nothing said.

And to be gone his Face he turn'd about.

But Hilen faw about to speak and staid. Erother (said she) though I unworthy am

To call you fo, I would I had been thrown

Into the Sea the same day that I came
Into the World so many shames to own.

Or that this Husband sensible had been,

As men of Honour should be of ill same; But that's not now nor ever will be seen,

He one day will (I fear) repent the fame. But Brother (pra'ye) fit down and rest a while,

That with the toil of Battle weary are;
The cause whereof I am the Woman vile,

That with me brought to Troy this cruel War.

With Alexander to our infamy,

Which through the world hereafter will be chanted,

And make us loathsome to posterity. Helen (said Hector) now I cannot stay,

The Troja s of my presence stand in need.

But bid you Alexander come away,

Vhen

While I am in the Town, and that with speed.

For hence unto my house I must go home To see my Wife, my Child and Family,

An't may be never back again shall come, But by the hands of the Acheans dyes

This

This faid home Hellor went and there was told His Wife Andromache at home was not. For with the Nurfe the Battle to behold, Into the Tow'r on Scaa Gate was got.

Then Hector of the Women askt again,

Is the gone to some Sister or some Brother?
Or to the Goddes Temple in the Train

Of those that thither waired on my Mother?

To this one of the women faid again,

She neither went to Sifter nor to Brother, Nor to the Goddess Temple in the, Train

Of those that thither waited on your Mother.

But when I know now not who inform'd her had, That th' Argives did the Trojans overpower,

With her young Son and Nurse as one that's mad Ran to the Gate, and up into the Tower.

Then back went Hellor pailing the same Streets [fight, Through which he went when he came from the

Where in the way Andromache he meets

That now was running home in great affright.

The Daughter she was of Ection;

Who of Cilicia the Scepter carried, And dwelt at Thebe in Hypoplacion.

But unto Noble Heltor she was married: Now Heltor met her with their little Boy

That in the Nurses arms was carried, And like a Star upon her bosom lay

His beautiful and shining Golden Head. Scamandrius he called was by Hestor,

Astyanax he named was in Troy.

Because his Father was their sole Protector,

The People from his Honour nam'd the Boy.

Then Heller smiling lookt upon his Son,
And to him-weeping said Andromache,

My Dear, You'll by your courage be undone, And this your Son a wretched Orphane be.

The Greeks at once on you alone will fall, And then a woful Widow shall be I,

And have no comfort in the world at all, But live in milery and wish to die.

Father.

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Father or Mother they have left me none, For by the great Achilles he was flain When he the goodly Town of Thebe won. But from disarming him he did refrain, Together with his Arms he did him burn. And with fuch Rites as did a Prince become. And having put his Ashes in an Urn, Buried the same and o're it rais'd a Tomb: The Mountain Nymphs Daughters of Jupiter, Planted about it many Elmen-trees, My seven Brothers all were killed there. In one day by Achilles flain were these, As they defending were their Kine and Sheep. My Mother with the booty he brought hither, And her he at the Ships did pris'ner keep Until her friends her ransom had sent thither, Then to her Country back they fent my Mother, Who shortly after there fell fick and di'd, Now Hester you my Father are and Brother, Husband and Mother. In you I confide: For pities fake then on this Turret stay, Lest Fatherless your Son, I Widow be, And fet your armed People in array, And those that aid you at the Sycamore-tree, Where to the City easiest is th'access, For there it was the Argives thrice fell on Led by Idomeneus, and th' Ajaxes, The two Atrides, and Tydeus Son: Whether they had some God for their Director. Or had observ'd some weakness in the place Iknow not: And to this replyed Hector, Dear Wife, this may be done, But what difgrace Shall I be in? How will the Trojans scoff Both men and Women, and deride my fear, If on the Tow'r they faw me standing off When others fighting with the Argives were? Besides by nature I am framed so, I am not able to abstain from fight, But must be amongst the foremost, when the Foe Invades my fathers Honor in my fight.

And

And yet I know the evil day will come. That Priam and his People perish must,

And utterly destroy'd be Ilium,

And all her stately buildings lye in dust. Yet am not griev'd so much to think upon The fate of Troy, of Priam, of my Mother,

Or all my Brothers, as for you alone

When by a proud Achean one or other You drag'd are weeping into flavery,

And when t'Achea he has brought you home,

To fetch in water you imploy'd shall be. And made to labour at anothers Loom.

And one that sees you weeping, there will say, This Woman was the Noble Hector's Bride,

The bravest man of all that fought for Troy, And of your tears bring back again the Tide.

But dead may I be first and buried

Before I see you drag'd or hear you cry And when he thus had faid his Arms he spread The Child to take, who terrifi'd thereby,

And unacquainted with a glittering Crest

And Horses Mayn that nodding at it hung, Turn'd his face crying to Nurses Breast,

And with his little arms close to her clung. Which made his Father and his Mother fmile. Then Hector on the ground his Helmet laid,

And took the Child and dandled him a while, And then to Jove and all the Gods he pray'd.

O Fove and Gods, Grant that this Son of mine No less in Troy may honour'd be than I,

Nor from his Fathers Virtue e're decline. But hold the reins of Ilium steadily.

That men may fay when he harh flain his Foe, And bringeth with him home his Spoil to Troy,

In Battle he his Father doth outdo.

And fill his loving Mothers heart with joy. This faid, he gave the Child t' Andromache,

Which she receiving hug'd, and laugh'd and cry'd.

Which Hellor with compassion did see,

And thus with gentle words his Wife did chide.

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Dear Wife do not afflict your self for me.

No man can die before his hour is come;

And when 'tis come, put off it cannot be

By weak nor strong. Therefore I pra'ye go home, And tend your work and give your women theirs,

And fit still at your spindle and your Loom,

And leave to men these Martial affairs,

And me that have the charge of Ilium.

Then up he takes his Helmet and departs,

And homewards the; but often rurn'd her Head.

At Home with grief she fill'd her Womens Hearts, And made them mourn for Hellor not yet dead.

Nor Paris at his House did longer stay

Than he must needs his Armour to put on,

And up and down the streets went every way,

To fee if he could Hefter light upon.

As when a Horse i'th' Stable pampered, And used to be washed in the River

His Headstal breaks, or be delivered

From that which held him by what means foever;

Then proudly he fets up his Tail and Head,

And beats the Plain, and with the wind he makes

His Mayn play in the Air dishevelled,

Then to the Pasture known the way he takes: So from his house went Paris through the Streets

With shining Arms, and courage at his Heart;

And quickly with his valiant brother meets,

Turning from where he and his Wife did part.

And first to Hetter Paris thus began.

Brother I fear I've made you stay too long.

No (he reply'd) your courage no man can Accuse, but such as mean to do you wrong.

But when you, out of humour, will not fight,

The Trojans that much suffer for your take speak all the ill they can of you in spight.

Which when I hear it makes my heart to ake.

But now let's go. If e're the Powers divine Displace th' Achean Host, and give us Peace,

That freely to them we may offer Wine.

Your quarrel with the Trojans foon will ceafe.

ILIAD.

ILIAD.

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His faid they went together to the Fight For Paris now no more the War declin'd And welcome to the Trojans was the fight, As to a weary Rower a good wind: There Paris slew Menesthius, the Son Of the great Clubman Areithous Of Arne: And by Hector overthrown And struck clean though the Neck was Eionus. lphienus the Son of Dexias As to his Charret he mounted to have fled, By Glaucus through the Shoulder wounded was, And to the ground again fell backwards dead, When Pallas faw the Argives fall so fast, She from Olympus leapt to Ilium: Apollo then to meet her made great haft, That saw her from his Tow'r in Pergamum. And when they were together at the Beech, He for the Trojans, for the Argives she, Apollo to her thus addrest his speech: Daughter of Fove, what great necessity Brought you to Troy? was it to please your mind, Or give unto the Greeks the victory? For well I know to Troy you are not kind: But for the present be advis'd by me. Let the Armies both give over fight to day, And fight ir out hereafter till they know What end the Fates affigned have to Troy, Since you and Juno needs will have it fo: Your Counsel's good (said Pallas) and the same I thought upon: But rell me how to do it: For to that end I from Olympus came. Tell me but how, and I'll confent unto it.

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Why then, faid Phabus, Hestor I'll excite

In Duel all the Argives to defie;

And they some one will choose with him to fight,

And both the Armies quietly fland by. This counsel was by both agreed upon;

And know to Helenus by Augury,

To Helenus that was King Priam's Son.

And he to Helfor did himself apply. Helfor, said he, will you do that which I

That am your Brother shall advise you to?

Go to th' Achean Army and defie

The best of all the Argives; Boldly go;

For in this Combat you are not to dye:

The Gods have told me fo; Then never fear.

Then to the Front came Hector joyfully,

With both his hands o'th' middle of his Spear To keep the Trojans back and make them fland;

And ftreight King Agamemnon seeing it,

Unto the Argives gave the like command.

Then on the the ground both Greeks and Trojans fit.

Phebus and Pallas flew up to the Tree,

The high Beech-tree that facred was to fove,

I'th'likeness of two Vulturs, thence to see

How the two Armies looked from above.

As when a West-wind ruffled has the Main, It black and horrid to the eyeappears;

So lookt the Greeks and Trojans on the Plain,

Griffy and dark with Helmets, Shields and Spears.

lato the midft between them Hestor ftept.

You Trojans and well-armed Greeks, said he, since 'twas Jove's will our Oath should not be kept,

But that the War continued shall be

Ill either you shall win the Town of Troy,

Or we your Army and your Ships confound,

fighting till one another we destroy;

Ito you Argives somewhat will propound. The best of all the Greeks are present here.

Let one of them come forth and fight with me,

hthese conditions (witness Jupiter)

If by his hand I flain in Combat be,

Why

Let him do with my Armour what he will, But fend my Body into Ilium.

But if Apollo grant me him to kill.

His Armour I will have and carry home.

And in Apollo's Temple dedicate.

His Body to the Ships shall rendred be, That on his Urn the Greeks may elevate

A Mount of Earth for Passengers to see Upon the Shore of Hellespont, and fay,

Here lies a valiant Greek by Hector flain

Long fince, when th' Argives were befieging Troy. My honour thus for ever will remain.

So Hector faid. The Greeks all filent were. For shame the Challenge they could not refuse;

And to accept it ev'ry one did fear.

But Menelans then his Valour shews, And rifing up in anger thus he faid,

Women of Argos what a shame is this That you should all of Hector be affraid !

What now become of all your threatning is? There, (dust and water, heartless, nameless) sit.

My felf I'll arm (for I perceive no odds)

And will this flurdy Champion Hector meet, For Victory comes only from the Gods.

This faid, he rose and arm'd himself; and there Depriv'd of life had Minelans been

(So much too weak he was) by Hector's Spear, Butthat the Princes Rarring up came in.

And Agamemion feizing on his hand, Why Menetaus are you mad, faid he, In fight you cannot against Heller stand, How much foever you concerned be:

Avoid him in the Field as others do. Achilles who than you much fronger is,

Strong as he is, confiders Hetter roo, And cooler grows as oft as he him fees.

Therefore, good Brother, fit fill at your Troop. Some other we'll oppose to Hecter's might,

Thar, haughty as he is, shall make him stoop, And thank the Gods if fale he come from fight.

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To this good counsel yielded Menelaus.

W hereathis Servants not a little joy'd,

Came in, and foon by them unarm'd he was,
And to the Greeks then Neftor role, and faid,

O how unwelcome will this Story be

To Greece, and Peleus King o'th' Myrmidons,

Who at his house the names enquir'd of me

Both of your felves, your Fathers, and your Sons:

If he should know how much you Hester dread,

How of would he hold up his hands, and pray

The Gods to fend him down amongst the dead.

And from his body take all sense away!

O that I were as young as I was then

When war was 'twixt Arcadia and Pyle,

And at the Walls of Pheia flood the men

Ready for bloody fight in Rank and File!

Amongst them stood one Ereuthalion, And of the great man Areithous

Upon his Shoulders had the Armour on.

Who Clubman commonly furnamed was,

Because he used neither Bow nor Spear,

But with an Iron Club the Battles brake.

(When at advantage great he did him take)

By craft, not strength. For in a narrow way
He watch'd him at a turning with his Spear,

And on a sudden took his life away,

So that the Club had nothing to do there.

Then took he off his Arms, and wore the same

In Battle when there was occasion,

But gave them when old age upon him came

To this his Squier Erenthalion.
Who wearing them our Army did defie,

At which when others trembling flood and shook

Although the youngest of them all was I,

Great as he was, the man I undertook, and flew him by the Goddess Pallas aid,

The strong'st and tallest that I ever slew,

when upon the ground he stretcht was laid, The place he covered did plainly shew. If I were now as young and firong as then,
The Greeks for Hetter foon a match shall find,
Though, none of you that are their bravest men

To try your fortune with him have a mind.

Thus Nefter th' Argive Lords did reprehend,
And time of them in number (all that durft

In fingle fight with Heffor to contend)
Armed, and Agamemon was the first.
And next the strong and valiant Diomed,

And then the greater Ajax, then the less, Then King Adomeneus, of Creet the head,

And with him his good Squire Meriones,

Who as the God of Battle valiant was, Besides Eurypylius Euemon's Son,

And of Andremon the flout Son Thoas, And wife uly ses last of all made one.

So many Greeks durst Hettor undertake. Bring in your Lots, said Nestor then, and we

Will in a Helmet them together shake.

And who by Lot our Champion shall be Shall please us all, but please himself much more When back again he cometh from the fight.

Then brought they in their Lots; which ore and ore He shook in Agamemnon's Helmet bright.

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Mean while the people lift their hands, and pray,
O Tobe, let now the Lot to Ajax fall,

Or that on Diomedes light it may,

Or on Airides our great General.

The Helmet shaken threw out Ajax Lot,

Which th'Herald took and carried about To th'Argive Princes, but they own'd it not, Till to the hand of Ajax it was brought,

Who fign'd it had, and into th'Helmet thrown.
He took it, and a while confider'd it;

And when he was affured twas his own,

Rose up, and lets it fall before his feet. And to the Princes said, This Lot is mine, And glad I am, and hope for Victory.

But lend your Pray'rs up to the Pow'rs divine, While I put on my Arms; and filently, So that (at least) the Trojans may not hear.
Or (now I think on't) plain and openly.
For I see nothing that I need to fear.
I am not feel to feel to feel.

I am not forc'd to fight unwillingly, Nor rashly undertook the enterprize. For I was born and bred in Salamis.

And hope I am not so weak or unwise.

Asson as mighty Ajax had said this, The people looking up to Heav'n pray'd.

O fove, said one, grant Ajax Victory. Or if you be inclin'd Hector to aid,

Then let their ftrength and glory equal be. When Ajax had his Arms put on compleat, He walkt away with a Majestique pace,

As Mars goes to War. His strides were great,
And scornful smiles with terror in his face.

And something in the state of t

But by the Trojans lookt on was with fear;
And Hettor at the heart himself was cold.
But was allowed back again to fly

But was ashamed back again to fly, Since he provok'd him had into the field.

And Ajax now was come unto him nigh,
As from a Tower looking ore his Shield.

By Tychius of Hyla made it was,

And cover'd with fev'n fat Bulls hides well tan'd,

And over them an eighth of shining Brass,

And at his Breaft he held it with his hand, And threatning faid, Hellor I'll make you fee,

That in the Army many yet remain, Though from us angry gone Achilles be,

And discontent from Battle nowabstain, That fear not Hetter. Do the worst you can.

Ajax (faid Hellor) I am not a Chlid
Nor Woman to be threatned, but a Man
That understands the bus'ness of the Field,

And can my Buckler bear from Left to Right,
And have whereon in Battle to rely,

And how to guide my Horses in a fight, And move my feet to Mars his Melody.

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But

But no fuch cunning will I use with you. My Spear I'll send unto you openly.

And at that word the long Spear from him flew, And pierc'd his Target to the seventh ply.

But there it staid. Then Ajax threw his Spear,

Which Hector's Shield, Armour & Coat went through.

But Hector shrunk his Belly in for fear, For else it pierced had his Belly too,

Then from their Shields the Spears they plucked out,

And them no more at one another threw, But came unto each other close and fought.

And like two Lions on each other flew.

And Hector made a thrust at Ajax Shield

Which entred not, refisted by the brass? But Hellor's Shield to Ajax Spear did yield,

Which pierc'd it through; and so far in did pass,

That grazing on his Neck it fetch'd the blood.

But Hetter not difmay'd took up a Scone.

Ajax took't on his Shield and firmly flood,

And with his hand took up a greater one

And rougher, which did Heller's Buckler tear, And with the weight unto the ground him threw.

Then both of them (the Combat to renew)

Their Swords were drawing. But the Heralds then

Idens and Talthibius came in,

The facred Messengers of Gods and men, And put themselves the Combatants between.

Troy's Herald then Idens to them fpake.

Good Sons, belou'd of Jove, give over fight. For all men of your valour notice take.

And now 'tis late; we must submit to Night.

Ideus (then said Ajax) let these words

From Hetter come, from whom came the Defie. 'Twas he that Challeng'd all the Argive Lords.

Let him give over first, and then will I.

Then Hector spake. Ajax, since you, said he, The Gods indued have with Scrength and Wir.

Let for to day the quarrel ended be, Hereafter let the Gods determine it,

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And give which fide they please the Victory.

For now 'tis late. To Night we must submit.

That you the Greeks may cheer, and specially

Your own Friends, and Companions at your Fleet;

And I the Trojans from their fear relieve,

And Wives, that for my fafe return do pray. But come, let's t'one another Tokens give,

That Greeks and Trojans seeing them may say, These two men sought and sought each others death,

Yet parred friends. This faid, he to him gave His Belt with his good Sword and Iv'ry Sheath;

Ajax to him his shining Girdle brave.

Thus parted, Ajax to the Argives went;

And Heffor back into the Troops of Troy;

Who mightily rejoc'd at the event

That paft all hope they say him come away.

The Lords conducted him to Ilium
The Greeks to Agamemon Ajax led.
And when they all unto his Tent were come,

He for them facrific'd a Buil well fed.
Which flay'd, divided, roafted, taken up

The Carvers into Messes cut. This done
King Agamemnon and the Princes sup.

The Chine at Ajax Table was fet on.

And when their thirst and hunger was subdu'd,

Nefter whose counsel still had been the best, What further was to be consider'd shew'd

And to the Princes all his Speech addrest, Arrides, and you other Princes know

How Mars with Argives frowed hath the Plain,

And fent their Souls down to the Pow'rs below, Whose bloody Bodies in the Field remain. To morrow therefore let us cease from War,

And early in the Morning fetch the dead, and burn them somewhere from them Ships not far,

That t' Argos back they may be carried, When we depart from hence; that their Bones may By their own Friends and Children buried be.

One for them all, for Passengers to see,

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And

And fortifie our good Ships with a Wall, And Turrers in ir, and a Dirch without,

Left unawares the Trojans on us fall,

And Gates for Charrets to go in and out.

Mean while the Trojan Lords at Counsel were
Loud and discordant. Then Antenor said,

Trojans and Aids I pray to me give ear,

For of the worst I greatly am affraid.

Let Menelaus have his Wife again,

And all the goods she brought with her. Take heed Against our Oath we shall but fight in vain.

Then let her go, or never look to speed.

Antenor (then said Paris) this is not The best advice you could have given, or

(If what you say diffent not from your thought)
You are not now so wise as heretofore

Thus much to you. But to the Trojans this,

Her wealth Ile render, with more of mine own.

But my Wife Helen I will not dismis.

And when he that had said again sat down: Then Priam rose; Trijans and Aids, said he, Now take your Supper as you us'd to do,

And Sentinels fet fuch as careful be; To morrow I will fend Ideus to

The Greeks with Paris answer, and to try
If they from Battle for so long will cease,

That we may burn our flain men quietly, And fight again hereafter when they pleafe,

This faid, the Trojans to their Suppers went.

Next Morn Ideus found the Argive Lords

Together met at Agamemnon's Tent,

And coming in, unto them faid these words.

Atrides, and you Argives all, I come

With Terms from Paris, and by Priam fent, On which you may depart from Ilium,

And end the War, if thereto you consent. The wealth which he with Helen brought alhore

(I would before he brought it he had dy'd)
To Menelans he will give and more.

But his Wife Helen shall with him abide.

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Besides, the People have commanded me To ask you if you will the War suspend, Until our dead setcht off and burned be,

And after fight till Jove the War shall end.

So said Idens. The Greeks filent were

A while. At last Tydides rose and spake. Let not the Greeks so much the Trojans sear

As Helens goods, or her herself to take At Alexander's hands. The hour is come-

(As any Child may manifestly see) That must orethrow the State of Ilium.

So faid Tydides, and much prais'd was he.

Then Agamemnon answer'd to Ideus,

You hear what th' Argives say. I say the same. As for the dead men burn them if you please;

They're good for nothing, I contented am.
And of this Truce let Jove a witness be.

This faid, to fove his Scepter up he heav'd,

Ideas back to Troy went speedily

The Answer to relate he had receiv'd-Mean while the States of Tray in Council sat,

And there their Heralds coming back expected.

The offer made by Paris was rejected.

But that a Truce was granted for a day.

Next Morn the Trojans early as they cou'd
Went some to th'field to setch their dead away,
And others to the Hill to setch down wood.

So did the Argives some to Ida go

For wood, and others to the bloody field.

But could not then diftinguish friend from foe.

But by and by the Sun began to guild

Scanander Plain; then washt they off the gore
And duft, and laid their dead men upon Carts,

But Priam had forbidden them to roar,

Or cry outright, though grieved at their hearts. When they had burnt them, back they went again.

The Greeks too, when they had confum'd with fire

Unto their Ships did back again serire.

fid es

But this th' Acheans did at break of day, And rais'd one mighty Monument for all. And the incursion of the Foe to stay,

Their Navy they inclosed with a Wall.

With Turrets high and a great Ditch without, (Upon the fides whereof sharp Pales they fix)

And Gates for Charrets to go in and out,

And all the day thus toyling were the Greeks.

Mean while the Gods rogether fat above, And wondring lookt upon this work of

And wondring lookt upon this work of men; And Neptune then addrest his Speech to Jove. What mortals will the Gods consult agen?

See you not what a Wall the Greeks have rear'd,
And what a ditch about it made, faid he,

The fame whereof 'mongst people will be heard
As far as the Sun-beams extended be?

Yet to the Gods they Hecatomb gave none.
Whereas the Walls that I and Phabus rail'd

About the City for Laomedon

Obscur'd by this no longer will be prais'd.

Then answer'd Jove. Neptune, I never thought
That such a word would e're have come from you
That have the pow'r to bring their work to nought.

A leffer God might have complained, 'tis true;

But of your pow'r Aurora fees no bound.

Stay only till the Greeks be gone away;
Then break their Wall, and throw it to the ground,
And hide the place with Sand. Thus talked they.

The Sun now set, and finisht was the Wall.

The Greeks went back then each man to his Tent, And many good fat Beeves them made to fall;

And Wine they had great store from Lemnos sent.

For Ships abundance laden were come in, Which by Euneus (th'Hero Jason's Son Got on Hipsiphile) thicher sent had been,

For which the Army barter'd. Hides gave one,

Another th'Ox it felf, another Brass, One Iron, and another gave a Slave,

Beside what by Euneus given was To th' two Airides of free gift to have.

Who

When Supper ready was they all fat down,
And all night long the Feast continued,
Greeks in their Tents, and Trojans in the Town.
And all night long aloud Jove thundered,
Meaning no good to th' Greeks. Then pour'd they on
The ground the offer'd wine, Jove to content.
And no man durft to drink till that was done.
And when they had well drunk to sleep they went.

And all the Gods had Gods and was cett

And all the Gods had Gods allower.

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And follows a silent found and had,

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Lought you are, red Bart's and Sta to boot.

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case for is recreased to understand at this, and no been mights works don't not reply, and restand and will not reply. The it mighty Pow at Bardo not us day, as her to not us day, as her to we to many stagister taking for, for the trive laws compations, and goest Amir mought a side were attalked to the control of the co

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He Morning now was quite display'd, and fove

Upon Olympus highest top was set : And all the Gods and Goddesses above By his command were there together met. And Jupiter unto them speaking said, You Gods all and you Goddesses d'ye hear, Let none of you the Greeks or Trojans aid; I cannot do my work for you, Forbear. For whomfoever I affifting fee The Argives or the Trojans, be it known. He wounded shall return and laught at be, Or headlong into Tartarus be thrown, Into the deepest pit of Tartarus, Shut in with Gates of Brass, as much below. The common Hell, as 'tis from Hell to us. But if you will my pow'r by trial know, Put now into my hand a Chain of Gold, And let one end thereof lye on the plain, And all you Gods and Goddesses take hold; You shall not move me howsoere you strain. At th'other end, if I my ftrength put to't, I'll pull you Gods and Goddeffes to me Do what you can, and Earth and Sea to boot, And let you hang there till my pow'r you fee. The Gods were out of countenance at this,

When we so many Argines salling see,
To show we have compassion, and grieve.
And though in fight we no affistants be,
Yet let us sometimes counsel to them give,

And to such mighty words durst not reply, Till Pallas said. Well known, O Father, is Your mighty Pow's. But do not us deny, Lest in your anger they be all destroy'd.

Dear Child (said fove) it goes against my mind.

I would not have my Orders disobey'd.

'Tis granted though. For I'll to you be kind.

This faid, he fet his Horfes to his Charre.

Hard hoof'd, swift footed Horses two. Like Gold Their Mains profound well combed shined farre.

Then arm'd himself, and on the whip-laid hold.

No fooner had the Horses felt the Whip,

But up they start, and 'twixt the Earth and Sky The winds themselves with swiftness they outstrip,

And came unto the top of Ida high

To Gargarus, and there fove took them out, And hiding them with air on th'Hill fat down,

And as he fat he cast his eyes about

With great content upon the Fleet and Town.
The Argives at their Tents short Break-sast make,
And arm'd themselves assoon as they had done.

The Trojans, for their Wives and Childrens sake, (Though fewer) arm'd and made hast to be gone.

Then open'd were the Gates, and to the Field.

Out came they Horse and Man; and being met, They Man to Man came up with Shield to Shield,

And Spear to Spear; and on each other fet.

Some grean'd, fome vaunted, mighty was the din

Of those that kill, and those that falling cry.

And this condition they continued in

Untill the Sun had mounted half the Sky.

Then Jove took up a pair of Scales of Gold, And weigh'd the faces of both the Nations,

And equally suspended them did hold,

But not so equal were their inclinations.

For th' Argive Scale far still upon the ground, While th'other lifted was up to the skies.

Heaven and Earth did then with Thunder found, And Fove threw Lightning in the Argives eyes.

Then all the Greeks amozed ran away.

Idomeneus and Agamemnon ran; Nor either of the Ajaxes durst stay:

Except old Neftor they fled ev'ry man.

And Neftor too had fled, had he known how? For of his Horses Paris one had shot, And pierc'd his Forehead just above the Brow Into the Brain, so that his Chariot

Now useless was, and the Horse troublesome. Then cuts he th'Harness; but so long did stay,

That Hector now was almost to him come,

And th'Old man furely had been cast away,

But that Tytides faw him in this pain, And terribly t' ulyffes cryed out,

Whither d'ye fly thyffes cryed out. Help to defend old Neftor; face about-

While he faid this, whyfes strif ran on,

Not minding what he faid. And Diomed.

To succour Nestor, to him went alone,

And with him flood before his Charjots head,

And faid, O Nefter, youthful is the Foe That cometh on, and you now very old,

Your Charioteer not ffrong, your Horses slow, Come upinto my Charret, and behold

My Trojan Horses how well they can run

When there is cause t'approach or shun the fight.

From Venus Son Aneas I them won, A man of much experience in Flight

Send back your Horses, and with mine we'll go And fight the Trojans. Twill not be amile

To let the mighty Champion Heller know, A Spear as mad is in my hand as his.

This faid, both Sthen'lus and Eurymedon

With Nefter's Horses went to Nefter's Tent :

Neftor and Diomed, both mounted on Tydides Charret, up to Hellor went.

And when they were to one another near, At Hector Diamedes threw in hafte, mission and

And mis'd of him, and kill'd his Charioteer; Clean through his Breaft the Spear well driven paft.

Down dead he felle but Hectorlets him lye,

And turnsafide to feek a Charioteer The place of Heniopeus to Supply.

And Archeptolemus then being near.

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(Call'd up by Hettor) on the Reins laid hold. Then mighty work and flaughter there had been,

And Trojans shut like Lambs within a Fold In Troy, but that it was by Jove foreseen.

For in a Clap of Thunder Fove down threw · His Bolt at Diomedes Horles feet.

And th'Earth with Sulphur flaming looked blew.

Nister himself astonish'd was to see't; Lets go the Reins, and down the Horses fell.

And Neftor then to Diomedes faid,

Tis four (you see) that doth our force repel, And Heltor (for this day) intends to aid.

Another day to us he will be kind,

If he see cause; for no man can him tie, Nor able is to make him change his mind.

And therefore now our best course is to fly. Tis true, O Nefter (faid Tydides then)

But what a pain then at my heart will lie, When Hector speaking to the Trojan men,

Shall brag he made Tydides from him fly? Then should I wish the Earth would swallow me.

Though Hector faies fo (Neftor then reply'd)

Believed by the Trojans 'twill not be,

So many of them by your hand have dy'd. And at this word his Steeds he turn'd about.

A show'r of Spears then from the Trojans flies. Who them perfued with a mighty shout.

Then Hector loud unto Tydides cries, Ho! Diomed, by th' Argives honoured

Above the most serv'd with a greater Mess, And higher Sear, and Wine unlimited,

You will hereafter be esteemed less.

Unmanly Diomed. Fly, Baggage, fly. You ne'er shall come within the Walls of Froy.

To fraight your Ship with Women here; for I Intend to fend you first another way. This faid, Tydides was a while in doubt

Whether to turn or no and Hector meer.

And thrice to turn his Horses was about, And fove thrice thund'ring turn'd them tow'rd the Shewing Shewing that he the honour of that day

Had granted to the Trojans. Hestor then

Pursu'd them close, and roaring all the way,

Trojans, said he, and Aids now play the men.

For fure I am that Fove is on our fide,

And give us will the Victory this day.

And fools they are that in their Wall confide;

For through their Trench our Horse shall find a way

When we are at the Ships let one or other

Have fire to burn them ready, and then fall Upon the Men confounded in the finother.

This said, he did upon his Horses call.

You pay now what you owe me for your meat

Laid in your Mangers by Andromache,

Who alwaies ferved you with pleasant wheat,

And freep'd fometimes (when she thought fit) in Wine, And very oft (though I her Husband be)

Your dinner was made ready before mine; Now, now purfue the Argives luftily,

That Nefter's Shield of Gold I may obtain,
Nor of Tydides Armour must we fail

By Vulcan wrought: If we but these can gain, The Argives will this very night hoise Sail.

At Hectors speech Jano upon her Throne Unquiet sitting made Olympus shake.

For mov'd she was with his presumption, And looking upon Neptune to him spake.

Neptune, said she, are you not fir'd at this? You know at Aga, and at Helice

Their liberality abundant is.

And fure I am you wish them Victory. What! Cannot we who with the Argives side,

If we our pow'rs together joyn in one, Drive back the Trojans and abate their pride.

And leave Fove here to fit and chase alone?

Juno (said Neptune griev'd) these words are bold,

I'll not rebel. For we shall have the worst;

And so we have by Juniter been told.

Thus Neptune and the Wife of Jove discourst:

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And now between the Walls and Ships, the place With Horses and with armed Men was fill'd, And crammed were within a narrow space By Hector that was Master of the Field.

And had not Agamemnon been inspir'd

By June to put courage in his men. The Argive Ships had certainly been fir'd,

And never had the Greeks gone back again. Then 'mongst the Ships he went, and stayed at

ulysses Ship, which was the middlemost of all the Navy, and the tallest; that

He might be heard to both ends of the Hoft,

Both to Achilles and to Ajax Tent,

Clad in th'Imperial Robe that all might fee't:

For these two being the most confident,

Had plac'd themselves at th'utmost of the Fleet.

And with a mighty voice to th'Argives ory'd,

Difgrace of Greece, meer outsides, where are now

Your Brags, that any of you durft abide

An hundred Trojans, and yet dare not show

A Face to Hellor who our Ships would fire? But this was faid at Lemnos in your Wine,

Which rais'd your language than your nature higher;

But cooled now the Battle you decline.,

Was ever King afflicted as I am,

O fove, or loft a Victory fo near?

My Sacrifices duly payed were:

In hope that I the Town of Troy should fack.

But grant at least, O Jove, that we may come our selves into Achea safely back,

And not be here destroy'd at Ilium.

This faid, Jove grants them fafely to depart.

And from him presently his Eagle came,

And brought the tender iffue of a Hart,

And near unto his Altar dropt the same, The Argives when they saw the Bird of Four,

Were to the Fight again encouraged,

and who should first repais the Trenches strove.

And he that first came forth was Diomed.

And

And much before that any of the rest

Whom with his Spear he pierc'd from back to Breaft, .
When from him he his Charret turning was.

Then Agamemnon came, and Menelans,

And then the greater Ajax, then the Less. The fixth the King Idomeneus was,

And with him came his Source

And with him came his Squire Meriones.

And next Eurypylus Euæmon's Son.

The ninch was Tencer with his Bow unbent.

Hid with the Shield of Ajax Telamon
His mighty Brother to the Field he went,

Which Ajax lifting, Teucer chose his man,

And having at him aim'd, and shor, and kill'd, As Children to their Mothers, back he ran,

And hid himself behind his Brothers Shield.

How many were the men he killed thus?
Orfilochus, Ophlestus, Lycophon,

And Melanippus, Detor, Ormenus, And Chromius, and last Amopaon.

All those lay dead together on the Sands.

When Agamemnon faw what work was done

By Tencer's Arrows on the Trojans Bands, He to him came, and faid, O valiant Son

Of Telamon, fo fo your Shafts bestow,

And to your Father Telamon; For though

Yet has he still maintain d you as his own.

And if it please fove and the pow'rs divine To make me once the Master of this Town,

Your share shall be the next set out to mine, And to your honour shall receive from me

A Tripod, and two Horses with the Charr, Or if you will, your bed shall honour'd be

With some fair Woman taken in the War.
Tencer to this then answer made and said,

Of this encouragement no need have I. Since we came forth I have no time delaid, But done as much as in my pow'r did lie.

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Eight Shafts already have gone from my Bow, And in as many Trojans fix'd have been.

Of this mad Dog I mis I know not how. Then took he out another Arrow keen, And aim'd at Hector, but he hir him nor,

But wounded on the Breaft Gorgythion

Who on fair Castianira was begot,

And of King Priam's valiant Sons was one. Who falling on his knees hung down his head Just as a Poppy charg'd with fruit and rain,

So had his Cask his Head oreburthened. And Teucer then at Hector shot again.

And mis'd again. Apollo put it by.

But Archeptolemus his Charioteer

He miffed not. Hector scap'd narrowly, And Archeptolemus expired there

Shot through the Breast. Hetter was forry, but

Left him. Cebriones chanc'd to be nigh, And in his hands Hittor the Reins did put,

And from his Charret leapt down suddainly, And took a heavy Stone into his hand.

Teucer the while again his Bow had bent,

But drawing did to long, and aiming stand, The Stone from Hector th'Arrow did prevent. And near the Shoulder on the Breast him struck.

And broken was the Bow-firing with the blow,

And his benummed Arm all sense forsook,

And finking on his Knees he dropt the Bow. Then Ajax flept before him with his Shield.

Mecifibens and Alaster him convey'd Unto the Argive Ships from off the Field.

Grievoully bruised, grozning and dismaid. The courage of the Trojans now renew'd,

They chas'd the Argives back unto their Wall,

and till the Trenches they had paft, pursu'd, And Hector at their heels the near'ft of all.

as when a Hound pursueth a wild Bore,

Or Lion, and prefuming on his Feet inches his Hanch or Side, and then gives ore,

Not daring if he turn the Beaft to meet;

So Helfor chafing them ftill flew the last.

And many of them had the Trojans flain

Ere they the Trenches and the Pale had past.

But being in they there themselves contain.

And comfort one another all they can,

And to the Gods and Goddesses they pray, Listing their hands to Heaven every man,

And Heller then turn'd off and went his way.

Which Juno seeing, unto Pallas said, Daughter of Jupiter do you not see

What Greeks one mad man Mettor has destroy'd?

Shall we fit still in this extremity? To Juno then Athena thus reply'd,

Had not my Fathers wits been at a loss, This surious Hestor by the Greeks had dy'd.

But he my counsel always loves to cross.

He has forgot how oft his Son I fav'd Oppressed by Enristbeus tyranny.

For alwaies when his Fathers help he crav'd;

Down to the Earth from Heaven fent was I.

But had I known as much as I do now,

When for the Dog he went to Pluto's gate,

He had for me till this time staid below, And by the odious Styx for ever sate.

But now he hates me. And by Thetis led, He must Achilles honour. But my hope is,

The time will come I shall be favoured

By him again, and call'd his dear Glaucopis.

But make you ready now your Charlot,

While I put on my Arms? that we may fee

If Hector will thereof be glad or not, Or if some Trojans rather shall not be

Left dead for Dogs and Vulturs to devour.

Then June to her Charre the Horses brought.

To fove's house Pallas went, and on the floor

Threw down her long Robe, and put on Jove's Coat, And then her Breaft with Armour covered,

And on her Shoulder hung her fearful Shield. Then took her heavy Spear with Brazen head,

Wherewith she breaketh Squadrons in the Field.

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Then open of it self flew Heaven-gate,

(Though to the Scasons Jove the power gave

Alone to judge of early and of late.)

And out the Goddesses the Horses drave.

Then Jove to Iris faid, Go, to them speak.

Tell them an ill match they will have of me.

I'll lame their Horses and their Charret break,

Unto the ground they both shall tumbled be;

And with my Thunder wounded shall be so,

That ten years after they fhall not be well.

For I would have Glaucopis well to know

What 'tis against her Father to rebel.

But June is so us'd to cross my will,

That towards her my anger is the less.

Then Iris went her way from Ida hill,

And near Olympus met the Goddesses,

And as she bidden was did to them speak,

What fury's this? Whither d'ye go, said she.

Jove will your Horses lame, your Charret break,

And to the ground you both will tumbled be,

And with his Thunder wounded will be fo,

That ten years after you will not be well.

For you Glancopis he will make to know

What 'tis against your Father to rebel.

But Tuno is fous'd to cross his will

That he affronts from her can better bear;

But Pallas, at your hands he takes it ill

That you should dare against him lift a Spear.

Ms, her errant done, no longer flay'd,

And to Minerva thus faid June then,

Jove shall no more for me be disobey'd,

By taking part in War with mortal men.

But let one live, and let another dye,

As by the chance of War it shall fall out, And let him do what he thinks Equity.

This faid, her Chariot the turn'd about.

The Horses by the Seasons freed and fed,

The Charret was fet up against the Wall.

The Goddesses themselves then entered,

And took their places in the Counsel-Hall.

With

With th'other Gods. And Jove himself from Ide T'Olympus came and lighted from his Charre, And Neptune from the same his Steeds unry'd,

And let them up, and of them had a care.

The Charret he fet to the Altar near

Cover'd with Linnen fine. Then to his Throne,

His Throne of Gold mounted the Thunderer, And made Olympus shake as he sat down.

But Funo and Athena filen: fat

And discontent. But Jove knew well for what;
And answer made to what was in her heart.

Juno, faid he, and Pallas, why fo, fad?

Your fight against the Trojans was not long.

And more you had been vexed if it had,
So much for th'other Gods I am too ftrong.
The danger force begun was when you fled.

The danger scarce begun was when you fled, But had you dar'd the Battle to maintain,

You had been by my hand to thundered, or had You never had t'Olympus' come again,

Juno at this and Pallas grumbling fate,
And Pallas from replying did abstain,

Although no less the Trojans she did hate:
But Juno was not able to contain.

O cruel Jove, faid fire, what words are thefe?
Must wound our friends be so ingrare,

Because we knowiyou can do what you please,
As not the divisions to commiserate?

We are content finee you will have it fo, No longer in the War to give them aid :

But let us give them counsel what to do, Lest in your anger they be all destroy'd. Juno (said Jove) to morrow you shall know

If you'll be pleas'd the Bartle to behold, How many marrial Greek! Ill overthrow.

For Hector hall not be by me controul'd Untill Achilles be fetch'd back again,

And at the Argine Ships the Battle be. About the Body of Patroclus slain.

For foit is ordain'd by Destiny.

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And for your anger June I not care, Though to the end of Earth and Sea you go,

(Where pent Lapetus and Saturn are

In horrid darkness) and complain, yet so I will not for your anger care a jot.

For you are grown extremely infolent.

Thus Jupiter; and June aufwer'd not.

Then down the Sun into the Ocean went,

Drawing upon the Fields a cloudy Night,

Which gave the Trojan Army no concent, But to the Greeks more welcome was than Light.

The Army Helter call'd to Parliament,

And led them to a clean place free from blood, And there they all on foor about him throng.

Heffor unto them giving Orners flood

With Spear in hand eleven Cubits long

Hear me you Trojans and you Aids, faid he,

I thought we should have now the Greek's destroy'd,

And lodged in the Town with Victory.

But this my hope is by the Night made void,

Nor can we help it. Let us now provide

(For Supper) Beeves and Sheep, and Wine and Bread

From Troy; and let the Hories be unty'd, And care be taken that they be well fed.

Then fetch in Wood, and fires abundance make,

That with the flame lightned may be the Sky,

Left th'Argives in the dark advantage take, To go aboard and lafe to Argos fly.

Let them imbark at least in haft, and bear

Along with them their wounds uncured home,

That others who shall see't may stand in sear,
And say, This 'tis to sight 'gainst llium,

And let great Boys and old Men all night wake

Upon the Walls and Tow'rs, and Guards be fet,

And every Wife at home a great fire make,

Lest into Troy the Foe by Treason get. This (valiant Trojans) let be done to night.

To morrow I shall further order give.

Idoubt not but to put these Dogs to flight

By th'help of Jove, and lium relieve.

But

But while 'tis Night have on your Guards a care, To morrow early arm your felves for fight. For to the Argive Ships I'll bring the War,

And trial make of Diomedes might,

If from the Ships he drive me shall away, Or with my Spear I him shall overthrow And fend his bloody Armour into Troy.

To morrow he his strength will better know.

I would I were as certain not to dye,

And of old age live still free from the forrow.

As Phæbus and Athena do, as I

Am fure we shall defeat these Greeks to morrow. Thus ended he. The Trojans full of joy

Their Iweating Horses soon took out and fed.

And some were sent into the Town of Trev.

To bring in Beeves and Sheep, and Wine and Bread, While others fetcht in Wood. Then to the Sky

Arose the pleasant vapour of the Rost.

The Trojans confident of Victory

Sat chearful at their Arms throughout the Hoft.

throughe Walls and Louis and Guards be ict.

And every Wille as be me reprore fire to Tent to the Late of the Late o

a sales of the any sales av Sent a fite it

As many Stars as in a Heav'n ferene

Together with the Moon appear i'th' Night. When all the tops of Hills and Woods are feen, And joyful are the Shepherds at the fight,

So many feem'd the Fires upon the Plain.

A thousand Fires, and at each fifty men, That by their Horses there all night remain Expecting till Aurora role agen.

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LIB. IX.

Hus Watch the Trojans kept. But at the Fleet Distracted was with fear the Argive Host. And their Commanders; as when two Winds meet. The Sea between them into heaps is toft. And Agamemnon grieved at the heart, Bad th'Heralds forthwith to th'Affembly call The prime Commanders ev'ry one apart, And not make proclamation once for all; And some of them himself he summoned. When met were all the Leaders of the Greeks, They fat them down with hearts discouraged, And tears ran down on Agamemnon's Checks. As Springs of Water iffue from a Rock. So fell the tears from Agamemnon's eyes, And to th'Affembly thus he weeping spoke. My friends what help can any man device? Twe told me I should conquer Itium, And unto Argos fafe return agen, and now deceiv'd me has, and fends me home With shame when I have loft so many men. and thus he loves to do to thew his might. Therefore my Counsel Argives all obey: a's hoise our Sails and save our selves by flight; For we shall never take the Town of Troy. his faid, the Princes long time filent fit, At last Tydides rising thus reply'd, ag Agamemnen fo far as 'cis fic In such a publick place I must you chide. their not ill, because not long ago You me with want of courage did upbraid fore the Greeks, as old and young well know: Twe giv'n you has the Right to be obey'd,

And grac'd you with the title of our King. But has deny'd you a couragious Spirite

Which now is the most necessary thing.

You think too meanly of your peoples merit ; As for your felf, if you will needs away,

Go. That's your way. Your Ships there ready lye

That from Mycene brought you unto Troy.

But leave the rest their fortune here to try.

If none elfe flay, yet Sthenelus and I Will not give over fighting till we know

To what fide fove will give the Victory.

The Gods (Pm fure) will favour to us show. This Speech the Lords commended very much.

Then Neftor rofe and to Tydides faid,

There is not of your age another such, For Counsel wife, in Battle not affraid.

None will deny but what you fay is right;

But you have not faid all you could have done;

And no great wonder, fince for age you might (So young you are) have been my youngest Son.

Yet the advice you given have is best; I that am elder what wants will supply,

Adding thereto what you have not exprest, .

To take from Agamemnon all reply.

For none but fuch as have no Law, nor Kin, Nor House, in civil discord can delight.

But let us first our chiefest work begin, Night Thou And make the Youngmen keep good watch all W

And let them all from you (Atrides) take Their Orders. For you are our General,

And for the Princes a good Supper make, And all the eldest Captains to it call.

It best becomes you that can do it best.

For in your Tents of Wine you have good flore

And easlier provided than the rest,

So many Ships you have to bring in more. Hear their advice, and do what you think fit,

Good Counsel now we need the most of all. Since our infulting Foes so near us fit.

By this nights Counsel we must stand or fall.

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Thus Neftor faid, and 'twas agreed upon.

The Captains of the Watch then streight went for th

First Torasymedes that was Neftor's Son;

And after him fix Captains more of worth,

Ascalaphus, and then Ialmenus,

Then Appyres, and then Meriones,

And Lycomedes, and Deipyrus:

The feven Captains of the Watch were thefe.

And with each one an hundred Spearmen went Betwixt the Pale and Wall, and supped there.

And the old Leaders t' Agamemnon's Tent,

And by him nobly entertained were.

But when they had an end made of the Feaft,

Nestor his Counsel further open laid, Which formerly had alwaies been the best:

And looking t'Agamemnon thus he said.

King Agamemnon I'll with you begin,

And with you end, fince you the Scepter berr,

And in your care it lies to lofe or win.

You chiefly should good Counsel give and hear.

Hear then what now is my opinion,

Than which a better I think you'll not find,

Nor is it now the first time thought upon.

But heretofore I was of the same mind,

When from Achilles you Briseis took, And I advised you to let her stay,

Though my good Counfel then you could not brook,

But to your own great heart too much gave way,

Dishonouring the man of greatest might

In all the Army, and most honoured by all the Gods, and contrary to Right

Taking the Prize which he had purchased.

& that the bus ness we have now to do

Ishow to reconcile him if we can,

What Gifts to give him, who shall with them go,

And with sweet language pacific the man.
This said, Atrides penicent reply'd,

O Neftor, all you charge me with is true,

and for Achilles fake ('tis not deny'd.)

Jove does th' Achean Army now Subdue.

He whom Jove loves worth a whole Army is.
But fince I made Achilles discontent,
I'll make amends for what I did amis,
And send a noble Present to his Tent.

I'll name the Gifts I'll give him one by one.

Seven fire new Trevets. Talents ten of Gold.

Twenty black Cauldrons. Twelve Steeds that have won Each one their Prizes, and yet are not old.

A man that hath fo many and fo fleet

I think not poor, but Gold may quickly win,

When I confider with their nimble feet How many Prizes they have brought me in.

And Women seven, the best of women kind For Beauty and for works of Houwisery.

And unto these Briseis shall be joyn'd,

And I'll be fworn she goes untoucht from me.

And all this shall be sent him presently.

Hereaster, if we win the Town of Troy,
Let him before the prey divided be,

As much as it can bear of Gold and Brass.

And twenty Trojan women which he please, Helen except. But if it come to pass

That fafe to Argos we repais the Seas, My Son in Law he shall be if he will.

And as my Son Orifles honour'd be;
Within my house three Daughters I have still,

Iphianaffa and Laedice,

And to his Fathers house convey. For I

On fetling of estate will not insift,

But of my own do that sufficiently.

Seven Cities he shall have: Phere divine.

And Paddlus that fertile is of Wine,

Antheia, Epia, all on the Sea 20

Of fandy Pyle; and rich in Sheep and Kine The people are, and will his Laws obey,

And Tribute pay as to a Pow'r divine.
All this I'll give his anger to allay.

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And this content him may if any things.
Inexorable none but Pluto is,

But hated for't, I am the greater King, And elder man; he should consider this-

Thus Agamemnon. And then Neftor faid,

The Gifts, O King, no man can reprehend.
The next thing to be thought upon and weigh'd,

Is whom we shall unto Achilles send.

I think that Phanix ought to lead the way,
Then Aiax and ulysses, and with these

The Publick Heralds two, Eurybates

And Odius, and here no longer stay

Than to bring water for our hands, that we

May first send up our prayers unto Jove,

That our Ambassage may successful be.
This said by Nestor all the rest approve.

When water was brought in they wash'd and pray'd;

The Youngmen fill'd the Temperers with Wine ,

And offer'd up unto the Powers divine.

When they had offer'd, and drunk what they would

And parting were from Agamemnon's Tent, Old Nester to instruct them how they should

Achilles best persuade, out with them went:

And one by one advis'd them what to fay,

Especially ulysses. Then they went

Saying their Pray'rs to Neptune all the way Untill they came unto Achilles Tent.

Who fitting, in his hand had a Guitarre

To pass the time, and sung unto the same

The noble Acts that had been done in Warre

By th'ancient Hirses men of greatest fame.

He should have done, uly ses then led in

Ajax and Phanix. And Achilles then

Leapt up as one that had surprized been.

Welcome my friends, what ere your bus'ness be-

To fee you I am not a little joy'd,

Although th' Acheans have provoked me.

And to his friend Patroclus order gave.

Alarger Temperer (faid he) fer up,

For these the dearest friends are that I have. Pure be the Wine, and give each man a Cup.

Patroclus did fo. And fets on a Pot

Upon the flaming fire, and puts into't A good Sheeps Chine, another of a Goar,

Besides the Chine of a fat Bore to boot.

The Blood boyl'd out Automedon it takes And holds it to Achilles to divide,

And holds it to Achilles to divide, Who of it many equal portions makes.

Patroclus makes a fire of Wood well dry'd; And when the flame was spent, the Coals he rakes

Till they lay even; Then the meat he spits

And roftes, and when 'twas roafted up it takes, And on clean Dreffer-boards the same he sets;

And brought (in Baskets) to the Table Bread; And by Achilles was set on the Meat.

Who when he saw the Table furnished Over against ulysses took his Seat.

And bad Parroclus facrifice, who then

The first cut took and threw into the fire, And freely to their meet then fell the men.

But when of food they had no more defire,
Then Ajax Phanix jog'd, which was the figne
When to begin, for which ulysses staid.

ulysses then fill'd up his Cup with Wine, And speaking to Achilles, thus he said.

And speaking to Actives, thus he laid.

All health t'Achilles. Noble is your fare,

And by Atrides treated well we were.

Your Tables plentifully furnisht are.

But that's not it for which we now are here, Our Ships in danger are to be destroy'd;

The Trojans are encamped near our Wall.

Unless you condescend to give us aid,

By Hetter they are like to perish all;

Who threatens he will fet them all on fire,

And is encouraged to't by Signs from Jour.
To see the morning rise is his desire,

And feareth neither Men nor Pow'rs above.

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And like a Dog enrag'd, and looking grim, Affures the Trojans he our Ships will burn, And either put us for our lives to fwim,

Or never to Achea to return.

I am affraid the Gods perform it will, And so to perish here will be our fate.

Rife then ; if but a little you fit still, All you can do for us will come too late.

And then I am affured you will grieve

(When remedy there can be none) in vain : Therefore, while yet you can, the Greeks relieve;

Your Fathers Counsel call to mind again. My Son, faid he, (when you took leave for Troy)

May Juna and Athena strengthen you.

But this one Lesson take from me. Remember still your Anger to subdue.

Decline all contestation of the Tongue, And let your Conversation gentle be.

So shall you win the hearts of old and young In the Achean Hoft. Thus counsell'd he.

Though you have this forgot, yet now be friends,

And fince he forry is, forget th'offence And take the Gifts he offers for amends,

Which we efteem a worthy recompence.

Ill name the Gifts he offers one by one.

Seven fire-new Trevets. Talents ten of Gold.

Twenty black Cauldrons. Twelve Steeds that have won

Their sev'ral Prizes, and yet are not old. A man that has so many and so fleet

I think not poor, but Gold will quickly win,

When I confider with their nimble feet

What Prizes to Atrides they brought in.

And seven fair Women best of all the kind For Beauty and for works of Housewifery,

And unto these Brifeis shall be joyn'd;

And swear he will, she is from blemish free,

And all this shall be fent you presently.

Hereafter if we take the Town of Troy, You may before the Prey divided be

Come in and carry to your Ship away.

As much as it can bear of Gold and Brass; And twenty Trojan Women which you please. Helenexcept. But if it come to pass

That fafe to Argos we get ore the Seas, His Son in Law you shall be if you will, And as his Son Orestes honour'd be.

Within his house three Daughters he hath still Iphianaffa, and Laodice,

And fair Chrysothemis, take which you lift, And to your Fathers house convey her; he

On feeling of estate will not infift, But of his own do that sufficiently.

Seven Cities you shall have. Phere divine,

Enope, Ire, and Cardamyle, And Pedasus that fertile is of Wine,

Antheia, Spia. All on the Sea

Of fandy Pyle; and rich in Sheep and Kine The people are, and will your Laws obey,

And Tribute pay as to a Pow'r Divine. All this he'll give your Anger to allay.

And though Atrides and his Gifts you hate, Honour'd you are by th'other Argives all.

And should have pity of their fad estate,

Who in fuch numbers before Hettor fall: Whom you may have the honour now to kill; For now he will your Spear no longer shun,

But stand you in the open field he will ; none For 'mongft the Greeks he thinks there's like him

To this Achilles answer'd, and thus said, ulysses, I perceive I must be plain.

For if I be not so, I am affraid

I shall be put to speak my mind again, But to prevent more importunity,

What once I say I'll do .-- Those men I hate Whose Tongues and Hearts I find to disagree,

As much as I abominate Hell-gate. I will no more perswaded be to fight

By Agamemnon or by any Greek. S' nce they my labour do so ill requite. And they that fight, and fight not fare alike.

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For good and bad are equal when they dye. Then for my pain and danger in the Wars,. What more than any other man have I?

With me as with a Bird i'th' field it fares,

That to her unfledg'd young ones bringeth meati-

She has it in her mouth and hungry is, Yet she forbears and gives it them to eat. With the Atrides twain my case is this,

In blood by day I lead a weary life,

And fleepless am the great'st part of the night,

And why? That Menelaus may win his Wife Achilles must against the Trojans fight.

I did so; and from Troy twelve Cities won Upon the Shore i'th'Land eleven more,

And all the Prey I fent to Atreus Son,

Wherein of precious rreasure was great stores.

A small part he divided 'mongst the Host.

Somewhat he gave for honour to the best; But to himself made sure to keep the most.

And firm is whatfoere he gave the reft.

From none but me his gift he takes away. Iam content, and let him keep her still

And her enjoy. But why then came to Troy: Atrides with such strength? What was his will?

Was it not only for fair Helens fake ?

What then must no man love his Wife but they? Yes, all men of their own Wives much should maked

If they have either wit or honesty.

And I love mine as well as he loves his. Although she be my Captive. But fince she

By Agamemnon from me taken is,

Ne'er think (ulyffes) to prevail with me.

He shall not twice deceive me. But provide (ulyffes), that your Ships not burned be.

know a Wall; a Dirch pal'd, deep and wide: Is made by Agamemnon without me.

But all this will not Hector long keep out.

But with the Greeks when I went to the fight

He never durft to show his face without

The Scean gare, fave once. And then by flight: G. S.

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He scap'd. And fince I am no more his Foe;
To morrow to the Gods I'll sacrifice.

And lanch and lade my Ships, and homewards go.

And you shall see me ere the Sun shall rise

Upon the Hellespont if you think fit.

And how my lufty Myrmidons can row.

And so (if Neptune please) the Wind may fit,

As in three days we may to Phibia go, Where Treasure plenty I behind me left :

And now shall carry thither Gold and Brass, Iron and Women fair, although bereft

Of her that giv'n me by Atrides was. Tell him all this, and speak it openly,

Left other Greeks put up the like difgrace.

As for my felf, though impudent he be, He dares no more to look me in the face:

I will no more in Battle or advice

With Agamemnon joyn. Let him be glad He could deceive me once. He shall not twice.

There let him reft. The Gods have made him mad

I have his Gifts. And him I value not:

Though he would twenty times as much bring forth

As now he has, or to him shall be brought.

Or all that's at Orchomenus is worth, Or Thel a that Agyptian Town that can

Send twenty thousand Charrets to the field, And all provided well with Horse and Man,

Yet so I will not t'Agamemnon yield,

No, nor for Gold as much as here is Sand,

Till he has smarted for this injury, Nor any Wife will I take at his hand

Though fhe should fairer much than Venus be.

Nor though the could like Pallas work, or better, I'll not his Daughter take. Bid him beftow her

Upon some Prince he thinks more worthy. Let her For Husband have a King of greater Power.

For if the Gods to Hellas bring me home, Peleus will there provide me of a Wife.

Kings Daughters not a few there are; of whom I shall chuse one, and with her lead my life, And with my Father live contentedly.

For all the wealth of stately llium,

Which they enjoyed in tranquility

When yet the Argives were not hither come,

And all Apollo's facred Treasury

Laid up at Pytha is not price enough.
The life of any man though poor to buy.

Horses, and Kine, and Sheep, and Houshold-stuff

May be recover'd, but mans life can not.

My Mother Thetis told me has my end,

That if I fight 'gainst Troy 'twill be my lot

To dye there, but that Fame would me commend

But on the other fide affured me,

That if 'gainst Lium I warred not,
But back to Phthia went, my Fare would be
Long time to live, and after be forgot.

And I advise you and the rest to fail

Affoon as may be to your native Land; For you will not at aliam prevail,

Since Jupiter proceeds it with his hand.

And now go tell the Princes what I fay,

That they may better counsel take to save Their Ships and Men by Sea, because the way

Which now they take no good effect will have.

Let Phanix, if he will (nor else) stay here.

This said, th'Ambassadors were mure, and sorry
They from him could no better answer bear

Than a denial flat and peremptory.

At last unto Achilles Phanix spake;

If you, said he, resolv'd are to be gone
And leave the War for Agamemnon's sake,

In what estate shall I be here alone? When you to Agamemnon first were sent,

You were a Child and understood not War,

Unable to fay clearly what you meant,

Which the first principles of honour are.

And by your Father I was with you sent

To show you how you were to speak and do.

So that if you to go be fully bent,

You need not doubt but I shall be fo too,

And should be though I were as young as when I Hellas left, and from my Father fled

Amyntor Son of Orminus, who then

A Concubine had taken to his bed. My Mother, to the end to make her hate In such a way the old mans company,

Was with me oftentimes importunate To court her, and I did thereto agree,

And got her love, Which when my Father knew. He fell into a mighty passion,

And many bitter curses on me threw.

And pray'd the Gods I'ne'er might have a Son,

His pray't by Pluto and by Proferpine

Was heard, and I no longer would abide At home; but cross'd a while was my defigue,

By Friends and Nephews that my purpole spy'd; Who pray'd me and retain'd me with good chear;

Many good Kine they kill'd and lufty Sheep, And many Swine were dayly findged there.

And much Wine spent, and nightly watch they keep

By turns nine Nights together; and fires twain, One in the Court against my Chamber-door,

Another in the Porch they kept in vain. For on the tenth the Court-wall I leapt ore,

And undifcerned to King Peleus fled Who us'd me as a Father would his Son,

His only Son far off begot and bred; Enrich'd and gave me the Dominion

Of the Dolopians, who are a pare

Of Peleus Realm. Now no man like you is. Divine Achilles, whom I love at th'heart,

And joy that I have brought you up to this, Though painful to me were your Infancie,

Who not at Feaft nor in the House would eat,

If first Void not fee you on my Knee, And into little pieces cut your meat.

And often on my Breaft you puk't your Wine. But fince I knew my Line with me would end,

To take you for my Heir was my defign Who in my feeble age might me defend.

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Mafter your heart Achilles. For you know
The Gods, though ftronger and more fear'd than you,

With Incense and with Pray'rs are made to bow, Although from men they not receive their due:

For Prayers of high Jove the Daughters are;

Though lame their feet, and squinting be their eyes;

And follow wrath (though she runs faster far)
And to the hurt it does, give remedies,

And cure all those that show them due respect.

But when an angry man they cannot move

That reconcilement alwaies will reject,

They call for Judgment from their Father Fove-

Therefore, Achilles, give respect unto

These Goddesses the Daughters of high Jove,

As other mighty men and Princes do: Had not Atrides to redeem your love

Offer'd you Presents great, and promis'd more,

I never had advis'd you to agree

To fave their Ships from burning on the Shore.

Till that were done you could not blamed be.
But fince he does so amply make amends,

And chosen has good men to intercede, Who are of all the Greeks your greatest friends,

Refuse them not the grace for which they plead.

Such was the Heroes custom heretofore, When one had done another injury,

The damage they had done first to restore,

And then with Gifts and Pray'rs buy Amity,

But I, will tell you how it came to pass

At Calydon long fince, not yesterday.
War 'twixt the Curets' and th' Atolians was.

These to desend, the other to destroy.

For Oeneus having got his Harvest in, To all the Gods made a great Sacrifice.

Only Diana had no part therein,

Forgot she was ; he did not her despise,

But the in anger fent a great wild Bore,

That wasted and made havock of his field, and up by th'roots his goodly Fruit-trees tore.

This Bore Meleagar Son of Oenens kill'd,

Affiftedi

Affifted by the Youth of many a State

That to the Chase with Men and Hounds came in.

Between them then Diana rais'd debate

About who was to have the Head and Skin.

While Meleager with them went to War,

The curets never durft approach the Wall, Although they were the greater number far.

But when with Choler (welled was his Gall, (Which often happens to a man though wife)

He kept his Chamber and abstain'd from fight,

Offended with his Mothers injuries,

And of all company eschew'd the fight,

But Cleopatra Confort of his Bed,

Child of Marpiffa, who (by Realth) was Bride

Of Idas, who at that time carried

For Strength the reputation far and wide.

This Idas Child was Meleager's wife. But Idas rashly for his dear wife's sake

Against Apollo did engage his life,

And him ar Bow and Arrows undertake.

But cleopatra then furnamed was

Halcyone, that was not fo, before Her Father with Apollo fought, because

She did her Mother's death fo much deplore.

With her now grieving Meleager lay,

And angry at the Curies of his Mother; Who to the Gods continually did pray

Against his life for killing of her Brother; And from her eyes the tears ran down her Breast,

And often with her hand the ground fhe smote, Making to Pluto and his Queen request

To kill her Son; which they rejected not. Mean while the uproar heard was at the Gates,

And thumping of the Tow'rs of Calydon.
To Meleager then came Priests and States

Increating him his Armour to put on, And fave the Town, and offer'd for his pain,

As much good Land (to take it where he would, One half for Wine, the other half for grain)

As fifty able Oxen labour could.

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Then came his Father ratling at his door, His Brothers, and his angry Mother too:

But he perfifted in his will the more;

His dearest friends could with him nothing do.

But when the cry and danger now was nigher.

And on the Tow'rs the Curets mounted were,

And ready now to fet the Town on fire, Then elegatra to her Husband dear

Shew'd th'Image of a Town won by a Foe

How butcher'd are the men, the houses burned, Their Wives and Children drag'd away; and so

Her Husband's heart again to pity turned.

Then went he and repell'd the Enemies,

Though what they promis'd him they never gave.

But that's not it to which I you advise;

But first the Ships, and then the Greeks to save; But not without these gifts to go to War:

For more unto your bonour it will be

To give them aid when fatisfi'd you are, By Agamemnon for the injury.

Thus Phanix said. Achilles then reply'd,

Such honour I feek none. Jove honours me,

Since by his will I at my Ships abide,

And will do till I dead or frengthless be.

But flay with me, and equal to me reign.

And fuch as are my friends for your friends take,

And do not lose my friendship is to gain.

Stay then this night, and take your lodging here; My answer t'Agamemnon these will carry;

Affoon as morning shall again appear

We'll talk of whether we shall go or tarry.

And as he spake these words, he winkt upon

Patroclus to give order for his bed,

That he himself prepare might to be gone.

Amongst them then great Ajax spake and said.

Wyffes come, our labour here is loft;

Let's carry back his answer, such as 'tis

To Agamemnon and the Argive Hoft,

Who us expect; fince obstinate he is,

And can a thought fo favage entertain. Unkind and unregardful of his friends. When others for a Son or Brother flain. Can be contented to receive amends. And let the man that flew him live in reft. Assoon as they have paid for their misdeed. But you Achilles harbour in your breaft. An everlafting anger without need, And hurtful to your friends no less than Foes. For 'tis but for one maid he took away ; And for her now he feven on you bestows, And much befide your anger to allay. Regard your house. We your domesticks are. Nearer than any of the Greeks beside. And in your honour more concern'd by far. Thus Ajax faid. Achilles then repli'd, O Ajax, noble Son of Telamon, I not deny but all you fay is well, But alwaies when that man you mention, My choler rifing makes my heart to fwell. He made me has to th' Argives despicable, As if I were a Fool or Inmate who Of honour in a Town is incapable, And with the Publick nothing has to do. Go therefore let Atrides know my mind. I will no more against the Trojans fight. Till Hector at my Tents and Ships I find, And th' Argive Fleet be flaming in my fight. But if he come unto my Ships, I think, Keen as he is I shall his fury stay. This faid, unto the Gods above they drink, And then they with his answer went away. Patroclus then gave order for a bed

With woolly Cov'rings foft and Linnen fine For Phanix, where he lay till day was spread. But, with Achilles slept a Concubine, Fair Diomeda whom he brought away

From Lesbos when he had that City fackt, And in another part Patroclas lay. Nor he a beautiful Bed-fellow lackt.

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Fair This whom Achilles gave him when He newly rifled had the Town of Sevros. And now th'Ambaffadors were come agen.

And to them flore of people flock'd, defirous

To hear the news, and Wine unto them brought. But Agamemnon first inquir'd and said,

ulviles, will he fave the Fleet or not.

Or is his choler not to be allay'd?

And he Achilles answer then related.

The man, faid he, retains his anger fill. And now 'tis greater rather than abated.

And fays, to morrow put to Sea he will. And your Alliance and your Gifts rejects,

And fays, he would advise us to go home

Since Jupiter himself the Town protects. He favs in vain we ftay at Ilium.

And bids you order take to fave the Fleet.

Thus faid he, as these know as well as I, diax and both the Heralds men discreet.

Who all the while he spake were standing by And Phanix too. But he lies there all night,

That ore the Sea together they may go, If Phanix will, affoon as it is light;

But forc't is not whether he will or no!

When thus uly ses ended had his story,

All filent were a while and much dismaid With his denial flat and peremptory.

At last Tydides to them spake and said.

O King Atrides, we have done amis With Gifts and Prayers thus to feek his aid.

That proud before, by this made prouder is. Let him go when he will. Be not afraid,

But let's refresh our selves to night with Bread And Wine. For that gives men both ffrength & heart.

And see your men i'th'morn imbattelled. And at the head of them do your part.

This faid, the Princes of the Hoft admir'd

The gallant Speech of valiant Diomed : And every one unto his Tent retir'd,

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With a good will to fleep; and went to bed.

ILIAD.

LIB. X

LI night the Princes of the Argives flept. Save Agamemnon, who could take no rest, But with unquiet thoughts was walking kept, And caffing forth his fafery what was beft. And frequent as the Lightning flashes are When Aue is making Rain or Hail i'th' Skies, Or somewhere punishing the proud by War; So frequent then were Agamempon's fighs. And when the fires he saw upon the Plain Made by the Foe, and th'Acclamation And Shouts he heard, he wondred. But again When he his Ships and People look'd upon, Then by the roots he pluck'd off from his Head Handfuls of Hair, and figh'd and groaned more; And thought it best then to be counselled By Nefter how he might himself reftore. And rifing up his Coat he first puts on And to his smooth white feet his Shoes he ty'd, And then above his Coat, he cast upon His back a great and tawny Lions hide. And Menelaus too that waking lay And trembling in his bed all night, for fear The Greeks that for his take were come to Troy Should fall into some great disafter there, Rose up and to his Brothers Tent went in. A Spear he had in's hand, and armed was. Having upon his back a Leopards skin And on his Head a Helmer good of Brass. And faid to Agamemnon, Brother, Why So early up? Have you a mind to fend Into the Army of the Foe some Spy ? I fear you will not find fo bold afriend

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As thither dares to go i'th' night alone.

Brother (faid Agamemnon) you and I

Must better counsel take than we have done;

Since Jove now favoureth the Enemy,

And takes in Hestor's Sacrifice delight.

For so much harm so soon was never done

As he to us has done in one days fight;
Yet nor of God nor Goddess is the Son:
He this days Acts the Greeks will ne'er forget.

But go you to the Princes quickly. Run. Call up Idomeneus the King of Creet,

And the great Ajax Son of Telamon.
While I call Nefter up and bring him to

The place which is appointed for the Guard, Tinstruct the men with what they have to do, Because this Counsel they will most regard.

For by his Son the Watch commanded is, And with him we Meriones have joyn'd.

Then Menelaus further askt him this

(That he might fully understand his mind)
When they are call'd, what next is to be done?
Must I stay here till you come back again,

Orafter you about the Army run?

No, no, faid he, where you are now, remain.

But going call upon each one aloud,

And by the name he from his Father takes, and praise them all, let them not think you proud; Pain is no shame when 'tis for our own sakes.

This faid they part, and Agamemnon went To feek out Nestor; whom he found abed,

And all his Armour by him in his Tent, His Shield, two Spears, and Helmet for his Head,

And Belt of many Colours finely wrought,
Which always he was wont in War to use
When he his people unto Battle brought.
No labour would he on his age excuse.
Now raised on his Elbow, Who, said he,

Are you that walk abroad when others fleep?
By there I fay and come no nearer me,
Until your name you tell, at diffance keep.

Seek

Seek you some Officer or Camerade?

I Agamemnon am, said he, your friend
Whom Jove to bear such miseries hath made
As while I live will never have an end;

And in my bed no sleep at all I take

For fear of some unfortunate event. Unsetled is my Heart, my Limbs all shake,

And in this plight I wandred to your Tent: And now I pray you, fince you waking lye

Come with me to the Watch; for fince the Foe-

Unto our Wall encamped is so nigh,

They charge us may by night for ought we know.

To this old Neffor answer made and said, Think not Atrides Fove will all things do

As they are now in Heller's fancy laid?

For harder work he would be put unto

If we Achilles can but once appeale.

But go, I'll follow you, and call upon Tydides and ulysses if you please,

Ajax the less, and Meges Phyleus Som

Were to great Ajax fent to make him rife.

And to Idomeneus the King of Crete,

Whose quarter from this place a great way lyes.

But Menelaus I intend to chide,

That fleeps and leaves the work to you alone. This no fit time within his Tent t'abide,

But to the Princes should himself have gone.

To Neftor Agamemnon then reply'd, O Neftor, he is often negligent,

And often I have pray'd you him to chide.

Yet 'tis not floth; but my Commandement. He always looks for though there be no cause,

For up and arm'd before me now he was 3.

And when he came I fent him presently

To call up Ajax and the King of Creet.

And at the Wateh we both of them shall see; Where I appointed have the rest to meet.

Nefter again reply'd. 'Tis well, faid he,

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The Greeks will of him have a better thought, And readier obedience he will find.

This faid, he put himself into his Coat,

And ty'd his Shooes on, and his Cloak well lin'd, And took his Spear in hand. Then on they went

Amongst the Argive Ships upon the fand.

And when they came unto uly fes Tent,

To call and waken him, they made a fland.

And Neftor with his voice firetcht to the height

Call'd to him by his name. Wyffes fireight

Came forth and faid, Why come you in the night?
Your bus'ness fure must be of mighty weight.

O Laërtiades, faid Neftor then,

Take it not ill. Such is our mifery.
But come with us to call up other men.

That we may Counsel take to fight or fly.

uly fis then return'd into his Tent,

And on his shoulder hung his painted Shield;

And with them first to Diemed he went

Whom they found armed in the open field, His Soldiers Reeping lay about him round,

And on his Buckler each one had his head, The Butt-ends of their Spears fixt in the ground.

Whereof the points like Lightning glittered.

But he himself flept on a good Cow-hide, His Head upon a gandy Carper laid.

Then Nefter came and flanding at his fide
Awakt him with his foot and to him faid.

Awake Tydides, hear you not how nigh

The Trojans are encamped to the Fleet?

This faid, Tydides leape up suddenly,

And when he raised was upon his seet,

Neftor (faid he) unhappy reftless man

That aged as you are take not your eafe, When younger men there are that better can

Call up the Argive Princes if they please.

Tis true (faid Neftor) I have at my Tent Sons of my own, and others can command,

Who might upon such Errands have been sent,

But that upon the very brink we fland

Of Life and Death. And fince you pity me, Call little Ajaxup, and Phylens Son. For young you are, and can do't eafily. Tydides then a Lions Skin put on Tauny and reaching to his heels, and then Into his hand he took a heavy Spear, And out he went and called up those men. When to the Watch they come together were, The Captains of the Watch were not afleep, But all were fitting at their Arms awake. As Dogs that guarding are a Fold of Sheep Hearing the noise the Hounds and Hunters make When in the Woods they chase some Savage beast, And nearer still and nearer hear the cries, They doubt the worst, and cannot take their re st, But list'ning stand and sleep forsakes their eyes; So watchfully spent they the tedious night, And ever when of Feet they heard the tread 'Twixt them and Troy, that way they turn'd their fight; So much they Hetters coming on did dread. When Neftor coming by, observ'd them had, So, fo (faid he) brave Lads, continue fo, And give no cause to Hestor to be glad. He and the Princes then together go (All that to Counsel had been made to rise Except Meriones and Neftor's Son Whom they thought worthy with them to advise) And part the Ditch, and fitting down upon The place to which they were pursu'd before By Hector, who retiring thence left clear

The ground from dead mens Carkaffes and Gore,
Of what they next should do consulted there.
First Nestor spake. Who dares (said he) to go

Unto the Trojan Camp that lies to near,
And kill, or bring thence fome outlying Foe?

Or what they shall resolve upon to hear?
Whether (fince they have worsted us) to stay
So near us or retire into the Town,

If this he do and fafely come away, He to himfelf acquire will great Renown,

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And by each one that has of Ships command, He for his fervice shall be well required.

Each one an Ewe and Lamb shall give him, and He to our publick Feaftings be invited.

This faid, they paus'd a while, but by and by Tydides rifing spake. . Neftor, said he,

To go into the Trojan Camp dare I.

But 'twould be best some other went with me. More hope and courage is where there are two;

What one observeth not the other may.

A man alone can little fee or do.

And fingle Judgments fee but little way, At these words many with him would have gone;

Ajaxes both the greater and the left, And flout Antilochus old Neftor's Son,

And Menelaus and Mexiones.

But most of all uly fes long'd to see

What projects in the Trojan Camp were laid.

For none adventure farther durft than he.

Then to Tydides Agamemnen faid,

Tidides, whom I love, now chuse your man; Regard not Birth nor Scepters, but the cause.

Take him that you think best assist you can.

And this he faid in fear for Menelaus.

To this Tydides answer made agen, Since of my fellow I the choice must make,

Myffes I prefer before all men,

And him for my affiftant I take;

So much in diligence he doth excel,

And so much care Athena of him has, That I believe we both should come off well

Though through a flaming fire we were to pass.

Then faid ulyffes, Speak no more of me

Nor good nor ill. The Argives know me well. Let's go. Two thirds o'th'night are spent you see

As any man that fees the Stars can tell.

Then put they on their Arms. And Thrasymed

Gave Diomed a Sword (who had forgot Tobring his own) and to defend his Head

A leather Cup without creft, call'd a Pot.

Meriones

Meriones unto ulyffes gave

His Bow and Quiver, Sword and Dogskin Cap Pleated with thongs within his Head to fave If need should be in Combat, from mishap. For 'twixt the leathers though inserted were

Guards of thick felt; of Bores teeth was the brim.

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Eleon was the first that did it wear,

But taken by Autolicus from him. And given 'twas unto Amphidamus,

Which he to Melon gave that was his guest,

And to Meriones then left it was,

And now upon alysses head did rest.

And being both thus armed, forth they went
And by the way a Heron Dexter flew,

A lucky fign and by Athena fent,

As by the found made by her wings they knew.

saly ffes then unto the Goddess pray'd,

Hall Virgin-Daughter of Almighty Jove, That all my labour feest and giv it me aid, Now more than ever let me find your love.

To vex the Trojans, and come fafe from thence,

And then Tydides pray'd unto her too.

Celestial Maid that with my Father went'st

When he Ambassador to Thebes was sent

With words of Peace, and coming back atchieved

By your affiftance and encouragement

Such noble Acts as scarce will be believed,

If you will aid me as you aided him, O Goddess, I will to you sacrifice

A Heifer, and with Gold her horns I'll trim. This faid, their Suit the Goddes, not denies,

When their Devotion now was at an end,

Away they went mongst Carcasses and Blood,

Like Lions that on flaughter love t'attend.
Nor Heffer and the Trojans idle stood.

But call'd a Counfel of the Chiefs, and faid,

Who's he will undertake what I'll propound, And for his pains be honourably paid,

And for his Valour far and near renown'd?

I give him will two Horses and a Coach
The best that shall be taken from the Foe,
That will unto the Argive Fleet approach,
And bring me word what they intend to do;
Whether their Ships they guard as heretosore,
Or mean to quit the Siege at Ilium.

And beaten thus haul down their Ships from Shore, And ere their work be finished go home.

This faid, they filent far. But one there was Dolon by name, the Squire Enmedes Son That mafter was of store of Gold and Brass.

A forry fellow, but that well could run.

Hellor, faid he, I'll to the Fleet approach.

Swear now by Jove, and hold your Scepter high,

I shall Achilles Horses have and Coach, And I for you shall be a faithful Spy. For down to Agamemnon's Tent I'll go,

Where they consult whether to Fight or Fly:

For there their resolution I shall know.
Then Hettor held his Scepter up on high.

O Jové, betwixt us witness bear, said he, No Trojan thall these Horses have but you,

And yours they shall perpetual be.

Thus Hector Swore, although it prov'd not true.

Upon his Shoulder then his Bow he hung.
His Cap of Cat, a Wolfs Skin was his Coat,
And when he gotten clear was from the throng,

With Spear in hand he fell into his trot.

And first ulysses heard the sound of seet.

Thear one come, said he to Diomed,

Sthaps a Spy that sent is to our Fleet,

Orone that has a mind to strip the dead.

The best c'avoid him till he past us be.

And then to follow him and drive him on.

And to the City back again should run, fe and be sure to turn him with your Spear.

And when he was a lands length past spear and

And when he was a lands length past mem gone by follow'd him. And he their feet did hear, and thought some Trojans had been coming on

By Histor fent to call him back agen.

But when they from him were scarce a Spears cast,

He knew then they were Agamemnon's men,

And frighted was , and then his Feet mov'd fast,

As two Hounds in a Wood obscure and dim Pursue a fearful Doe or Hare, just so

Tydides and ulyffes hunted him

When back into the Herd he could not go.

When Dolon to the Watch was very near, Athena puts into Tydides head,

That some man else might at him throw a Spear, And he thereby before him honoured.

To Dolon then Tydides spake and said,

Stay, or my Spear shall make you stay. For long

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I am affur'd you cannot death avoid.

And as he spake the word his Spear he flung, And mis'd on purpose, but it lighted near.

Dolon affrighted pale and trembling stands, And in his head chatter'd his Teeth with fear.

Then in they came and feiz'd on both his hands.

And Dolon weeping then for Quarter pray'd, Great Ransome for me will my Father give,

For Gold he has enough; and will, he faid, Give any price, when here he knows I live:

Then to him faid ulyffes, Do not fear,

Nor think of death. But see you tell me true

Upon what weighty bus'ness you are here, When others sleep, and at a time undue.

Meant you to rifle any of the dead?

Or were you fent by Hellor as a Spy, Or undertook the same of your own Head?

T'ulysses Dolon then did thus reply.

I was by Hestor's promises set on,

And should have had Achilles Charlot And Horses, if I to the Fleet had gone.

And good intelligence to Heffor brought
Whether the Ships, be guarded as before,

Or that the Greeks now beaten mean to fly,

And weary of their labour watch no more.
To this again ulyffes made reply,

And smiling said, It was no small reward ?
You aimed at: Achilles Horses say ye?
To rule them for a mortal man 'tis hard,

The Goddess Thetis. Son they'll scarce obey. But tell me further; When you came away

But tell me further; When you came away
Where you left Heldor, where his Horses are,
And where his Arms, where other Trojans stav

And where his Arms, where other Trojans stay
To sleep or watch, and whether they prepare

To go into the Town, or mean t'abide

Alwaies so near our Ships as they are now.

T'ulysses Bolon then again reply'd, This also I will let you truly know.

I Hector left at Ilus Sepulcher

With other Lords in consultation,

The rest about the Bonfires waking were.

But certain Watch appointed there was none.

But those Confederates that came from far Slept at their ease all night and watched not.

For that they trufted to the Trojans care, Having no Wives nor Children with them brought,

ulyffes then examin'd him again,

How lye the Strangers ? Mixt with those of Troy

Or by themselves? Inform me and be plain.

Nothing (faid Dolon) but the truth I'll fay.

Peons, Pelasgians, Caucons, Leleges,

And cars lye by the Sea-fide on the Sands, The rest near Toymbra quarter, and are these;

The Meons, Mysans, Lycians, Phrygians. But there's no need to tell you ev'ry thing;

For if upon our Quarters you would fall, here lye the Thracians new come, and their King.

Rhesus by name, and utmost lies of all.

Swift as the Wind, and than the Snow more white,

With Silver cover'd is his Charre, and Gold; Gold are his Arms and make a gallant fight,

did are his Arms and make a gallant in

But try now whether I say true or no,

ad fend me to the Ships, or bind me here.

Then faid Tydides with a frowning Brow,

Ha

Think

Think not to escape though all you say be true.
For if I let you loose, for ought I know
You may return agen to Fight or View;

But hurt us cannot if I kill you now.

As Dalon then beginning was to pray
Tydides (word lighted on's Neck to just,
That from his Shoulder, fell his Head away

That from his Shoulders fell his Head away
As he was speaking, and lay in the dust.
And from him then they took his Cap of Cat,

His Spear and Wolfs-skin Coar, and Bow unbent,

And in his hands ulyffes took all thar,

And to Minerva up his Prayer sent: Hail Pallas, whom we pray'd to for success Before all other Gods, receive these Gists,

And us unto the Thracian Tents address.

This said, the Spoils of Dolon up he lifts.

And laies them in a Tree; and for a mark,

They near the way laid flore of Boughs and Reeds To find them coming back because 'twas dark.

Then with Tydides onward he proceeds, And ev'ry step on Arms or Blood they tread,

And foon amongst the Toracians they were, That steping lay as if they had been dead,

And by each one his Buckler and his Spear.

Their Horses to the Charret seats were ty'd.

Thus in three Rows the Thracians were laid, Rhefus i'th' midft; which first alysses spy'd.

And to Tydides speaking sofely said, .
See there the Horses, and see there the Man
Rhesus, of whom we were by Dolon told:

Unty the Horses; or kill all you can,
And I upon the Horses will lay hold.

Tydides then made by Minerva bold

Amongst them killing went, and never staid (Like Lion fierce in a neglected fold)

Till he a dozen of them dead had laid.

And whom oever Diomedes flew,

And from the place a little way him crew, For fear the Steeds not yet accustom'd to't

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Should boggle, tremble, and refuse to pass. To Rhefus last of all went Diomed, And kill'd him too. So he the thirteenth was. And panted as he slept; for at his Head He dreamt Tydides all night flanding was. ulviles to the Horses went; And now Seiz'd, and their Heads together tyed has. But for a Whip he made use of his Bow. And gotten forth whiftled to Diomed To come away, who gave no ear thereto, But staying with himself considered What further hurt he might the Trojans do. To draw away the Charret by the Pole, Wherein the Golden Arms of Rhefus lay, Or thence upon his Shoulders bear the whole; Or whether he more Toracians should destroy. While thus he studied Pallas by him stood. Contented be, faid she, with what is done. To go unto the Ships I think it good, For fear you thither should be fore'd to run. some other God awake the Trojans may. This faid, that Pallas to him spake he thought, and from the Thracian Quarter came away, And on one of the Horses backs he got, and tow'ards the Ships at full speed then they ride; ulyffes with his Bow still switching on. But Phebus with Tydides Pallas Spy'd, And angerly call'd up Hippoceon. Who when he came and empty faw the ground Where th'Horses stood, and dy'd with blood the Field, and sprawling in their Blood the Toracians found, Ay me, faid he, they have my Uncle kill'd. he Trojans then in haft and frighted rife, And at the place in great disorder meet, ad gaze upon the mischief with their eyes, But they that did it fled were to the Fleet. Then flying they were at the Tree, where lay

The Spoils of Dolon, there a while they tarry,

il Tydides fetch'd them had away,

And mounted was upon his Horse agen:

Agen uly fes fwitch'd them tow'rds the Fleet;

And when they near it were, Old Neftor then Who was the first that heard the Horses Feet

Cry'd out, The found of Horfes feet I hear;

I wish ulyffes 'twere and Diomed,

But somewhat else and worse it is I sear; So many sad mishaps run in my Head.

He scarce had spoken this but they came in. When they alighted were and welcomed

With Hands and Speeches of their Friends had been, Then Mfor thus ulyfies questioned.

ulyffes, Glory of the Greeks, faid he,

Whence are these Horses beauteous as the Sun?

Won from the Trojans? But that cannot be. For such amongst the Trojans I saw none, Though I amongst them were in ev'ry fight:

Or given by the Gods? Which may be true,

For both of you are gracious in their fight.

And fove and Pallas have a care of you.

O Noble Nefter, said ulyffes then,

Gods can give better Horses if they please. For richer much are they than mortal men-

Tydides from a King of Thrace took these, Who was come newly to the Trojans aid;

And flain him has, befides a dozen more, And befides these a Spy that them betraid,

By Hettor fent, your purpose to explore. This said, ulysses with much people went

Triumphing, and the milk white Horses drave

Over the Trenches to Tydides Tent.

There sets them up, and Wheat unto them gave; But Dolon's Spoils aftern his Ship he plac'd,

Preparing for Athena's Sacrifice.

And then into the Sea they went and wash'd

The sweat from off their Shoulders, Legs and Thigh And after bath, and 'noint themselves with oyl,

That done, they fit down to their meat and dine,
And being thus refreshed from their toil,

Unto the Goddels Pallas offer Wine.

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LIB. XI.

terora rifing from Tithonus bed Before both Gods and Men to hold her light, Dis from Fove the Signal carried Unto the Argive Fleet of bloudy Fight. And down unto ulyffes Ship she went That was the middlemost and high'st of all That heard she might be to Achilles Tent, And Ajaxes, that they might hear her call, At th' outfides of the Fleet they quarter'd were ; For they upon their Prowess most reli'd: Then Eris with her voice the Air did tear, And horribly to the Acheans cry'd. Come quickly forth into the Field and fight; Be bold Acheans; to the Battle come. Incourag'd thus the Greeks took more delight In flaying at the War than going home. Fellows, to Arms, then Agamemnon cry'd, And to put on his Arms the first man was; His Leg-pieces he down to th' Anckles ti'd With filver Buckles, Leg-pieces of Brass; And then puts on an Armour on his breaft, That had been given him by Cinyres (His ancient acquaintance and his Guest.) Whilft he preparing was to pass the Seas: For long before the Greeks for Troy fet fail, Their purpose was at Cyprus known by fame, And thinking such a Gift might him avail, In kindness t' Agamemnon sent the same. The colour was by Pales diffinguished, Ten Black, twelve Gold, and twenty were of Tin

And in it three black Serpents figured
As if they creeping were unto his Chin.

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ne,

Their fides like Rainbows lookt which in the Sky
Are shewn by Jove for men to wonder at.
Then from his Shoulder down upon his chick

Then from his Shoulder down upon his thigh He hung his Sword. Studded with Gold was that.

Then took his Shield which finely varied was; Bossed in twenty places with white Fin;

And round about them were ten Orbs of Brass; And black the Circle was enclosed within.

There Gorgo painted was with killing Eyes,

And with her flanding Terror and Affright: His Belt of filver was, and to the Skyes

Returned back agen the glittering light.

Wound up lay on it painted a great Snake.

Which had three heads, and crowned was each one,

And last into his hand two Spears did take, Having his Helmet on his head put on:

Thus Agamemnon armed was. And then Juno and Pallas both rais'd fuch a found

(To honour him before the Greeks) as when A man that's flain falls suddenly to th'ground.

Then every one unto his Chariotier

Commandment gave upon the Ditch to flay
And ready be. The foot all armed were,

And forth into the Field were march'd away. Eur for a again the Horses with them flood.

Then fire amongst them Noise and Tumultsent;
And mingled was the Morning dew with Bloud,
For on that day much bloud was to be spens.

Upon a riting ground now Hettor was, Eneas with him, and Polydamas,

And three Sons of Antenor, Acamas, Agenor, Polybus, and th'Army was.

And Hector with a round Shield at their head.
As when a Star does through the Clouds appear,

And prefently again is covered;

Sometimes i'th' Front was, sometimes in the Rear Giving command; his Arms like Lightning show.

As Mowers standing one Rank 'gainst another,

A field of Barley or of Wheat to mow; So Greeks and Trojans mow down one the other.

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Onneither fide thought any man of flight;
But like to Wolves on one another fly
In number equal; and gave great delight
To Eris, who (and no God else) was by.

The other Gods stay'd on Olympus Hill,

Within these folds they dwell, murmur'd at Their Father Jove for bearing such good will

And by himself he from them went; and then
Took pride to see the Greeks and Trojans fight,

And look on killing and on dying men,

And of their Arms to fee the flishing light, Now all the while that mounting was the Sun, The number slain on both sides was the same.

But when the Woodman half his work had done,

And willingly unto his Dinner came,

The Greeks then brake the Trojan Ranks, and on

Fell Agamemnon, and Bienor flew, Both him and Ocles his Companion

That drave the Horses which the Charret drew,

He lighting and affailing him was flain;

And Ocles had no time his Spear to throw: For Agamemnon's Spear had pierc'd his brain.

Paffing both through his Helmet and his Brow.

These there he lest stript both of Arms and Coat,
And Antiphus and Isus then drew near,

But Priams Sons, one legal, th'other not,

Upon the Seat, and Isus Charriotier.
Once by Achilles taken were these men

As they were feeding Sheep in Ida hills,

And for their Ransome were set free agen;
But both of them now Agamemnon kills.

For Isus Breast he pierc'd through with his Spear;

The other with his Sword he overthrew, And feen him had when he was Prisoner,

And that 'twas Antiphus (when stript) he knew.

As when a Lion with his mighty Teeth Crusheth the tender issue of a Hind,

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Which the afrighted Dam stands by and seeth,
And grieveth, but no remedy can find;

And skipping in the Woods for shelter seeks
To save her own life; So the Trojans fled

Pursu'd by Agamemnon and the Greeks,

And thought not on their fellows they left dead.

T'Hyppolochus then comes he and Pisander, Sons of Antimachus, a person noted

For having Gold receiv'd of Alexander,

And for it in the Common-Counsel voted.

And these two Agamemnon took alive.

For by mischance the reins slipt from their hands;

And then they faw it was in vain to strive, And Agamemon now before them stands.

Then as they fat together on one Seat, Save us (faid they) Atrides, let us live,

For we redeem'd shall be with Ransome great, Our Father for us what you please will give.

Are you Antimachus his Son, said he,

That gave advice to murther Menelaus,

Contrary to the Laws of honesty,

When of the Greeks Ambassador he was, And with ulysses sent into the Town?

You for your Father's evil deed must pay. Then from his Char Pisander he struck down;

With Breast pierc'd through upon his Back he lay.

Hyppolochas was lighted and on foor,

And with the sword of Agamemnon slain, Who cuts his Head off, and his hands to boot. And then upon the Trojans prest again.

And great the flaughter was of them that fled, And wonderful the Duft that raifed was,

And both the Field and Army covered, Forc'd up by Troops of Horses shod with Brass.

As Boughs fall in a Wood that's fet on flame, And shaken by the violence of wind;

So fast unto the ground the Trojans came, When Agamemion follow'd them behind.

And many Horses made their Charrets rattle,
Which empty ran about when no man drives.

For they that drave them faln were in the Battle, A lovelier fight to Vulturs than their Wives.

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But Hellor was by Jove fet out of fight
Of all this dust and slaughter and disorder:

But Agamemnon still with all his might Pursuing killed, and to kill gave order.

Then they that were encampt at I'us Tomb
Retir'd in haste unto the Sycamore,

Half the Plain over towards Ilium,

And after them Atrides cover'd ore

With Blood and Duft. But when the Trojans were

Got back unto the Beech near Scea gate,

A while they for their fellows stayed there Who swiftly ran fearing to come too late:

As when a Lion falleth in the Night

Upon a herd of Kine, and one must die,

And all the rest are put into a fright, So Agamemnon made the Trojans fly.

And all the way he went the hindmost kill'd.

And from their Charrs some forward fell, and some

Upon their Backs, and lay dead on the field.

But when unto the Wall they near were come,

Then Jove came down to Ila from the Sky With Thunder in his hand, and t'Iiis said,

Go Iris quickly, and tell Hellor I

As long as in the Front he raging is,

And let the Fight by others manag'd be.

But when he Agamemnon wounded fees

And leave the Field, I'll give the Victory To him, and he shall put them all to slight,

And to the Fleet go killing all the way, Until the Sun be fet, and dark the night.

This faid, away the went without delay;

And down from Ita came to Ilium,

And finding him upon his Char, To you From Jove (faid the) OH Hor, I am come

To warn you Agamemnon to eschew,

As long as in the Front he raging is.

And let the Fight by others manag'd be; But when by Spear or Bow he wounded is And leaves the Field, he'll give the Victory To you, and you shall put them all to flight, And to the Fleet go killing all the way, Untill the Sun be set, and dark the night. Having thus said, she did no longer stay.

Then Hector armed leapt unto the ground,

And with two Spears well pointed in his hand Exhorting went about the Army round.

Their Faces then the Trojans turn, and stand,

The first that did advance At ides was.

But tell me Muse, Who first came in his way?

One of Antenor's Sons Iphidamas,

That was brought up in Thrace (though born at Troy)

By Ciffeus who his Mothers Father was,

From Childhood till to mans estate he came, And made his Son in-Law. But then, because The coming of the Greeks was known by Fame,

Was thence, although but newespoused, sent To th'aid of Priam and his Sons at Troy,

And at Percopa landing t'Ilium went,

And now was standing in Atrides way. First Agamemnon threw his Spear and mist.

Iphidamas then at Atrides threw,

And hit his Belt which did the stroke resist, For massy Silver was the Belt and true,

And bent the point as if it had been Lead. Then Agamemnon with his Sword came on,

And smore him on the Neck, and laid him dead.
Thus dy'd Ishidamas Antenor's Son.

And much to be lamented was his case,

That far from his espoused Virgin Wife Without receiving from her any grace

Should fighting for his Country lofe his Life.

He given for her had a thousand Kine,

And promis'd Sheep and Goats a thousand more.

Now flain, and fiript was of his Armour fine By Agamemnon and triumphed ore.

But Coon then, Antenor's eldeft Son

Incensed by his Brothers death came in, And pierc'd Atrides Arm close by the Bone (Unseen) the Elbow and the Wrist between,

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Then cold was Agamemnon's heart with fear,
But gave not over. For as Coon drew
His Brother off, He came on with his Spear,
And with a thrust, beneath his Shield him slew,
And (on his Brother) then cuts off his head.
Thus these two Brothers finished their Fate.

Atrides still the flaughter followed

. With Spear, and Sword, and Stones of mighty weight,. Not giving over whilft the wound was warm.

But when 'twas cleans'd, and flayed was the Bloud,

So cruel then the pain was in his Arm,

That on the ground no longer flay he cou'd.

Then mounted on his Chariot, he faid,

Drive to the Ships. For he was in great pain.

The Fight against the Trojans to maintain.

My friends, said he, 'tis your part now to stay

The fury of the Trojans from our Ships; Since Fove not suffers me to fight all day.

This faid, the Chariotier his Horses whips. Which when they felt, away they swiftly went,

And stain'd with Sweat and Powder of the Plain.
Brought wounded Agamemnon to his Tent,

From off the Field bestrow'd with Bodies slain.

Assoon as Hector faw Atrides gone,

Now Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, (he cry'd)

Now charge the Greeks with resolution,

For he is gone on whom they most rely'd, And Jove assures me that the day is mine.

This faid. like Hounds encourag'd by the Hunter

Against a Lion or a rusked Swine

The Trojans boldly marched to th'encounter, and on them fell with Hectorat the head.

And as a down-right Wind the Sea, so he

And them that fled purfued furioufly.

But tell me Mule, whilft Hestor Priam's Son By Jove affifted did the Greeks pursue,

And great renown amongst the Trojans won, Who and how many were the men he slew. Affaus first, and then Autonous,
Oplites, Dolops, and Opheltius,
And then Afymnus, and Agelaus;

Then Orus, and the last Hipponous.

All these were Princes in the Argive host:

But look how many are the drops of Dew,
When into th'Air the Sea by Winds is tost,

So many private Soldiers Hector flew.

And then incurable their loss had been,

And fled had to their Ships the Greeks dismai'd,

Had not ulyffes then the same foreseen, And to Tydides not far from him said,

Tydides, to what purpole stand we here?

Come hither man and stand close to my side.

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To let our Ships be lost great shame it were.
Tydides to ulysses then reply'd.

Yes, yes ulysses I will with you bide,

Though we shall take but little pleasure here.

For Jove I see inclineth to their side.

This said, he at Thymbraus threw his Spear,
Which lighting on his left Pap pierc'd him through
ulysses slew Molion Priams man;

Upon the Field unstript they left these two.

And then into the Trojan throng they ran,

(Whilst th'other Greeks from Hettor swiftly fly)
Like two wilde Boars that turn upon the hounds

That know they may upon their strength rely,
And scatter mongst the Trojans death and wounds.

And there two valiant Sons of Merops kill'd As they together on one Charriot fate.

This Merops was in Prophecy well skill'd, And bad them stay, and told them had their Fate.

But the two forward Youths would not obey.

But led unto the War by Destiny Unluckily came in Tydides way,

Where by his hand their Fortune 'twas to die:

Hippodamas was by ulyffes kill'd

As also was Hypirichus; and now

None knew who had the better in the Field But Jove, who looked on from Ida Brows.

Y'are

And then Agastrophus King Paons Son Was by Tydides wounded in the Thigh, and would have fled, but Horses he had none. His man that held them for him was not nigh. Yet fought he 'mongst the formost till he dy'd. This Hector faw, and towards Diomed His Horses turn'd, and to the Trojans cry'd, Come follow me, and they all followed. And Diomed affoon as he faw this, Though chill with fear, unto uly fes faid, To us this plaguy Hettor rolling is; But stand, and let him see w'are not afraid. This faid, he streight at Hector threw his Spear, Which hit his Helmer, but glanc'd from the Brass, And never to his tender Skin came near. This Helmet giv'n him by Apollo was. But stun'd he was, and resting on his Knees. He kept himself from falling with his hand. Dark are his eyes, nothing at all he fees, And for a while unable is to stand. But whilft Tydides on the plain advanced To get into his hand agen the Spear, Which from the place he aim'd at far was glanced, Hector was mounted, and his Senses clear. Tydides then upon him lookt and faid, Thou Dog escapt an evil death thou hast; And twice been faved by Apollo's aid. But fure I shall disparch thee at the last: For of a God I also have the aid. But now to other Trojans I'll go on Such as shall come into my way. This said, Away he went to fleip King Paons Son. And then as Diamed was raking from Agairophus the Armour of his Breaft, Paris that leaning stood at I'ms Tomb, To him an Arrow unperceiv'd addrest. Which hit him on the Foot above the Toes, And to the ground clean thorough went the Shaft. Then openly into the Field he goes, And coming nearer to him fpake, and laught,

Y'are hit, said he, Tydides. Wou'd it had Been on your Belly, that you might have died; The Trojans would of that be very glad, That are so often by you terrified. Proud boasting Archer (said Tydides) know

Proud boatting Archer (faid Tydides) know
It in your Armour you before me flood
To try your Valour and your Force, your I

To try your Valour and your Force, your Bow And Arrows would not do you any good.

You value such a Scratch as this too much.

The Weapons of the strengthless blunted are:

Mine is not fo; but whom it does but touch,
His Wife lamenting tears her Cheeks and Hair:

His Children Orphans are, and red the ground Whereon he rotting lies; and Vulters more

Than Women standing by him will be found.

uly ses then that neer him was before

Stept in, and flood betwixt him and his Foes
Whilst from his Foot the Arrow he pull'd out.
Then to his Charret up Tydides goes,

And left the Field where he had nobly fought.

And now ulyffes left was all alone,

For from him all the rest were fled for sear. And then unto himself he made his moan.

Ay me, faid he, what now shall I do here?

Though many be the Foes, 'ris ill to fly
But yet fince Jove faves all the rest by flight,

It would be worfe if I alone should dye.

But why dispute I when I ought to fight?

None but a Coward from the Fight will run.

But he that honour loves will fland his ground,

And be content with what he cannot shun, Whether it be to give or take a wound. While thus utysses argu'd in his mind,

Hetter was near him, and enclosed him had

With Targetiers before him and behind, Whereof they had no reason to be glad.

As when the Hounds by Hunters are fet on A wild Boar as he comes out from the Wood, He whets his Teeth, they from him will not run;

Even so uly fes 'mongst the Trojans stood;

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LIB. XI.

Where by him flain first Deiopites was; And Thoon then and Eunomus he kill'd;

And after these he slew Chersidamas

As from his Char he lighted in the Field.

Then leaving these, slew Charops with his Spear, Socus his Brother, Hippasus his Son.

Then Socus to him came, and flanding near Unto uly ses with a Speech begun.

ulysses much renown'd for Crast and Pain,
This day you either must the Honor wear

Of having Hippasus his two Sons slain,

Or lose your own life wounded by my Spear.
Then threw his Spear and pierc'd ulysses Shield.
His Breast-plate, and his Coat, and toar his Skin.

But Pallas him preserv'd from being kill'd;

For to the Vital parts it went not in.

uly ses knew the wound not mortal was;

Made a step back, and then to Socus said, Fool that thou art, that wou'dst not let me pass

On other Trojans haft thy felf destroy'd, I do not think you shall this hour outlive,

But from my Spears tharp point receive your death,

And leave your Soul unto the Pow're honoris

And leave your Soul unto the Pow'rs beneath.

Then Socus turn'd himself about to fly.

But overtaken by ulysses Spear,

That pierc'd him Back and Breaft, he fell down dead.

Then foornfully ulyffes did him jear. O Socus, gallant man at Arms, faid he,

By death prevented is your Enterprize; Your eyes shall not by Parents closed be,

But thall be pecked out by Crows and Pyes.

Then from his Shield and Body he pull'd out
The Spear which at him was by Socus thrown.

The Bloud then from the Wound did freely spout.
Which when the Trojans saw, they streight came down,

Which when the Trojans law, they streight came dow And all together tow ards him went the Rabble,

Then he retir'd, and as he going was Thrice called out as loud as he was able

For help; and thrice was heard by Menelaus,

Who

Who t' Ajax faid, ulyffes voice I hear, And like the voice of one that is diffrest.

He hem'd in by the Trojans is I fear.

Come let us to him go, and do our best To fetch him off. For valiant though he be, I fear unless we aid him with great speed,

He by the Trojans will be flain, and we

Lose a good man, of whom we oft have need. Then up they went, and found him by the Foes Environ'd round. As when a Stag is shot

By some young man, he swiftly from him goes Whilst strong his knees are and his bloud is hot.

But when he by the Arrow tamed is,

The Wolves feed on him in the gloomy Wood; Then comes the Lion and the prey is his.

About wlysses so the Trojans stood, Till Ajax with a Target like a Tower

Came to his aid; then fev'ral ways they fled :

Was from the Field by Menelaus led,

And mounted on his Charlot agen.

But on went Ajax, and flew Pandochus King Priam's Son, and wounded three good men, Lifander, Pylartes, and Pyrafus.

Then as a River coming to the Plain,

And fwell'd by Jupiter with showr's of rain More than the Banks are able to contain,

Bears Oaks and Pines before it to the Main; So Ajax charg'd the Trojan Troops. But this Hettor knew nothing of. For far off now

Upon Scamander Banks he fighting is,

And to the ground doth many an Argive throw.
There was the noise there aged Nester stood,

And there Idomeneus, with their Steeds.

And Hettor that the use well understood

Of Spears and Horses, there did mighty deeds.

And yet the Greeks retir'd not; nor had done
If Paris had not with an Arrow smot

Machaon on the Shoulder to the Bone.

Three-forked was the Arrow which he shot.

And

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And mightly the Argives were afraid

Since now the Foe prevail'd, he would be flain.

To Nestor then Idomeneus said,

O Neftor to your Charret mount again, And with Machaon make hafte to the Ships.

A Surgeon many other men is worth.

For many other men alive he keeps

By making Salves and drawing Weapons forth. Then Neftor mounteth and the Horses whips, Which they no sooner feel than they are gone. And quickly brought unto the hollow Ships

Machaon Asculapius his Son.

Mean while Cebriones the Charetier
Of Hector faw the Trojans were diffrest,

And to him faid, To what end flay we here Since yonder by the Greeks our Friends are preft?

'Tis Ajax that disorders them, I see,

Now where they fighting are most furiously, Let us go down to that fide of the Field. This said, he crackt his Whip, his Horses ran

Unto the place where greatest was the Cry, Ore many a Shield, and over many a man,

That gasping on the bloudy Field did lye.
The Horses Bellies and the Charret-wheels

And Axle-trees with bloud were cover'd ore Forc'd up in drops by the swift Horses heels.

And Hettor rushing in, their Battles tore.

But Heller still took heed of Ajax Speer.

And fought in other places of the Field.

But Ajax struck by Jupiter with sear

Amazed, at his shoulder hung his Shield; And staring on the Foe a while he stood,

Then turn'd and foftly from them went away.

As when a Lion coming from the Wood
Down to a Paffure on a Cow to prey,

Ishu'd by Dogs and Pefants in the night,

And hungry fometimes goes and fometimes flands,

But cannot have his Will for all his might, So many Spears are flying from their hands,

And

And flaming Brands which put him in a fright (Keen as he is) then fullenly he goes

Back to the Wood and comes no more in fight;

So then retired Ajax from his Focs.

Or as an As in spight of many Boes

Is got into the Corn, and there abides

Though they upon him fall with Blows and Noife,

And many Cudgels break upon his fides (For he the force of Boys but little feels)

He hardly will be driven our though fill'd,
And now and then kicks at them with his heels:

So Ajax at the last went off the Field

By Hector and the Trojans still pursu'd Upon his Shield received many a Spear;

Sometimes his Back sometimes his Face he shew'd, So that they could not to the Ships come near.

Thus he between the Greeks and Trojans stands

While Spears abundance at him hurled were; Some in his Shield struck driven by strong hands,

Some on the ground fell short and fixt were there, But then Eurypylus Enamon's Son

That faw him thus oppress came to his side,

And wounded with his Spear Apisan

The Liver through; and on the place he dy'd:

But as he stript him lying on the ground Was shot by Alexander in the Thigh.

And broken was the Arrow in the wound, And much increased was his pain thereby.

Then went Eurypylus into the croud,

And cry'd out to the Princes of the Hoft, Turn and fave noble Ajax from this cloud

Of Trojan Spears, or else he will be lost,

This said, the best Commanders to him go
With Spears advanc'd, and Bucklers turn'd before,
And place themselves between him and the Foc.

And then again the Fight was very fore.

Mean while Achilles as he fitting was
On high aftern his Ship to let them fight
Perceived Nestor and Machaon pass,

And to Patroclus call'd with all his might,

Come

For he was fitting in Achilles Tent,
And (which was the beginning of his fall)

Immediately role up and to him went,

And faid. Achilles what's your will with me?

Ashilles then reply'd, Patroclus now

The Argives. I believe, will bend the Knee.
For their condition never was so low.

But go to Nestor and informed be

Who'tis that he brought with him from the Fight.

Machaon by his Back he feem'd to me,

But of his Face I could not have a fight, So many Chars and Horses cross d the way: This said, unto the Ships Patroclus went;

But at the Ships arrived now were they, Alighted and gone in to Nestor's Tent:

The Horses by Eurymedon unty'd

Were cooled by the Sea-fide in the air,

And of their swear well cleansed were and dry'd,

And in the mean time Ecameda fair

That was the Daughter of Arsinous,
And taken by Achilles was when he

Conquer'd and tack'd the City Tenedus,

And by the Greeks to Neftor giv'n; and the

A Table with a Black Foot smooth and fine.

And on it fet a Besket and a Cup,

And to each one before him fet on Wine.

The Cup with nails of Gold was fludded ore;

Four ears it had, and two Doves at each ear, and those were Gold, and at the foot two more

In posture such as if they feeding were. Nester to Trey had with him brought this Cup.

Another scarce could lift it from the Table When fill'd with Wine; Though he to take it up,

Old as he was, and eafily, was able, And in the fame the Woman made the Drink,

With Goats-milk Cheese, & white flour sprinkled ore,

And left it on the Board full to the brink.

Then quenched they their thirst, and drank no more

But talking fat, to put out of their thought
Their ill success. Now at the door o'th' Tent
Patreclus was, and in by Nester brought,

And pray'd to fit, but he would not confent,

But said, Achilles bad me ask you who

It is whom you brought with you from the Fight.

And this already I can answer to.

Machaon 'tis that fits there in my fight.

What need then is there of my longer flay?

Return I will with all the speed I can,

For fear he should some blame upon me lay

Though I deserve it not. You know the man.

What makes Achilles (aged Neftor said)

Of th'Argive wounded men to take such care?

He knows not how the Army is dismaid,

Nor yet how many of them wounded are. ulyffes wounded is and Diomed,

And Agamemnon, and Eurypylus,

And this man whom I with me hither led.

Achilles pity has on none of us;

Although our fafety now lye in his hands.

Intends he to fit ftill till Heffor burn

In spight of us our Ships upon the Sands, And ev'ry one of us kill in his turn?

For now my strength decayed is with age.
O that I were as strong as I was then

When War 'twixt us and th' Elians did rage, And we our Cattle fetcht from them agen,

And flew Dymoneus that took our Kine.

For I then went his Cattle to destrain, And take amends for those he took of mine.

There he defending them by me was flain, And all his people from him ran away.

And there we took of fifty Herds of Kine And of as many Herds of Goats a prey,

As many Flocks, as many Herds of Swine,

And Horses three times fifty, females all
Of colour sandy mixt with sparks of light;
And most of them had Foals, and to the Wall
Of Pyle I brought this booty all by night,

My

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My Father Neleus joyful was to fee't.

For yet he thought I was for War too young.

Next morn the Criers make the people meet,

(All those to whom the Elians had done wrong)
The Lords amongst them then divide the prey.

Many there were that had been injured,

And with their shares contented sent away,

Though Pylus were not well inhabited.

For Hercules not many years before

Had kill'd the best of them. And Neleus then

Had twelve good Sons, whereof he left no more

Alive but me. This made th' Epeian men

Despise our number small, and do us wrong.

And Neleus now unto himself did keep

The best Herd of the Kine, and from among

The Flocks chose one that had three hundred Sheep,

And justly, fince to great a loss had none.

For he four Steeds unto the Games had fent

Of value great, which all had Prizes won.

But by Augias his Commandement,

When for a Tripod they prepar'd torun,

Together with the Charrs were there detain'd.

The Charetiers related what was done.

And Neleus then the best o'ch' Prey retain'd;

And ev'ry man had of the rest his share.

This done, unto the Gods we facrifice.

Mean while the Elians for War prepare,
And two days after all together rife,

And forth o'th' Town went they both Foot and Horfe,

And with them Molions two Sons, not yet

Arrived at the age of Martial Force,

And round about the Town Colone fit.

Colone is a Frontier-town between

dy

Elis and Pyle upon Alphaus fide;

Paffing the Plain they were by Pallas feen.

And she aloud unto the Pylians cry'd,

To Arms you men of Pyle. Then in the night We put on Arms, and to the Field we hi'd;

And chearfully went ev'ry one to fight.

My Horsesonly were convey'd aside.

For Neleus thought I was in War unskill'd:
But I at home could not be made t'abide,
But with the rest on foot went to the Field.
For on the Goddes Pallas I rely'd.

Near to Arene falls into the Main

A little Brook. All night by that we lay, And in the Morn betime we march'd again, And to Alpheus came in half a day.

And there to Jove his facred Rives we paid.

To Neytune and Alphaus each a Bull;

An Heifer to the heav'nly martial Maid

We gave; and when the Bands of Foot were full, Then supr we in our Ranks, and armed slept.

Th' Episans still the Town befieging lay;
But seeing the War was now so near them crept,
They rose; then presently began the Fray.

And there the first man that was flain I flew, Which Molius was Augias Son in-Law.

He wedded Acameda had who knew

As many Med'cines as the World ere faw. Him first I slew, and to his Charret mounted.

Then fled th' Epeians scatter'd here and there, For he the best amongst them was accounted.

And as they fled I follow'd with my Spear, And fifty Charrers took, and at each one

Two men I kill'd; for like a Storm I went;

Nor had I left Molins any Son,

If Neprune had not hindred my intent, That took them up and sav'd them in a Cloud. Great honour won the Pyleans that day;

For on the Plains we chac'd th' Epeians proud, Killing and gath'ring Armour all the way

Untill we came unto Buprassum,
Alessum, and Rock-Olene; and there
Advis'd we were by Passas to go home.

To Pylus then we went and welcome were.

And thanks were given to the Gods. But most
To Jupiter the greatest God. And then
In general were thanked all the Host,
And Nestor namely above other men.

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Thus I behav'd my felfamongst the Greeks,
Whereas Achilles sitting in his Tent
Neglecting us his own contentments seeks;
Though if our Fleet be lost he will repent.

But, O Patroclus, the advice was good Menætaus your Father gave you then

When I at Phthia was and by him flood,

By Agamemnon fent to levy men. To Peleus house uly ses came and I,

And there we found Menætius and you.

And you upon Achilles waited nigh,

And Peleus to the Gods fat Catrle flew

I'th' Court o'th' grass (a Gold Cup in his hand)
And pour'd Wine on the burning Sacrifice.

And you then faw us in the Gate-house stand.

Though bufie you were then to burn the Thighs.

Achilles to us came and led us in,

And made us fup, and Supper being done,

Totell our bus'ness then did I begin,
Which was to bring with us to Trey his Son.

Both he and you desirous were to go;
And Peleus then unto Achilles said,

Saive still to be the best, and let the Foe

Bealways of your Spear the most asraid.
Than to you spake your Farher, Son (said he)

Achilles is a better man of War

han you, and bigher in Nobility

Of Bloud; but you in age before him are. in him good Counfel therefore and suggest

What's for his good although he fee it not:

will obey when for himself'is best;

Thus he advis'd you though you have forgot.

adoit now. For 'tis not yet too lare.

Who knows but you may make him change his mind?

tif he still continue obstinare,

Thus

Orin some Oracle a scruple find,

Intis told him somewhat has from Jive, Yet let him send his My midons with you,

eTojans from the Navy to remove,

And give th' Acheurs time to breath anew.

Ent

But let him give you his own Arms. Then they (When like unto Achilles you appear

Leading fresh Forces) fly will into Troy And rid th' Acheans of their present fear.

This faid, Patroclus grieved went his way, And tow'rds Achilles Tent ran back apace

Paffing by where ulviles Veffels lav.

There were the Altars, there the Market place, There were the Courts of Justice. There he met Eurypylus with th'Arrow in his wound,

And from his head and shoulders dropt the sweat. And bled apace, but still his Sense was found.

Then pitying him Patroclus spake and said, Ah poor Commanders of the Achean Hoft, Must we be all so far from home destroy'd,

And Ive for Dogs meat on the Trojan Coast?

But fay Eurypylus, is there no way

To keep off Hector, but must perish all? Nothing I know (faid he) can Hellor flay, But in our flaming Ships we all must fall. For all the best of us here wounded lye,

And still the Trojan Power grows more and more.

But, O Patroclus, cut out of my Thigh

This Arrow head. For it torments me fore; And with warm water wash away the blood,

And Salves apply, the same that Chiron knew, (The best of Centaurs) to be very good, And taught Achilles, and Achilles you.

For of two Surgeons in the Army, one As much need of a Surgeon hath as I,

And Podalirius to the fight is gone. Patroclus to him then made this reply.

How can this now be done, Eurypylus, Since to Achilles I must go with speed

With Nestors Answer? Yet to leave you thus In torture, were but an ungentle deed. Then in his Arms he bears him to his Tent,

And there, upon a many Cow-hides spread Laid him, and with his Knife to work he went,

And from his Thigh cuts out the Arrow-head.

And in his hands he bruis'd a bitter Root; '
And wash'd away the bloud. When that was done,
He cleans'd the Wound, apply'd the Med'cine to't,
And streight the blood was stop'd, the pain was gone.

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Hus was Eurypytus of pain releas'd. Mean while the Greeks and Trojans fiercely fough Nor could the Argive Wall and Trench (unbleft, For on a Hecatomb they never thought) Though made their Ships and Booty to defend, Keep Hector and the Trojans long time out. For very quickly cometh to an end Whatere without the Gods Men go about. Indeed while Heffor liv'd; and angry lay Achilles at his Tent and would not fight, And standing were the Walls and Town of Troy, The great Wall of the Argives flood upright. But when the braveft Trojans once were flain, And many Greeks, and burnt was Ilium That had almost ten years held out in vain, And what remained of the Greeks gone home, Then Neptune and Apollo both devile The Wall to ruine, and the Riversall That in this spacious Mountain Ida rise Upon this Argive mighty work make fall. Arefus, Rh: sus, Heptaporius, Asepus, Rhodius, Scamander, and Besides these fix, the River Granicus, And Simoeis, upon whose Banks of Sand Many a Shield and Helmet scatter'd lay, And many a Demi-God. These Rivers all Apollo turned from their wonted way, Directing them unto the Argives Wall. Nine days perpetually they thither run, And Fove nine days together pour'd down rain, To th'end the work might be the fooner done. And Neptune with his Trident ffom the main

Before them went and wrenched out the Stone
And Timber which had there been laid with pain

The deep'ft of all for the Foundation,
And made it to the Sea all smooth ago

And made it to the Sea all smooth again.
And strow'd again with Sand the ample shore.

And made the Brooks in their own Channels run

To otherwise than they were wont before.

But the pot yet, but afterwards was done for Hellor had the Greeks with show'rs of Spears

Constrain'd to quit their Walls and Tow'rs so high

And back unto their hollow Ships to fly.

And back unto their hollow Ships to as when a Lion or a Boar befet

With Hounds, and Hunter, this and that way tries Close as they stand I through them by strength to get, And passing on their Spears prevails or dies,

and ashe goes still makes them to give way; So Hestor 'mongst his friends went here and there

Exhorting them the Trenches to affay.

The Horses when upon the Brink they were

oggi'd and whinny'd, and refus'd to pass.

For broad it was and not to be leap'd ore;

and to descend into, too deep it was,

And on each fide briftled with flakes good store ix'd by th' Acheans to keep off the Foe,

So that for Horse and Charrets there was no way. Survery willing were the Foot to go,

And only to receive command did flay.

nd then to Hector faid Polydamas,

Me strive in vain to make our Horses pass Ore such great stakes so sharp'ned at the ends,

laving above our heads the Enemy.

Where (though we could get down) we cannot fight

hough Jove unto our fide inclined be,

And to the Greeks should bear as much despite, I, that wish their Name were rooted out. Yet if the Greeks, when we encumbred were to want of room, should turn and face about,

And fee upon us in the Dirch, I fear

A man of us would not be left alive

To tell at Troy what is become of us.

But if you mean to have the business thrive

But if you mean to have the bus'ness thrive,
Then hear my Counsel, Let us all do thus.

Till of our Horse and Charrets we have need Let Servants hold them to the Trenches nigh;

And we on foot fight; for if Jove indeed Intend us Victory the Greeks will fly.

Thus he advis'd; and Hetter thought it best, And from his Charret leapt unto the Sand Arm'd as he was; and so did all the rest,

And to their Charretiers they gave command All in their order near the Trench to stand.

The Trojans in five parts themselves divide.

And Hellor of the first took the Command.

But with himself he joyned two beside,

Polydamas and stout Cebriones,

And left a meaner man to hold his Charre:
Of all the Trojan Host the best were these.
O'th' second Party Paris had the care

Joyn'd with Agenor and Alcathous.

The third commanded was by Leaders three,

First Helenus, and then Deiphobus,

The third was Afins. From Arisbe he With mighty Horses colour'd like to flame Bred on the bank of Sellis came to Troy.

And he likewise two Seconds had, and they he has Two Sons were of Antenor (both well skill do not)

In War) Archelochus and Acamas.

The Trojan aids; and he affilted was

For of the Lycians which he led thither of the ablest and the best men he thought these.

And then with Eucklers joyned close together that Away they march directly to the Foe, possess with a last

The Greeks (they thought) as fast as they could go
Would presently unto their Ships retire.

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But Asius would not his Horses leave

And Man, without the Trench, as others did.

Fool as he was himself so to deceive.

Upon his Charret tow'rds the Ships he rid.

But never came Triumphant back again

For all his flaming Horses and his Charre,

But by Idomeneus his Spear was flain.

When Hellor to the Ships had brought the War

The Greeks had in their Wall a Gate whereat

Their Horses to the Field were us'd to pass,

And Afins with his Charret drave to that.

Which now left open by the Argive was

Their people chas'd by Hetter to let in.

And all his Party with a mighty cry

Marcht after him as if they fure had been

The Argives to their hollow Ships would fly.

But were deceiv'd. For at the Gate they found Two mighty men that like two great Oaks stood.

With deep and large Roots fixed in the ground,

That many Winds and Storms had long withflood.

And lapiths they were both; Leontes one,

The other Polypetes gotten by

Porh law them coming

and flaying on their hands and strength rely.

The Trojans led by Asius came on

With mighty noise, Orestes, Adamas,

(This Adamas of Asius was the Son)

Thoon, Iamenus, and Oenomaus,

and ore their heads they held their Shields on high,

For fear of Stones and Spears from off the Wall.

The Greeks within to one another cry

To save the Ships, the Tents, Themselves and All.

But when they faw the Trojans went about

To scale the Wall they roar'd and frighted were;

But the two Lapiths presently leapt out,

And furioufly fell on the Trojans there.

As if two Boars the Men and Hounds with stood,

You'd often hear the Boughs before them snap While with their bended necks they tear the Wood

So thick they did the Trojan Armours rap.

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For valiantly they fought, in part telying Upon their-strength, and partly on the Showrs

Of mighty Stones perpetually flying

Upon the Trojans from the Wall and Tow'rs
As thick as to the ground fall flakes of Snow
When by a cold Wind flirred is the Cloud.

Their Weapons from their hands on both fides go.

And Shields and Helmets crack apace and loud.

Eur Afins at this vext to the heart

Then spake to Jove, and clapping of his thigh,

Ay me, said he, thou too a Lyer art

That maid'st us to believe the Greeks would fly;

Who like so many motly Wasps or Bees

That in the hollow way their Houses build And for their young result their Enemies.

Till they repel them or themselves be kill'd, Still sharply fight and will not quit the place.

Thus Asias said, but Jove unmoved sate,

And none that day but Hellor meant to grace.

And as at this, they fought at ev'ry Gate.

I cannot like a God relate it all,

The flaming Stones that from the Trojans flew

On ev'ry fide. How th' Argives no way knew
To tave themselve but for the Ships to fight;

And how the Gods that with the Greeks took part

Sate discontent in Heav'n and full of spignt To see Jove so severely make them smart.

By the bold Lapiths, though but two they were.

For Petypætes Pirithous Son

At Damafas threw first a heavy Spear,

And through his Helmets brizen cheeks it went,

And through the Bone into the Brain went on; And when unto the Shades he him had fent,

He killed Orminus and Pyloon.

And then a deadly Spear Leontes threw,

Which through the body pierc'd Hippolochus.

And on Antiphates his Sword he drew And killed him, and then Iamenus,

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Orefles, Menon, one upon another.

But whilft they flay'd to ftrip thefe and the reft;

Belor, Polydamis, and many other

That of the Trojan Army were the best, Were at the Trench, and stood upon the brink

The Wall to break, and fer the Ships on fire.

But as they flood a little while to think

There came a Bird not futing their defire.

An Eagle in his Pounces held a Snake,

And over Hettors Soldiers carry'd it Alive, but that could vet refistance make,

And by and by the Snake the Eagle bit.

The Eagle smarring cri'd and flew away,
And monost the Trains less the Serpent fal

And 'mongst the Trojans less the Serpent fall, and there amazed they, and gaping stay

To see Joves Prodigy before them crall.

O Heffor, faid Polydamas, though your

In Courts and Councils cross whatere I say,

How good foere it for you be and true,

(Which is not well done, for your Counfel ought

In Peace and War to have their Voices free, And never give advice against their thought,

But always for the Publick good to be;

Yer now I'll tell you, if this Bird be fent

Unto the Trojans as a Prodigy,

For this I think the end of it will be :

As th'Eagle in his Pounces bore the Snake,

Bur could not to her young ones bear it home; So if the Traigus this attempt shall make,

They'll back unto the City marring come,

And many good Companions leave behind,

Whom th' Argives to defend their Ships will kil'.

And this (I think) will any Angur find

Ther in's profession has any skill.

Then H ffor fow rely looking thus reply'd.
Polydamas, this Countel Ilike not;

You have a herrer which you from me hide.

But if indeed it be your very thought,

The Gods have sure depriev'd you of your Sense, That bid me not on Jove to set my rest, But seather'd Fowls, that sty I care not whence,

Nor whither, right or left, or East or West.

But we to fove the greatest God will trust,

That all the other Gods excells in might. He one Bird has, that still observe we must, And that is, For our Country well to fight:

But why are you so much afraid? For though

You ne're fo many see before you slain, You of your self will have a care I know

And not adventure where you may abstain.

But if you stay or Counsel other men

To flay behind, my Spear shall strike you dead. This said, he led them surther on; and then

They all with mighty clamour followed.

And Fore a mighty wind from Ida fent,

Which to the Ships directly blew the daft,

That to the Trojans gave encouragement, But to the Argives horror and distrust.

Encourag'd thus unto the Wall they go

And brake down Battlements, and Posts pluckt out,

And Piles that had been planted by the Foe

With Leavers strong they wring up by the Root.

Thus at the Wall the Trojans laboured,

And hope they had the fame to overthrow. Before the Battlements the Argives spread

Cow-hides, and thence threw Stones on them below.

The Ajaxes then ran from Tow'r to Tow'r Endeavouring to give the Argives heart,

Some with fweet words, and some of them with sowr,

According as they each one did his part

Fellows (faid they) you that excel in War, And you that great strength have, and you that small

(For well you know, all men not equal are)

Now play the men, there's bus'ness for you all. Fear not the clamour of this threatning man;

As (if Jove hinder not) I know you can,
We'll course him to the Gates of Ilium.

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Thus they encouraged the Greeks. And now, As when great Jove to show his Armory Upon a Winters day sends down his Snow, Innumerable are the slakes that sly

And cover Hills and Woods and Pastures green,
And all the fruitful works of Husbandry,
And cover would (but that the Sea comes in)

Both Ports and Shores; for there Snow cannot lye.

The Wall with Stones resounded round about.
Yet Histor ne're had broken Wall nor Gate
But by the Greeks had still been kept without,
Had not Fove sent (the Trojans t'animate)

His Son Sarpedon. With his Shield of Brais
Lined with many folds of strong Cow-hide,
And which with golden Circles strength'ned was,

And which with golden Circles strength'ned was,
And two Spears in his hand to th'Wall he hi'd,

And as a Lion that had fasted long

Comes from the Hill upon a flock of sheep, Will try what he can do, for all the throng Of Men and Dogs that them are set to keep;

So boldly goes Sarpedon to the Walls

With mighty hand the Battlements to tear.

And as he going was to Glaucus calls.

Glancus, said he, what cause think you is there

That we in Lycia more honour'd are

Than other men, and lookt upon like Gods,

And higher set at Feasts, and better Fare,

And drink best Wine, and more Land have by odds ?

Ist not because we foremost are in fight?

More honour, fince they are of greater might,

And their lives venture other men to fave.

By running from the Battle cowardly,

ıall

D'ye think I foremost would my self engage,
Or ever counsel you to follow me?
You know the ways to death are in faire.

You know the ways to death are infinite.

Though we re're fight we cannot always live.

Therefore come on and let us bravely fight,

And either honour gain or honour give.

So said Sarpedon. Glaucus him obey'd;
And tow'rds the Greeks well followed they went.
Then Mnesteus was terribly asraid.

For to assault his Tower he saw them bent.

And lookt about what Heroes he could fpy
On other Towers unto his aid to call.

He faw th' Ajaxes two, and Teucer by,

But too far off to hear. For at the Wall
Of Shields and Helmets fo great Thumping was
That 'twas impossible to hear him call

The Gates resounded no less than the Brass; For fiercely they were fighting at 'em all.

Then Mneltens to the Squire Thootes faid, Run quickly call the Ajaxes to me,

Both, if they can be spar'd. I am asraid Against these men I shall not able be

To keep my place. Keen Warriours they are. But if they be themielves diffressed there,

Let Telamonius of this place take care,

And Teacer use his bow and Arrows here.

Thootes then unto th' Ajaxes ran

Along the Argive Wall, and to them faid, Mneltens entreats both of you, if you can,

To ceme unto his Tow'r and give him aid. Keen Warrioars (he fays) these Lycians are.

But if you be your selves diffressed here Let Telamonius of the place take care,

And Teucer use his Bow and Arrows there.

This faid, great Aizx faid unto the less, Alizades stay here a while, till I

Deliver Mnesleus from his diffres.

That done, I shall be with you presently.

Ajax and Tencer then together go

Unto the Tow'r of Mneffens with all speed,.
Pardion with them carry'ng Tencers Bow,

And at their coming found them in great need.

The Lycians like a black and lowring Cloud Ascended to the Wall and fiercely fought.

The Greeks refist. The noise is mighty loud.

And with a heavy Stone stood Ajax out

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That two men scarce could carry, such as now

The Earth brings forth, and with the same he stroke

Epicles on the Helmet such a blow

As Head and Helmer both in pieces broke. Down like a Diver from the Wall fell he

Headlong, and dead upon the ground he lay.

At Glaucus Teucer lets an Arrow flee

Which through his Arm unarmed made its way.

Glausus no longer able now to fight,

Leapt from the Wall unseen unto the ground,

For fear, if of his hurt they had a fight,

The Greeks would make a Triumph of his wound:

Griev'd was Sarpedon to see Glaucus gone,

But not so grieved but that still he fought,

And fixt a heavy Spear in Alemaon,

And with the same his life and all pluckt out.

Sarpedon then tore down a Battlement,

And wider for the Lycians made the way.

But Teucer then an Arrow to him fent.

But Jupiter to fave his Son that day

The Shaft unto his Shield and Belt directed,

So that it passed not unto the skin.

The Shield and Belt together him protected.

And then with Spear in hand came Ajax in, And with a Push that pierc'd his Shield clean through

His coming on a little while he stay'd.

But with Sarpedon that could little do,

That honour fought. Then to his friends he faid,

Ye Lycians what makes you thus remis?

Can I make way unto the Ships alone?

Strong as I am, impossible it is.

For many hands much better are than one. This faid the Lycians heavier than before

(To please their Prince) upon the Argives lay.

The Greeks within their broken Ranks restore,

And terrible the Battle was that day. For neither could the Lyciaus passage make

Unto the Ships and break the Argives Wall,

Nor Greeks compel the Lycians to forfake

The Bartlements, so fiercely fought they all.

As two men on the Confines of their ground At two ends of a Measure tugging stand, Contending earnestly about their bound,

And each of them would fain enlarge his land : So for the Battlement they firlying flood,

And wounded one another Back and Breast, And sprinkled was the Battlement with bloud, Nor was it certain yet who had the best.

But as a Woman that is fain to spyn

To find herself and Children sorry food, In one scale Wooll, in th'other Weights puts in Till they hang ev'n, soev'n the Battle stood Till Hester came, to whom Towe chiefly means

Till Hector came, to whom Jove chiefly meant To give the honour of the Victory.

Then Hettor up the Wall the formost went,

And thence unto his Trojans loud did cry,

Trains come on and break me down this W

Trojans come on, and break me down this Wall, And let the Argives hollow Ships on flame.

This faid, he heard was by the Trojans all, And ftreight unto the Battlements they came.

Then Heltor at the Gate took up a stone

Great and sharp-pointed; two men such as now

Could scarce have lifted up so great a one:

But Hetter with one hand the fame could throw;

For Jupiter to him had made it light. And as unto a Shepherd is a Fleece

Of Wool, that to be born needs little might;
So eas'ly born the Stone by Histor is,

And standing at the Gate well fortifi'd

With Planks well joyn'd, and two cross-bars within,

And taking with his right foot back a ftride

Out flew the stone and at the Gate went in.
The Gate then roar'd; the Hinges broken were;

And pieces of the Planks flew here and there; And to the Ships now open was the way.

And Hector with a Countenance like night

Flew in. And fire appeared in his eyes: His Armour as he marched shined bright,

And light reflected up unto the Skies;

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And two good Spears he grasped in his Fist.

And then the Greeks were mightily asraid;

For none except a God could him resist.

And then unto the Trojans turning said,

Now Trojans to the Wall. And presently

Great numbers of the Trojans that way pass,

And others at the Gate. The Argines fly

Unto their Ships. And great the Tumult was,

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LIB. XIII.

WHen Jove had to the Ships the Trojans brought, He left them fighting there, and turn'd his face (Thinking th'Immortals would no more have fought) And lookt upon the fields and men of Thrace, And Mysians, and Hippomolgi (men That live on Milk the goodly Mothers give Of lufty Steeds, and are more honeft than The rest of Mortals, and do longer live.) While Neptune from a hill in Somothrace Lookt down and faw the Greeks and Trojans fight. For thence of Ida hill and all the space Bout Troy and th' Argive Fleet he had a fight. And grieved was to fee the Argives flain, And mightily offended was with Jove, And from the Hill in haft came down again, On foot; and ever as his feet did move, Under the same the haughty Mountains shook, And the thick Woods, and unto Age came. Thither to come four steps he only took. There stands a Temple sacred to his name, Of gliffring Gold and never to decay. And there he put his Horses to his Char. Long Mains of Gold they had, and fwift were they. And then in Gold himfelf array'd for War. And mounted on his Char ore Sea he drives. The Whales on both fides from the bottom rife Their King to fee. The Sea her bosome rives, But not a drop up to the Axtree flies. Thus quickly to the Argives Neptune came. Half way 'twixt Tenedus and Imbrus is In the deep Sea a Cave, and in the same

(Left coming back his Horfes he should miss)

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He sets them up and laid before them Meat,
And ty'd them there with Foot-locks at their seet,
Strong Locks of Gold, that loose they could not get.

Then up he went unto the Argive Fleet,
And there he found the Trojans like a Flame.

At Heffer's heels with mighty noise and cry

At Hector's heels with mighty noise and cry, Greedy and full of hope the Greeks to tame,

And then in flames to make their Ships to fry.

Then Neptune speaking to th' Ajaxes two

In Chalchas shape, You two (faid he) can save

The Ships, if you but fet your felves thereto.

For of the Foe no fear at all I have lnother parts. Defended they will be

By other Greeks. The danger all is here Where Heftor like a flame you leading fee,

That would be thought the Son of Jupiter.

If you but think some God bids you resist,

And thand your ground when Hellor cometh on, And chear your fellows; though fove him affift, He quickly from your good Ships will be gone.

This faid, he on them both his Scepter laid.

And presently themselves they fireness inne;

ineir Thighs and Legs and Hands much lighter weigh'd.

And Neptune suddenly rose from the ground.
Justes a Hawk from off a Rock flies at

Some other Fowl; fo quickly Neptune role.

The leffer Ajax first observed that,

And to the greater did the same disclose.

Ajax (faid he) this was some Deiry

That in the shape of Chalchas bad us fight. For 'twas not Chalchas I am sure. For I

As he went off had of his Legs a fight, And of his Feet and Steps. For marks there are

To know a God by from a man. Withall

Methicks much more inclin'd to War.

Methinks my hands and feet for Battle call.

And so do mine (faid Telamonius)

And fain I would with Hellor have about. While they together were discourfing thus, Meptune behind them busie was about.

Confirming those that to the Ships were gone
A little to refresh themselves. For they
Had long and painful labour undergone,

And heavy at their hearts the danger lay.
When Hellor and his Troops had pass'd the Wall,
And of their safety were in great dispair.

But Neptune coming soon confirm'd them all,
And gave them hope their Fortune to repair.
To Tencer first he came and Leitus,

To Deipyrus and to Meneleos, Meriones and flout Antilochus,

And flanding near, addrest his Speech to those Fly (Argives) fie young men; what shame is this? Upon your hands I chiefly did rely

To fave our Ships. If you be fo remiss,
The day is come in which we all must dye

By Hector's hands. O ftrange! I never thought
The Trojans durft to th'Ships have come so neer

That heretofore peep out o'th' Town durst nor, But like to Hindes that hide themselves for sear Of Leopards, Wolves, and other Beasts of Prey.

For fo at first they did. Pur you'll not fight

Dishonoured the man of greatest might. But what though Agamemnon have indeed

Dishonour'd Thetis Son, must we therefore Give over fight? Or rather with all speed

Endeavour all we can to cure the Sore?
But howfoere, you that excuseless are,

And of the Argive Army all the best, And Bodies have and Hearts well made for War,

I needs must reprehend you. But the rest
That weak or wretched are I cannot blame.
Fond men, this negligence may bring forth yet

Some greater ill. Then come away for shame.

For never were the Greeks so hard beset.

Hestor has broken both the Bars and Gates.

And now hard by our Ships he fiercely fights,
And with great noise his Hojans animates.

Thus Neptune the dismayed Greeks excites.

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At th' Ajaxes the Ranks flood firm and close, Nor Mars nor Pallas could a fault have spy'd.

They chosen were the Trojans to oppose

Whom Hector led. And standing fide by fide, Shield Shield, and Target Target, and Man Man Suffain'd, and Spear by Spear affifted was.

So close they flood, and labour all they can

Lest Meter to their hollow Ships should pass. And Hector with his Troops went swiftly on.

As when a Torrent swell'd with showers of rain Breaks from the hill a round and heavy stone,

It makes the Wood refound, till at the Plain,

Swift as it thither roll'd, it rolls no more; So Hellor marching made account to pals

Through th' Argive Fleet and Tents to the Sea-shore.

But at th' Ajaxes Battle Copt he was.

And forced back a little to recoile,

Refifted by so many Spears and Swords,

And speaking to his Trojans stood a while, And Lycians, and Dardans in these words.

Ye Trojans, Lycians, Dardans do not fly.

I know they cannot long maintain the Fight

If we upon fove's promise may rely,

Who all the other Gods excells in might. This faid, Deiphobus went tow'rds the Foe,

Holding his Buckler out before him high, So that it cover'd him from Head to Toe,

Meriones that on him had his eye, His Spear threw at him, which no harm did do.

For though upon the Buckler fell the firoke, lt carry'd not th'intended mischief through,

But in the tough Bull-hides the Spear he broke, Then back unto the throng he went, and fum'd Both for the loss of the good Spear he brake,

And of the Victory he had prefum'd,

And went to th'Ships another Spear to take.

The rest fought on, and mighty noise there was. There Tencer with his Spear flew Imbrius The Son of Mentor, till the Greeks did pass

The Sea to Troy he dwelt at Pedajus,

And to Medeficafte there was wed.

But when the Argives came to Troy, he then Dwelt in King Priams Court, much honoured

Both by the King himself and by his men. But now by Tencer's Spear was slain. And as

Upon a Hill a gooly Alhen-tree,

Unto the ground (cut from the roots with brass)
Brings down its boughs; so to the ground fell he.

To ftrip him of his Arms then Tencer goes;

Which Hellor seeing, at him threw his Spear, And misses him; yet not in vain he throws, But kills another man that stood him near,

Amphimachus, that newly to the fight

Was from the Ships come back t'affift the rest;

And scarcely of the Skirmish had a fight When Hettor's Spear he felt upon his breast.

Then to Amphimachus came Hettor near, Meaning his Helmet from his head to take.

Which Ajax seeing at him threw his Spear
That hit his Shield, but passage could not make.
Yet with such strength the Spear sell on his Shield,

That backward he was driven from the dead; So that the Arghues bore them off the Field.

Amphimachus to th'Ships was carried By Mnesttheus and Stichius that led

Th'Athenian Troops. But the Ajaxes two,

One at the Feet, another at the Head,

Bore Imbrius from off the ground into
The throng of Greeks like hungry Lions two
That carry in their laws a Gost which they

That carry in their Jaws a Goat which they Had fnatched from the Dogs, and were to go Through many Shrubs to carry it away.

Him they disarm'd, and to let Hettor know it The leffer Ajax cutteth off his head,

And turning round with all his strength doth throw it,

Now Neptune for Amphimachus thus flain,

Who from his Loins descended, vexed fore,

Went to the Argive Ships and Tents again
To chear the Greeks, and hurt the Trojans more,

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And with Idomeneus metas he went,

That had a wounded friend brought from the fight,

And streightway back again to go he meant

To them that fought and help them all he might.

And Neptune like unto Andremons Son

Thoas, whose Father all th' Etolians swai'd

Like Jove in Pleuron and in Calydon,

Unto Idomeneus then spake and faid,

O King Idomeneus, what is betide

Of th' Argive threats that Ilium they would tame?

O Thoas (then Idomeneus reply'd)

I know not any man that we can blame. There's none of us but understands the War,

Nor any that betray themselves with sear,

Nor that for floth to fight unwilling are.
But Jove, it feems, will have us perish here.

But Theas, you that always heretofore

Have fought fo well, and fet on other men,

Still hold that purpose never giving ore.

T'Idomeneus then Neptune said agen,

Idomeneus may that man ne're come back,

But in the Field lie for the Dogs a Prey,

Dat at this time is negligent or flack.

But now put on your Arms and come away,

And quickly. For although we are but two, Yet fince conjoyned force of men not ftrong

Can do as much as one good man, let's go.

This faid, up Neptane went into the throng.

Idomeneus then goes into his Tent

And arm'd himself, and took in's hand two Spears,

And out again he came like Lightning fent

To men from Jove to fill their hearts with fears,

And scarce come forth, he met Meriones

That to his Tent was going for a Spear,

And speaking to him said Idomeneus,

Merianes my friend what make you here? What are you wounded that you leave the Fight?

Or bring you me some news? For I to hide

My self from Battle here take no delight.

Meriones then to him thus reply'd.

O King Idomeneus unto your Tent"

I forc'd was from the Battle to come down. And thence to take a Spear of yours I meant, Since on Deiphobus I broke my own.

A Spear then faid Idomeneus, there are

Twenty if you had need of them that fland Upright against the Walls which in this War I took from Trojans vanguishe by my hand.

For when I fight I fland neer to the Foe.

And that's the cause so many Spears I have, And can so many Shields and Helmets show,

And Armours for the breast great store and brave.

Then Spake Meriones; And I said he

Have many Spoils of Trojans at my Tent, But fetcht from thence so soon they cannot be.

For close up to the Foe I also went

Amongst the foremost boldly. Which although

The Argives take notice of, yet you That how I still behav'd my self, well know Can bear me witness what I say is true.

To him then thus Idomeneus repli'd,

Meriones, this need not have been faid, I know your courage were it to be tri'd,

And men somewhere in ambush to be laid (Where fear and courage are discerned best; For there 'tis feen who valiant are, who not,

A Coward's heart still panteth in his breast; And nothing but on death he has his thought;

He cannot without trembling quiet fit, But dances on his Hams, and changes hue;

And cannot hold himself upon his feet;

And shakes his Chaps. These things a Coward shew

But in a valiant man there's none of this. He quietly abides without afright.

When in the danger he engaged is; And longs for nothing but to come to fight) If you amongst them had been there, I know

. None of them such a fault in you had found.

Or if you had been hurt 'ris fure enow,

Nor in your back nor neck had been the Wound,

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But either in your belly or your brest.

But let's no longer talk like Children here,
Lest we be blam'd. I think it therefore best
You now go to my Tent and take a Spear.
This said, Meriones setcht out a Spear,
And with Idomeneus went to the Fight,
As Mars, when in the Field he will appear,
And with him his beloved Son Affright,

And to th' Ephyrians and Phlegyans goes
From Thrace to give one fide the Victory;

So with Idomenens unto the Foes
Meriones went up couragioufly,

And to him said, Idomentus where now O'th' left, or right side of the Trojan Host, Or in the midst shall we our force bestow

To help the Greeks? For now they need us moft.

Idomeneus then to him faid agen;

The middle of the Battle to maintain
There ready stand enow, and able men,
Tencer good Bowman and th' Ajaxes twain.
Hittor shall there of fighting have his fill

As greedy as he is. Though strong he be He'll find it hard that way to have his will, . And come unto the Ships with Victory,

And born them if Jove not with his own hand
Throw in the Brands. He must be more than man

Whom Ajax is not able to withfland;
Not mortal, such as live by Ceres can,
And may be killed with a Spear or Stone.

For Ajax with Achilles may compare In standing fight, though able less to run. In that, Achilles him excelleth far.

But now unto the Battle let us go

But

And fall on at the left fide of the field, And try what we are able there to do,

And either Honour win or honour yield, This faid, they went together to the Fight,

And on them presently the Trojans sell.
There was no place for Victory to light,

So close they fought on both fides and so well.

And

And such a mighty Clould of dust they raise
As when great Winds contend upon the Plain
Is in dry weather raised from the ways,

While one to kill another takes great pain.
And horrid of the Squadrons was the fight.

That briss'd was all over with great Spears.

Their Armours, Shields, and Helmets, with their light Dazled the eyes, and clamour fill'd the ears.

Hard hearted had he been that with dry eyes
Had this affliction of the Heroes seen,

That from the Sons of Saturn did arise, And but for their dissention had not been.

For Jupiter for Hestor was and Troy,

And meant to honour Thetis and her Son;

But not th' Achean Army to destroy. But Neptune moved with compassion

To fee the Argives by the Trojans flain, And angry with his Brother, fecretly

In likeness of a man rose from the Main T'incourage them and give them Victory.

Though they were Brothers, yet fove of the two
The Elder and the Wifer was, so that

Neptune against Jove's will durst nothing do In favour of the Greeks diftrest, but what

He thought might be effected Privily.

And thus they Saw from Brother unto Brother

Of crue. 'ar was drawn alternately,

And many flain of on fide and the other.

And now half gray came in Idomeneus

With lufty Cretans, and the Trojan frighted.

For presently he lew Othryoneus,

Othryoneus that was by Fame invited
To purchase honour in the War at Troy,
And promis'd, if Cassandra he might wed,

For Ilium to drive the Greeks away.

Which Priam to him granted if he sped. And in this hope, strutting he went to fight.

There with his Spear Idomeneus him smote. The Spear upon his Belly just did light.

And down he fell; his Armour fav'd him not.

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idomeneus insulting ore him spake.

Othryoneus great praise you'll win indeed

If you can do what you did undertake.

Come fight for us; and you shall no worse speed.

For if you for us win the Town of Troy, Atrides fairest Daughter yours shall be.

Come with me to the Greeks that there we may Upon the Wedding-Articles agree.

And then to be revenged Asius meant,

And was on foot, although his Horses there

Breathing upon his back behind him went.

And at Idomeneus had thrown his Spear

But that to throw he time enough had not;

Because the other made the greater hast,

And with his Spear had hit him in the throat,

And out again ar's neck the point had past. And there as some great Oak or Poplar-tree,

Or Pine cut down, that by a Shipwright must

Befaw'd in Planks falls down, so sell down he Grasping with both his hands the bloudy dust.

The Charretier was fo amaz'd thereat

That he forgot to run his Charre with fear.

And quiet fare. Antilochus faw that,

And going neerer, at him threw his Spear. which through his Armour and his Belly wen-

And gasping fell to th'ground the Charretier.

Antilochus to th'Ships his Horses sent,

And by the Argives now possest they were

And then Deiphobus himself advanc'd

And at Idomeneus he threw his Spear,

Which grazing only on his Buckler glanc'd

Unto the Argives that behind him were.

for as he saw it come he sunk, and hid His body all under his Shield of brass.

It not from out his hand depart it did

Invain ; for withit flain Hypfenar was.

Diphobus then crowing faid, So, fo,

Afins does not go unreveng'd to Hell.

ad though the place unpleasant be, I know To have such company will please him well.

ntus

Antilochus

Antilochus then to the Body came, And kept the Trojans off from stripping it.

Mecistes and Alastor bare the same

Upon their Shoulders to the Argive Fleet.

Idomeneus still like a Fury went,

To kill more Trojans or himself be kill'd. And for the Argives thought his life well spent,

Alcathous then met him on the Field,

Who was a Suiter to Hippodamie
Anchises eldest Daughter, and the best

Beloved by her Parents both was she, And of her time exceeded all the rest

In Beauty, and in curious Work, and Wir, And a fit Confort for the best of Troy.

But Neptune now on purpose bound his feet, And from his Eyes though bright rook fight away;

So that he could not fly, nor turn, nor fight, But fixed flood like to a Post or Tree;

And by Idomeneus with Neptune's might

Pierc'd through the Armour, and the Breast washe

And through the Heart, as plainly did appear.

For as he bleeding on the ground did lie,

The beating of his heart did shake the Spear; And Mars took from him all his Chivalry.

Idomeneus then crowed mightily.

Deiphobis (faid he) is't not enough
That for your one man I have killed three?
If not, come on and take a better proof

Of what the Seed of Jove in War can do.

For Jove got Minos, and Deucalion he.

He me, and I whole Ship loads bring of Wo

To Troy, unto thy Father, and to thee. This faid, Deiphobus confidered

Whether to flay and meet him hand to hand,

Or see by whom he might be seconded.

And at the Reer he saw Aneas stand.

For he not much good will did Priam bear,

Who small respect unto his Vertue paid. To him Deiphobus approaching near,

Aneas, now (faid he) you must us aid:

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Your Brother-in-law Alcathous is kill'd,
Who oftentimes has fed you with his hand,
And naked will be left upon the field
B'Idomeneus, unless you him withftand.

This faid, t'Idomeneus they came away,
And with him greedy were to enter fight.
And he as boldly did their coming flay.

Though two to one, they did not him affright.

But as a Boar in unfrequented place,

By Dogs and Men pursu'd, stands sullenly Knowing his strength, and looks them in the face, Bristled his Back, and slaming is his Eye;

So for Aneas Staid Idomeneus,

And to his fellows call'd; Ascalaphus,

Meriones, Antilochus, and Aphareus,

Good men of War, and you Deipyrus, Come hither friends, faid he. I coming see Aneas towards me with mighty rage,

A valiant man at Arms you know is he, And now is in the flower of his Age.

Were I so young, and of the mind I am, I'd honour win of him or he of me.

The faid they quickly all about him came Aneas to repel or kill. Then he

Call'd Paris to him and Agenor, and Dephobus, the Argives to oppole,

And all of them of Trojans had command,

And with their Spears behind him marched close.

when a Shepherd leads with a green Bough His Sheep from off the Pasture to the Brook, ioy'd to see them follow him; so now !

duas in his Troops great pleasure took.

of oner they were come unto the ground

Whereon Alcathous his Body was, aclose they fought, and hideous was the sound Of Helmets, Shields and mighty Arms of brass.

I there the two that far excell'd the rest

usuas and Idomeneus would fain

he fix'd their Spears in one anothers Brest.

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For by Idomeneus declin'd it was,

And coming to the ground fluck trembling there.

And then threw he and killed Oenomaus,

And pierced was his Belly with a Spear. Who falling filled both his hands with dust.

Idomeneus pull'd out again his Spear.

But to take off his Arms he durft not trust Himself, so many Lances slying were.

His Limbs and Feet not supple were and light To throw or shun a Spear. They now were pass

Their best, yet good were in a standing Fight.

But could not from the Battle run so fast.

And as he flowly walked off the Field,

Deiphobus that alwaies bore him fpight

A Spear threw at him, but him mis'd, and kill'd
Ascalaphus Son of the God of Fight.

And on his hands into the dust fell he.

But Mars yet knew not that his Son was dead.

For in the Golden Clouds by Jove's decree With all the other Gods prohibited

To meddle in the Battle, quiet far. About Ascalaphus the strife was all,

And first Deiphobus his Helmet gar, But forc'd he was again to let it fall.

For in the Arm he then receiv'd a wound Which by Meriones was to him fent,

Who quickly took the Helmet from the ground.

And with it back unto the Argives went.

Deiphobus was by Polites (who

His Brother was) born forth unto his Charre, And bleeding in his Charre the Town Into.

But still upon the Field went on the Warre,

And Aphareus there wounded in the throat
Was by Aneas Spear, wherewith his Head

On one fide hanging Shield and Helmet brought
Down with him to the Earth. There lay he dear

And Thoon by Antilochus was flain,

That to him turn'd his back and meant to fly;

For by the Spear in two was cut the vein Which all along the Back to th'Neck de hije.

addown he fell. Antilochus stept in To strip him. But the Foes about him round hrew at him Spears, but never touch'd his Skin, Although his Shield received many a wound. or he was well defended on each fide By Neptune, who unto him bore good will, kause he ne'er would from the Fight abide. And 'mongst the Foes his Spear was flying still. mas his Spear at one he aiming stood, He by Aliades observed was, Who to him came as near as well he cou'd And threw his Spear, whereof one halt did pass lean through Antilochus his Shield, and stuck Therein; but th'other half fell to the ground. or Neptane him preferv'd from that ill luck. So scapt Antilochus without a wound. ad Adamas retir'd into the rout. Meriones sent after him a Spear, Which entring at his hinder parts, came out Beneath his Navel, and above his gear, There wounds most fatal are. Then down he falls, And like a Cow that by the Horns is ty'd frength of Swains, a little while he sprawls, But with the plucking out the Spear he dy'd. ad then the Son of Priam Helenus With a broad Sword in hand all Steel of Thrace pon the Helmet smote Deipyrus, Who there fell down and dy'd upon the place. he Greeks took up the Helmet at their feet. And griev'd thereat was Menelaus fo hat up he went with Helenns to meet Staking his Spear. The other draws his Bow. id on the Breaft-plate hit was Menelaus. But off the Arrow flew like chaff which fan'd from the Corn. But th'other wounded was Just where he held the Bow quite through the hand. dragging Hand and Spear himself withdrew. Into the Trojan Troops; where from the wound he heavy Spear his friend Agenor drew, and in a woollen bandage wrapt it round,

Which

Which in his hand a Servant held hard by.

And then Pisandrus went to Menelaus,

Betray'd thereto by cruel Destiny.

And when they were to one another nigh, First Mevelaus threw his Spear, but wide,

At him Pisandrus then his Spear lets fly.

But passage being arthe Shield deny'd, Beneath the brasen point in twain it crackt: Then to him with his Sword went Menelaus,

And he to Menelaus with an Ax,

Which cover'd with his Buckler ready was,
And on his Helmet creft then fell the stroke.

But he Pisandrus with his keen Sword hit
Hoon the Forehead part the Nose, which broke

Upon the Forehead near the Nose, which broke The Bone, and carry'd present death with it. His Eyes unto the ground fell in the blood.

Atrides kickt him as o'th' ground he lay,

Then ftript him of his Arms, and ore him ftood Insulting, and reproaching those of Troy.

Thus thus (said he) proud Trojans, you'll at last Be taught to quit our Ships, and have your fill Of bloody War, and pay for what is past.

You thought, ye Dogs, too little was the ill,

Against the Laws of Hospitality

To steal away my Goods, and wedded Wife; But further will (if in your pow'r it lye)

Deprive the Argive Princes all of Life; And burn their Ships, although no injury I ever did you. But I hope we shall

Your greediness of fighting satisfie:

But Father Fove, who (men say) art of all The Gods most wise, all this proceeds from you,

That to the Trojans falle and infolent

More favour shew than to the just and true; So that with Peace they never are content.

Of every thing there is fatiety.

Of Sleep, of Love, of Dance, and pleasant Song. And all men else with War may cloyed be,

Only the Trojans still for fighting long.

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This faid, the Armour to the Ships he fent, And 'mongst the foremost Greeks again he fought.

And there Harpalion unto him went

(Who t'llium swas by his Father brought. But brought from thence again he never was)

And at him throws his Spear, and hits his Shield Right in the midft. But through it could not pass;

The stubborn Brass unto it would not yield.

Missing his purpose he the field forfook,

And fearing to be sain lookt still about,

Inil an Arrow keen him overtook,

Sent from Meriones, that past throughout from Buttock unto Bladder. Then he fare

Expiring mongst the Trojans his good friends,

and lay like to a Worm benummed, that

Upon the ground it felf at length extends.

The Paphlagonians of him had a care,

And forry for him carry'd him to Trey.

is Father weeping followed the Charre,

But how to be revenged faw no way. And Paris then with anger was possest,

And 'mongst the Argives lets an Arrow fly:

For of Marpalion he had been the guest, And well received in Paphlagonie. Amongst the Argives one Euchenor was

The Son of Polydus an old Prophet

That knew full well how things would come to pass

Before the Town of Troy, and told him of it. lou must, said he, at home by fickness die,

Or going with the Greeks at Troy be flain. at for all that the Youngman valiantly

Went with the Greeks; but ne're came home again,

hough he behav'd himself with caution there Inhope t'avoid both danger and diseases.

at Paris shot him 'twixt the Cheek and Ear,

And on his Eyes there Death and Darkness seizes.

K. 4.

In keenly fought they here; But Historyet knew not the Trojans that were fighting at the left hand of the Host were so beset, for if he had perhaps been told of that,

For if he had perhaps been told of that,

This

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He might have giv'n the Greeks the Victory; Such courage Neptune gave unto them there.

And fometimes by his strength immediately In battle fighting they assisted were.

But Heltor yet was where he first made way,

Where of Protesslaus the good Ships lay,
And those of Ajax next unto them sate;

Where low the Wall and sharpest was the Fight.

Th'Epeians, Pthians, and Ionians,

Bantians, Locrians, all oppose their might To Hector's, Trojans, Dardans, Lycians.

And led by good men. Th' Athenians By Mnestheus, Bias, Phidas, Stichius.

Meges the leading had of th'Epians, And with him Amphion and Dracius.

Medon and Meneptolemus brought on

The Pthians. Medon was Ajaxes Brother,

And of Oileus the natural Son,

Not gotten by his Wife but by another.

His Wife was call'd Eriopis. And he For killing of her Brother forced fled To fave himself to th' Town of Phylasie,

Where Meneptolemus was born and bred.

And so the Phthian Leaders were these two,
And 'monest the chief of the Bastians sought

To keep the Trojans from approaching to

The Argive Ships to burn them as they thought.

But djax the swift Son of Oeleus

Not all this while departed from the fide

Of Ajax Son of Telamonius.

But as two Oxen which the ground divide Go tugging of the Plow with one consent,

Till underneath their Horns their Foreheads (weat,

So labouring in the field together went Yoakt, both the Little Ajax and the Great.

But Telamonius was followed

With good Companions, who when there was cause His mighty Buckler for him carried.

The other destitute of followers was.

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For none but Locrians to the War he led, Who have no use of Bucklers when they fight, Nor Spears, nor Helmets that defend the Head; But came to Troy with Bows and Arrows light. And in a standing Fight durst not abide. But from behind the Argive Ranks unfeen, They Hector and his Trojans terrifi'd Incessently with showrs of Arrows keen, Whilst from the Front with Spears they plagued were. The Trojans courage then was fo allaid, That into Troy they all had run for fear, But that Polydamas to Hellor faid, Hiffer, you are a manuncounsellable. Because in deeds of Arms you so excel, You think your felf in Counsel roo most able, As if all vertues must in one man dwell. The Gods to some have given well to fight, And others with the Muses they have grac'd; Others with Dance the People to delight; And in the minds of others Wisdom plac'd. The fruit whereof by many is enjoy'd: It Cities faves, as they that have it know, Which quickly would without it be deftroy'd, But what we are to do I'll tell you now. The War now lyerh only on your hand: For fince we past the Wall, some quire give ore, and Armed as they were doidle fland, And th' Enemy than ours that fight are more, Therefore regire and call the Princes hither, That it may be determin'd by them all' Jon mature deliberation, whether Upon the Argives at their Ships to fall If to it please the Gods) or otherwise, Since Afair there resolved is to stay, low with most safety we may hence arise. For they are in our debt for yesterday. baid Polydamas, and Heltor thought The counsel not amile, and ftreight obey'd. and armed from his Charriot leapt out, and standing on the ground unto him faid, KS Pa'ydamas,

ause

Polydamas, flay you, and here detain
The Trojan Chiefs, while to the Fight I go,

And give some Orders there; I shall again Be with you quickly when I have done so.

He mist Deiphobus and Helenus, And valiant Adamas Afiades,

And Asius the Son of Hytacus,

And went about the Field to look for these; Of which some wounded were retir'd to Troy, And some in Battle by the Argives kill'd.

But found his Brother Paris in his way, Encouraging his men upon the Field.

And spake unto him, in ill Language, thus, Unlucky Paris, fine man, Lover keen,

Where are Deiphobus and Helenus

And Adamas? Where are they to be seen?

And what is of Othryoneus become?

And where is Asius? Now certainly

Down to the ground burnt will be Ilium, And thou a miserable death wilt dye.

So Hector faid, and Paris thus reply'd.

Hector, there was for such words now no cause.

Sometimes perhaps you may me justly chide. I do not think a Coward born I was.

For fince unto the Ships you brought the War, We with the Greeks perpetually have fought,

But those you miss slain by the Argives are, Save that Deiphobus was carry'd out,

And Helenus, both wounded in the hand. Now lead us on to what part you think fit.

We ready are to do what you command, As far as firength of body will permit.

This faid, his Brother reconciled was, And both went to where cruelly they fought.

About Cebriones, Polydams, Ortheus, Polyphoetes, and about

Phalces and Palmes and the Children two (Ascanius, Moris) of Hippotion,

Who Ilium but the day before come to, And now to th' Battle went by Jove fet on! Th An

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As when a storm of Wind falls on the Plain

The Sea erects it felf in ridges white, And foaming rolls in order on the Main;

So to the Greeks with Helmets thining bright

The Trojans one another followed

morder with their Captains to the Fight,

And Hector like another Mars at th'Head

With Buckler round and firong, and Armour brights-

His Buckler he before him held far out,

That cover'd was his body with the same,

And peeping under it he look'd about,

And in that posture to the Argives came.

And at the foremost Ranks went here and there
To try if through them he could passage make a

But fast they stood, nor at it troubled were;

And Ajax seeing it unto him spake,

Come neerer man. Why think you to affright

The Greeks? we are not so unus'd to War. Nor are we driven hither by your might;

But by the hand of Jove afflicted are:

Metor, I know, to burn our Ships you think ;

But we have hands as good the Ships to fave,

And Troy will first, I think, int'Ashes fink.

And fhortly, I believe, you'd wish to have, and pray to Jove and all the Pow'rs on high

For Horses that run faster than Hawks fly

That from the Ships you may go speedily.

This faid, an Eagle Dexter presently

Flewover them. And they Jove's Prodigy.

Received gladly with a mighty cry.

Then thus to Ajax Hector did reply.

Ajax, you love to prate and brag and lye.

Othat the Son of Jove as sure were I,

And had been certainly conceived by

Jano Jove's Wife, and as a Deity

Like Pallas and Apollo ne're to dye,

As I am fure great woe will fall this day

Upon the Argives all, and then be kill'd.

Ifor the coming of my Spear thou stay,

And Dogs and Kites shall eat thee in the Field.

This:

This faid, he led away. The Trojans shout, So do the Argives, and resolv'd to try The power of their Foes with courage stout. The noise on both sides went up to the sky.

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LIB. XIV.

Now Neftor with Macaon drinking fat And heard the Greeks and Trojans fighting roar, And to him faid, Macaon, hear you that? The noise is greater much than 'twas before. Let Hecamede ore the fire fet water, And wash away the blood from off your fore, While I go hence and fee what is the matter. But at the Wine fit you still as before. This faid, he took up Thrasymedes Shield, And Thrasymedes (his Son) took up his, and with a good sharp Spear went to the Field, And going forth a shameful fight he fees. The Tiojans chafing while the Argives flie, And down unto the ground was torn their Wall. And then as when a Wave is raifed high By secret Gales, on neither side can fall. Unil some certain and prevailing Wind Commandeth in the Air; So Neftor stood, And with two thoughts diffracted was his mind. Sometimes to got' Atrides he thought good, And sometimes to the Battle. But at last Resolved unto Agamemnon goes, Whilft Shields and Helmers, all the way he paft Resounded in his ears with frequent blows. And as he went the wounded Chiefs he met, ulyffes, Agamemnon, Diomed. For far off from the Fight the Ships were fet, And close unto the Shore lay at a head. . Only the foremost hawl'd were to the Plain, And close aftern of those was built the Wall. For with fo many Ships they croft the Main, That near the Field they could not place them all.

But fide by fide along the Shore they lay,
And took up all the compass of the Bay:
The wounded men, to look upon the Fray
Helpr by their Spears went softly on the way,
Griev'd at the heart, and met with Nestor there.

Who with his coming made them more afraid.

And when unto them Nestor was come near

Then Agamemnon spake, and to him said, O Nestor, Glory of the Argive Nation, I am affraid that Hestor will make good

That which he promis'd once in his Oration Before the Trojans when he boafting stood.

I never will to Troy come back, said he, Till I have sain these Greeks, and set on fire

Their Ships. And now performed it will be.
Oftrange! Do all the other Greeks conspire

Against me with Achilles Thetis Son,

And therefore are resolved not to fight?

Tis plain, said Nestor, some such thing is done,
Else Jove himself could not with all his might

Have made fuch work. The Wall is broken down.
In which to fave our felves we did confide;

And at the Ships they fight, nor was it known, Nor could it be observed on which fide

The Greeks that fighting were, were nost diffrest,
So thick to th' ground in ev'ry part hey fall.

Pur let's consult what course to take were best

But let's confult what course to take were best, If counsel can do any thing at all.

But that we all should fight I'll not advise. For what can wounded men in Battle do?

To Neftor Agamemnon then replies,

Nessor fince now the War is brought unto
Our Ships, and that nor Wall nor Trench does good,
And much the Argives suffer'd have who thought

Their Wall for all the Trojans would have flood,
And all our hopes built on it came to nought.

(For though I know fove once was to us kind, Yet now I fee our ruine he defigns

And pleasure takes in changing of his mind,
And aids the Trojans whilst our hands he binds.)

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Let's all to what I saying am agree:

The Ships that nearest lye to the Sea-side,

Drawn down into the water let them be, And there till Night let them at Anchor ride.

And if the Trojans then give over fight,

We'll fetch away the reft. For 'tis less shame

Adanger to eschew, although by night, Than needlessly to perish in the same.

uly fes frowning on him, then reply'd,

Atrides, what a word have you let fall?

You ought of Cowards to have been the guide,

And not of us Achieans General.

For we by Fove are fram'd for actions high, And to archieve the Wars we undertake

How dangerous foever, or to dye.

And must we now the Siege of Troy forsake,

And after so much labour lost go hence?

Peace, let no other Greek hear what you fay.

Who would have faid this that had common fense, And whom so great an Army did obey?

Noris in how to fly, your counsel right.

Must we our Ships draw down from off the Shore,

And at the same time with the Trojans fight,

Who now rejoyce, but would do then much more?

And we that fight be utterly deftroy'd?

For they that were at Anchor on the Main

Would go their way the danger to avoid.

Thus by your Counsel we should all be slain.

thides to him then this answer gave.

ulyffes your reproof is very smart;

Yet not command but counsel 'twas I gave,

And better I would hear with all my heart.

And so you shall, said Diomed, and though

Amongst you all the youngest man I be, lenot offended with it. For you know

That born I am of a good family.

For Portheus three worthy Sons begat

(In calydon and Pleuron they all dwelled)

Milas, and Agrius, and Oeneus that

The other two in deeds of Arms excelled.

Of him my Father Tydeus was the Son, But in exile at Argos led his life,

And of Adrastus's Daughters marry'd one, And great possessions had he with his Wife.

And there a rich and noble house did keep.

For Corn and Wine and Fruit he had much ground,

And in his Pastures had great store of Sheep, And chiefly was for Chivalry renown'd.

Therefore my counsel, if you find it good, You should not for my Person take amis, Since I dare fight and am of noble blood.

The counsel I shall give you now is this.

Let ev'ry man unto the Battle go,

And place the wounded out o'th' reach o'th' fhor,

That they encourage may against the Foe,

Those discontented men that fight would not. This said, they went together to the Fight.

Which Neptune spying did not idle stand,

But like unto an aged man in fight

Came in and took Atrides by the hand.

Achilles heart (faid he) now leaps to fee

The flaughter of the Argives and the flight,

And joys therein, so little wit has he.

May death and shame upon him for it light.

Atrides, do not all the Gods mistrust.

For sure I am you'll aided be by some,

And fee the Trojans fill the air with dust

As from your Ships they fly to Ilium.

This hid, amongst the Greeks he went about,
And I ud, as if nine or ten thousand men

Together on a Plain had made a Shour,

He shouted, and the Greeks took heart agen. Now June standing on Olympus high

Her Brother mongst the A gives saw with joy

And Jove on Ida with an angry eye;

And in her mind confid ring was which way
To cofen him. And was refolv'd at last
To go to Ida to him finely drest,

And after the had by him been embrac'd To bind him faft, in gentle fleep to reft.

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Then went she to her Chamber, which her Son Vulcan had for her made with Door-posts high, And solid Doors, which of the Gods not one Could open but her self, such mystery Was in the Lock and Key. Then went she in, And fast she lockt the Door, and there alone She with Ambrosia cleans'd her dainty skin,

She with Ambrofia cleans'd her dainty skin, Till not a speck unmeet was lest thereon.

Then 'noints herself with sweet Ambrofian oyl,
That as unto the House of Jove she went,
The seent thereof diffus'd was all the while

Throughout the space twixt th'Earth and Firmament.

Then comb'd and pleated she her Golden Hair, And cloath'd her self with her Ambrosian Vest, And many Figures on't embroid'red were,

And with Gold Buttons button'd at her Breaft.

A hundred Taffels at her Girdle hung.

And wore a precious Pendant at h

And wore a precious Pendant at her Ear
Of three rich Gems. And over all the flung
A dainty Scarf by which they cover'd were

A dainty Scarf by which they cover'd were.
Thenon her tender Feet the ty'd her Shoes.
And when her felt the fully had array'd,
From out her Chamber prefently the goes,

And Venus took afide and to her faid. Sweet child I come a favour to request; But tell me will you grant it, yea or nay. I fear you bear me ill will in your Breaft,

'Cause I for th' Argives am and you for Troy:
And Venus to her answer made and said,

Juno Jove's Sifter, do not from me hide Your mind, which to my pow'r shall be obey'd. Juno to Venus then again reply'd.

Lend me Defire and Love by which you tame Both mortal men and the Immortal Gods.

For to Oceanus I going am,

And Tethys (far from hence) that are at odds. For when beneath the Earth Jove Saturn sent, I was by them received and cherished. But now with one another discontent They will not come together in one bed.

If by this means I him can get within Loves arms again, no jar shall them divide, And I from both shall Love and Honour win. And Venus then again to her reply'd,

Juno, Jove's Wife and Sifter, your request Cannot by me, nor ought to be deny'd, And as the spake the from about her Breaft

The fine inchanting Girdle streight unty'd, Wherein embroyd'red were Love and Defire. Soothing, and Comfort, that sufficient were

A Heart though very wife to fet on fire.

And to her hands she puts it, and said, Here, There's nothing wanting that you need When you would have a man or God beguil'd.

Put it but in your Bosome, you will speed. So Juno did, and as the did it smil'd.

And to the house of Fove then Venus goes. But Fune ore Amathia, and all

Pieria, and all the Thracian Snows,

And never on the ground her foot lets fall, And from the Mountain Athos ore the Deep, And came to Lemnos where King Thoas Swaid,

And there she met the gentle God of Sleep. And took him by the hand, and to him faid, Sweet Sleep, to whom both men and Gods all bow;

If ever with my Will you did comply, Deny not what I shall request you now.

Diffuse sound sleep a while upon Fove's eye

Assoon as he with Love is satisfy'd.

And I will thank you for it whilft I live. And from my hand you shall receive beside, A Chair of beaten Gold which I'll you give;

Vulcan my Son shall make it curiously,

Together with a Foot-Rool for your Foot. And Sleep to Juno then made fuch reply As if he were affraid and durst not do it. Juno, said he, if 'twere another God,

Though Ocean the great Sire of them all, I durst upon his eyes have softly trod.

But not on Jove's, unless he for me call.

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Your Order once (like this) I did obey Before, when Hercules Fove's mighty Son

Went off to Sea after he conquer'd Troy. Mean while the strong unruly Winds set on

By you, with mighty Blast at Sea arose,

And from his best friends hurri'd him in pain.

And at the last threw him ashore at Coos.

But Jupiter, when he awakt again

The Gods at home he all toft up and down. And chiefly would of me have had a fight.

Into the Sea then fure I had been thrown. But that I fled, and was conceal'd by night,

Till of his anger blunted was the edge.

For night great power has with Gods and Men,

And loth was Fove to break her priviledge.

T'encourage him then Juno said agen, D'ye think Fove will as angry be for Troy

As he was then for Hercules his Son ?

But go. Pasiphae you shall enjoy; She's fair and young, and of my Graces one,

And with you as a wife shall always stay.

Content (faid Sleep) but I will have you swear By Styx. Come, on the Earth now one hand lay,

The other on the Sea, that witness bear May all the Gods below, that Juno will.

Give me the Grace Pafiphae to Wife, And that as Wife the shall dwelve with me still.

That love her dearly as I do my life. Then funo, as the was required sware

By all the Subtartarian Gods (by name

They Titans and the brood of Saturn are.) And then together both from Lemnos came

To Lectos, at the foot of Ida Hill,

And ore the Woods upward their way they took. But out of fight of Fove there Sleep stood still;

And as they went the Wood below them shook:

Then Sleep went up into a high Fir-tree, And there he fat in likeness of a Fowl

(All cover'd ore with Boughs and Leaves was he)

Call'd chalcis by the Gods, by us an Owl.

June went on to Gargarus, where Jove Saw her and met her with no less defire Than when the first time to enjoy her love

Without their Parents knowledge he lay by her.

And Jove then standing by her very neer,

What made you from Olympus come, said he, Neither your Charre nor Horses have you here.

Deceitfully then to him answer'd she,

I going am upon a Vifit now

To th'Father and the Mother of the Gods

Oceanus and Tethys; who you know

Did bring me up. For now they are at odds,

And angry he abstainesh from her bed. But if I can, I reconcile them will.

The Horses that me brought unharnessed Attend me at the foot of Ida Hill.

But that I from Olympus hither came,

Was that I would not such a journey take, And not make you acquainted with the same.

This said, to June Jove again thus spake. You may, said he, at any time do that,

But let us now with Love our felves delight.

For never yet upon my heart Love fat

For Woman or for Goddess with such might.

Not when upon the Wife of Ixion The wife Perithous I did beget;

Nor when the fair Maid Danae I won

That brought forth God-like Perseus; nor yet

(When by teropa I two Children got,
Minos and Rhadamant both famous men)

For her; nor Semele, when I begot

Bacchus mans joy; nor for Alemena, when

I Hercules begot my lufty boy;

Nor Ceres, Leto, nor your felf till now. So much I long your Beauty to enjoy.

Fierce Cronides (then answer'd Juno) How ?

On Ida top, for some o'th' Gods to spy,

And tell it to the reft, to make them sport?

Then fo ashamed of it shall be I,

That I shall never after come to Court.

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You have a Chamber without Chink or hole Made you by Mulciber my Son, whereat

Neither the Sun nor any living Soul

Can peep. Go thither if you will do that.

And fove to Juno then again reply'd.

That Man or God shall see us do not fear ;

With such a Cloud of Gold I will us hide,

As to the Sun himself we'll not appear.

This said, within his Arms his Wife he caught

Whilft under them the Earth made to arise

Great store of Saffron, Hyacinth, and Lote.
There pleased Jupiter with Juno lies,

Closely concealed in a Cloud of Gold.

Away went Sleep unto the Argive Fleet,

And speaking there to Neptune said, Be bold,
And help the Greeks a while. Jove cannot see't:

I clos'd his eyes as he by June lay.

He'll foon awake ; but help the Greeks till then ,

Who now before the Trojans dare not stay.

This faid, Sleep went amongst the Tribes of Men,

And Neptune to the Argive Ranks, and cry'd,

Shall Hector think to get the Victory

Because Achilles is not on our fide?

No. Of Achilles little need would be

If every man would his Companion chear.

But now the Counsel I shall give obey.

Arm every man himself with a good Spear,

And Shield, and Helmet ftrong, and come away.

And follow me. I'll lead you to the Field.

Hector (though bold) my coming will not ftay.

But let the best man take the largest Shield,

And to a weaker put his own away.

This faid, well pleased were the Argives all

The wounded Princes arm'd themselves each one;

King Agamemnon first the General.

myffes and Tydides then put on

Their Arms, and every way the Field they range,

Surveying Men and Arms; and all along

Make weak men with their betters Armours change, And give their heavy Arms to men more strong.

Thus

Thus armed all and Neptune at the Head,

Who with a great and long Sword in his hand

Went brandishing as if't had lightned

To th'Fight they go; no man durft him withftand.

And Hector with the Trojans well array'd

On th'other fide came on. And then began Betwixt the Greeks that had the God for aid,

And those of Troy led by a valiant man A cruelFight. And high the Sea arose

Up to the Ships and Tents. And prefently

With Alalaes the mighty Armies close; And up unto the Heavens went the cry,

So loud as now, the Sea did never rore, When beaten twas in heaps by Boreas;

Nor Wind when in the Woods great Oakes it tore.
Up by the roots; nor th'Wood when fir'd it was.

And here did Hector first begin the fight,

And at the greater Ajax threw his Spear,
Which hit him; but upon two Belts did light

Which one upon another lying were, One of his Sword, the other of his Shield.

(For he was in great hope he had him kill'd)

And now retired backward to the throng. Then Ajax in his hand rook up a Stone,

Of those to which the Greeks their Ships did tye (For there amongst their feet lay many a one)

And at him as he parted lets it fly. And as a Top he made it flying spin.

It but a little ore his Buckler flew,

And hit him 'twixt his Buckler and his Chin

Upon the breaft, and to the ground him threw.

As when an Oak is overthrown by Thunder
(Which known is eas'ly by the Brimstone-smell)

Men look upon't with horror and with wonder; So gazed they at Hellor when he fell.

And from his hards went out both Shield and Spear,

And Helmet from his head, and with great cry
The Greeks rush on, and in fair hope they were
To gain his body, and their Spears let fly,

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But all in vain. For by Polydamas, Divine Aneas, and Agenor, and

Sarpedon, and by Glaucus fav'd he was, Who all before him with their Bucklers stand.

Who all before him with their Bucklers fland His friends then from the Battle him convey'd

Unto his Chariot and Charioteer

That close behind the Squadrons for him stay'd, And in his Charre row'rds Ilium they him bear.

But at the ford of Xanthus by the way

They poured water on his face, and then

In little time, as on the ground he lay,

He breath'd and came unto him felf agen. Then fitting on his knees he cast up blood; And backward fell unto the ground again;

Upon his eyes again the darkness stood,

For of the stroke remained still the pain. The Greeks assoon as they saw Hestor gone,

Took heart, and on the Trojans fiercer were.

Then Ajax (of Oileus the Son)

Slew Satnius Son of Enops with his Spear.

His Mother Neis was a very fine

Nymph of the River Satnius. Of the same,

Emps upon the Bank fat keeping Kine,

And on her got a Son call'd by that name.

Bim Ajax now struck through the Flank and slew.

Then for the Body there was much ado. At him Polydamas a Spear then threw,

Which Prothoenors shoulder pierced through.

And on his hands into the dust he fell.

To th' Greeks then boasting said Polydamas, Ihave not thrown in vain. I know full well

That one Greek or another taken't has Tolean on as a Sraff i'th'way to Hell.

At this the Greeks were griev'd, but especially

The heart of Telamonius did swell.

(For Prothoenor flain did neer him lie;)
And with his-Spear threw at Polydamas,

Who nimbly leapt afide and it declin'd.

But by Archelochus receiv'd it was

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Antenors Son, whose death the Fates defign'd,

Who having on his Neck receiv'd the wound, His forehead and his Eyes, and Lips, and Nose Before his Legs or Knees came to the ground.

Then Ajax took his turn, and at it crows:

Polydamas, said he, was Prothoenor

As good a man in your own estimation, As this man that was Brother to Antenor.

Or Son? For he is not unlike that Generation.

This faid he, though he well knew who it was, Then Promachus, as he drew off the dead

Was killed by a Spear from Acamas. And in it Acamas then gloried.

Argives, faid he, great threat'ners as you are
You vulnerable are as well as we,

And no less subject to the chance of Warre.

How quiet Promachus now lies you see.

And fo I hope 'ere long you all 'hall lye.

My Brother not long unrevenged lay.

'Tis good you see to have a Brother nigh.

And when he this had said he went away.

Peneleus then went to throw his Spear

At Acamas, but Acamas was gone.
But yet he threw and kill'd another there,
Ilianes of Phorbas th'only Son.

A man much favoured by Mercury.

The Spear beneath his Eye brow enter'd in, And to the ground fell down the bloody eye.

The Spear went on unto the Brain within, Then fitting down with both his hands outspread

The deadly Spear yet sticking in his eye, Penelous with his Sword cuts off his head

Which to the ground with Helmet on did fly. Then looking up, he to the Trojans said.

Tell this in Troy. And let his Parents mourn.

For Promochus's Wife will not be joy'd,

When we without her Husband shall return.
This said, the Trojans stricken were with fear,
And looks about each one which way to fly.
Now tell me. Muse, who and by whom sain we

Now tell me, Muse, who and by whom sain were When they pursu'd the flying Enemy.

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Great Ajax first the Son of Telamon Killed the Mykan Leader Hyrtins Of Gyrtias the ftrong and valiant Son. Antilochus then killed Mermerus And Phalces. By Mersones were flain Hippotion and Morys. Teucer flew Prothon and Periphetes, good men twain. At Hyperenor then Atrides threw. And gave him on the Flank a cruel wound, And where the Spear went in, his Life went out, And fuddenly he fell unto the ground, And on his eyes fat darkness all about. But he that far the greater number flew, The leffer Ajax was, Olleus Son. Twas hard to scape when Ajax did pursue; For of the Argives all he best could run.

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LIB. XV.

WHen flying they had past the Ditch and Wall, They at the Horses and the Charrets stay'd With loss of many men, and looking pale. And fove awakt flood and the Field furvey'd; And faw the Greeks purfue, and Trojans fly, And Neptune with the Greeks, and Hector laid Upon the plain, his Friends there fitting by, And not a little of his Life affraid. For gasping he scarce able was to draw His breath, and blood abundance vomited, Nor know his friends. When Jupiter him faw, Offended, his condition pityed. And then on Juno fiercely lookt and faid, Funo, I see all this is done by you; And if you for it with a whip were paid, 'Twould be no more than for your work is due. Have you forgot how once you fwung i'th' Air, And had two Anvils hanging at your feet, Your hand with a Gold Chain ty'd to my Chair? Though forry were the other Gods to fee't, Yet had I any seen but go about Your Manucles or Shackles to untye, I from the Sill of Heaven had thrown him out; And strengthless made him on the Earth to lye. I was not so much griev'd for Hercules When Boreas fet on by you, arose

As he went off from Troy, enrag'd the Seas, And at the last threw him ashore at Coos. But I to Argos brought him fafe again. And this I now repeat that you may try Whether you likely are to lofe or gain,

Abusing our familiarity,

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This faid, the Goddess Juno struck with fear,
By Earth, said she, and Heaven about it spread,
By Styx (which is our greatest Oath) I swear,
And by your Life, and by our Nuptial Bed,

I never did to Neptune speak a word;

To hurt the Trojans, or the Greeks to aid;

But all he did was of his own accord,

By pity only and compassion swaid.

And from henceforward I will him advice, Seeing what way you lead, the same to take

Then Jupiter with favourable eyes

On June lookt, and thus unto her spake.

New if your words differe not from your mind,

Go 'mongst the other Gods, and presently

Bid Iris and Apollo to me come.

For Iris unto Neptune I will fend

To bid him leave the Battle and go home.

To Hector and the Trojans-I intend To fend Apollo, to give Hector might,

And cure him of his pain, that he may lead

The Trojans on, and put the Greeks to flight, That Thetis Son may see them scattered;

And he shall fend Patroclus to the Field,

Who shall the Trojans rout and kill my Son

Supedon, and himself shall then be kill'd By Hector's Spear. And after that is done

Achillis in revenge again shall fight,

And by his hand flout Hector shall be kill'd

Under the Walls of Troy, i'th' Trojans fight, And beaten be the Trojans from the Field,

Till Troy by Pallas counsel taken be.

Nor till I have performed all I faid To Thetis supplicating at my Knee,

Letany God presume the Greeks to aid.

This faid, went June to Olympus high.

As when a man looks ore an ample Plain, To any diftance quickly goes his eye,

So swiftly Juno went with little pain,

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And found the Gods at Wine together fet.

And at her coming in they all flood up.

But Themis forward went and June met, And to her hand delivered the Cup.

And faid, You look as if you frighted were By Jupiter for something. But what is't?

You know, faid Juno, that he is severe; And you shall hear the matter if you lift Together with the other Gods, though bad.

They will not all contented with it be;
But some of them will troubled be and sad.

And griev'd was she, though speaking smilingly.

Then Juno went up to her Throne, and fat; And unto all the Gods spake angerly,

How! mad (faid fhe) or foolish are we, that Are thinking how agen Jove's hands to tye,

Who careless and unmov'd on Ida Hill

Knows his own ftrength and does our Plots despite

And therefore what he fends, be't good or ill, We'll take it patiently if we be wife.

Nor must the God of War on Jove complain, Or in Rebellion against him arise

Because his Son Ascalaphus is slain.

At this, with both his Hands Mars clapt his Thigh,

And to the Gods above complaining faid,
Pardon me Gods, I will revenge my Son;
And 'mongft the Argives go and give them aid,

Though I should lye amongst the dead. Then on

He put's his Armour, and gives order to Terror and Flight his Charret to prepare,

And then there had been twice as much ado
T'appeale Joves anger ere it came to War,
If Pallas had not (for the Gods afraid)

Pluckt off his Helmet, and fet up his Spear, And pull'd his Buckler off, and to him faid,

Fool, Bedlam, What have you no Ears to hear? You hear what news now Juno brings from Jove.

And if you care not though your felf be loft,

Yet let the danger of us all you move.

For Jose will leave both Greek and Trojan Hoft,

And coming hither seize us one by one, And never ask who guilty is or not. Therefore give over vexing for your Son, For better men than he, by Gods begot, Already here have been and shall be slain. The Gods cannot preserve their Children all. This faid, the brought Mars to his place again. And Juno to their houses went to call bis and Phabus. You must go, said she, What you are to do, To fove on Ida. You will by Jove himself informed be Affoon as you his presence come into. Her Message done, Juno resumes her place, his and Phabus down to Ida fly. And finding Jove, flood still before his face; Nor lookt he on them with an angry Eye; For soon they did his Wives command obey. Then speaking first to Iris, Go, said he, To Neptune quickly, tell him what I fay. Bld him no longer at the Battle be, Suteither go t'Olympus to the Gods, Orto the Sea. If he will neither do. Bidhim confider if there be no odds As well in strength as age between us two. Heknows that all the other Gods me fear, And for my coming dareth not flay, As strong as to himself he doth appear. This faid, fwift-footed Dis went her way rom Ida hill, and Fove without delay And swift as any Cloud before the Winds, ame down unto the Battle before Troy, And there amongst the Argives Neptune finds, and going to his fide, I came, said she, To speak with you a word or two from Jove: You must not in the War a party be. ar? He bids you go up to the Gods above, brdown to th'Sea, where lies your own command. If you refuse, he threatens you with War, and bids you have a care t' avoid his hand; and th'Elder is, he faies, and stronger far, Which

ifc:

Which you your felf he thinks will not deny, Since th'other Gods of him fland all in awe.

Neptune to this replying first spake high. Good as he is, said he, it is not Law,

Thus to usurp upon my liberty.

For Sons and Heirs of Saturn we were three

Begot on Rhea. Pluto, Jove, and I,

By lot the Rule o'th' Waters came to me: To Jove the Government of Heaven fell, And of the Clouds, and the Ethereal Sky.

To Pluto darkness, and the rule of Hell. Earth and Olympus did as Common lye.

Let fove then with his share contented be, And not encroach on me. For well 'sis known

I hold not any thing of him in Fee,

But live as he should do, upon my own. He should not unto me such language use,

But to his Children that will be affraid, And dare not what he bids them, to refuse.

Thus Neptune spake. Again then Iris sald, Neptune, shall I this haughty answer carry

To fove? And will you that I with it go As 'tis.? The Wise their minds oft vary;

And Fury on the Eldest wait you know. So she to him. Then Neptune thus to her.

Iris, this word was spoken in good Season. Much worth, I see, is a wise Messenger.

But I was vext, because thus without reason (When I his equal am by Birth and Lot)

Fore uses me as if I were his flave.

Well. For the present, cross him I will not Though I be vext. That answer let him have:

And further, That if he without confent

Of me, Athena, Juno, Mercury, And Vulcan, Troy shall spare, our disconrent

For th' Argives wrong, implacable will be. And when he this had faid, he Fight forbears, Nor any longer 'mongft the Argives staid,

But div'd into the Sea ore head and ears. Then fove unto Apollo spake, and said,

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To Hestor go; for Neptune now is gone For fear of my displeasure; had he stay'd, The Sons of Saturn of our War had known. 'Twas wifely done of him my hand t'avoid. And better both for him and me; but go, . And shaking your great Shield the Greeks affright, And strengthen Hellor and encourage so That he the Argive Lords may put to flight. And follow them down to the Hellespont, And make them for their hollow Ships to fight. What then is to be done? I'll think upon't. For I intend not to destroy them quite. This faid, Apolle left his Father Fove, And down he came to Troy from Ida hill. Swift as a Falcon flying at a Dove. And Hector on the ground found fixting ftill, Not laid, but to his Senses come anew, And freely breathing, although very weak, And very well his friends about him knew. There Phabus standing night did to him spake, Billor, faid he, why fit you here alone?

That Ajax wounded has me with a Stone, So that I am disabled with the block, And once to day I thought I should have gone To Erebus with other shadows dim; With fuch a force he threw the mighty stone. Then thus again Apollo answered him. Histor, I Phæbus am, and hither come From Fove, against the Greeks to give you aid

Okindest of the Gods, said he, you know

And ever have wisht well to Ilium. Lead to the Ships your Troops. Be not afraid,

Hifter at this encourag'd was again, And as a Horse at Rack and Manger sed breaking his Headstal scudds upon the plain, And high into the Air he holds his head, Mane upon his shoulders plays with the Air And proud is in his Freedom to behold, The pleasant Rever and the Pastures fair, Towhich he had accustom'd been of old,

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14.4

And swiftly to the same is carried;
So swiftly now went Hector to each part,
And in the Field his Troops encouraged,
After Apollo once had giv'n him heart.

But as when Swains with Curs to chase a Ro Go forth into the Field, and with their cry

Rouse a fierce Lion, they the Prey let go
To save it self i'th' Woods or Rochers high,

And both the men and dogs are forc'd to fly;

Just so the Greeks whill they in Bodies fight,

They save themselves; but seeing Hestor nigh

They troubled were, and loft their courage quite:

Then to them spake Thoas Andramon's Son,

Well skill'd at distance or at hand to fight Amongst th' Atolians better there was none, And sew compare with him for Counsel might.

O strange, said he, what wondrous fight is this!

I verily thought Hefter had been sain

By Ajax hand. But see he risen is,

Some God or other rais'd him has again, He kill'd us has already many men,

And many more is likely now to flay. For Jupicer defends him now as then.

But come, let's all my Counfel now obey:

Let us that most pretend to fortitude

Srav here imbattl'd to receive the Foe, And to the Ships fend back the multitude.

For thither, I think, Heller dares not go. This Countel was approv'd, and then flood out

Ajax, Idomeneus, Meriones,
Teucer, Meges, and fuch as were most stout,
And one Battalion was made of these

Th'impression of Hellor to suffain

Till to the Ships the rest retreated were.

And Hestor with his Troops came on amain.

Himself the foremost shaking his long Spear.

Apollo march'd before him to the field

Concealing in a Cloud his glorious Head,

And carry'd in his hand a shining Shield Which whosoever laid his eyes on fled.

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Twas made at first by Mulciber, and then.
Given to Jove when he came down to fight
Against the Squadrons of rebellious men,

To make them fly the Field at the first fight.

Expecting Hector close the Argives stand,

And loud and sharp on both fides was the cry,

And many a Spear from every lufty hand, And in the Air Arrows abundance fly,

And Spears; whereof some flying home did kill,
And others would have done but short they fell.

As long as Phæbus did his Shield hold ftill,

Many a Soul on both fides flew to Hell.

When shaking it he made the Argives see it,

They firicken were with fear, and fuddenly

Their heavy hearts fell down into their feet, And then they made all haft they could to fly.

And as a Herd or Flock is frighted when

A Wolf or Lion coming on they fee,

And no affiftance have of Dogs or Men; So th' Argives scatter'd before Hittor flee.

Then flain by Hector was Arcefilaus

And Stichius who the Baotians led:

The other a good friend of Mnesteus was; Both killed were by Hector as they fled;

Anas Medon flew and lafus.

Medon was little Ajax Bastard-Brothers

And lived from his Father Oilens,

By th' instigation of his Stepmother

Briopi s, whose Brother he had sain.

And Lifus th' Athenian Leader was, But back to Atheas led them not again.

His Father was Sphelus Bucalidas.

Meceftes flain was by Polydamas.

Polites Echius flew in the fielt fight,

And Clonius by Agenor killed was ;

And Deiochus by Paris in the flight

Whilst from the Foe each one his Armour takes,

The flying Greeks into the Ditch leapt all, and there encumber'd migheily with Stakes.

Were forced to retire within the Wall.

Then Hector roared to the Trojans, saying,
On to the Ships, and let the dead men lie.
Til be his death whom area I find Caving

I'll be his death whom ever I find flaying, Nor shall he buri'd be or burned by

His friends and kin, but in the Fields of Troy
Be left for Dogs to tear and haul about,

This faid, unto the Ships he drave away

By th'Trojans follow'd with a mighty shout. Phabus before them march'd, and with his foot Into the Trench threw down the Earth again,

And made an easie and plain passage through it As far as one a Spear can well hurl, when

He hur leth for a wager. To the Wall

The Trojans go, Apollo there again Beforethem is, and eas'ly makes it fall,

As Children when themselves they entertain With making pretty things upon the Sands,

Then comes into their heads another toy, And down they push this with their feet or hands;

So easily Apollo did destroy
The Argives mighty work, and bring the fight
Again unto the Ships. Where now they pray'd,
And one anothers courage did excite.

Neffor to Heaven held up his hands and faid,

O Jove, if you the Sacrifice accepted have Of any Greek before he hither came,

And promis'd that the Army you would fave, O, at our prayer now perform the fame.

Let us not perish by the Trojans here.

Thus Neftor pray'd, and then Jove thundered,

Declaring that his Prayers granted were. At this the Trojans were encouraged,

And by their hopes interpreting Jove's mind, Upon the Greeks with greater fury fall.

As when a Wave is thrown by some great wind. Into a Ship, so pass'd they at the Wall

And to the Ships they went with Horse and Charr: The Greeks into their Ships went up to fight

And with long Spears made for a Naval War:

And pointed well with Brass, and shining bright.

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The Greeks and Tojans push at one another,

These mounted stood upon the Charrets high,

And higher on their black Ships stood the other.

Patroclus that till now far quierly

(Because the fight was only at the Wall-)

And to Eurypylus his care apply'd

And Med'cines fit to cure his wounds withal,

And fat discoursing with him by his fide, Now when he saw the Trojans were within,

And of the Argives heard the woful ories, And faw the fear and danger they were in,

With both his hands then clapped he his Thighs.

Eurypylus. said he, I cannot fray;

For mightily encreased is th'affray.

Your wound be dressed by your Servant may.

But to Achittes I must go away.

Who knows but I may win him at the last

To help the Greeks? This faid, away he went,

And left Eurypylus, and made what haft

He could to ger unto Achilles Tent.

Mean while the Victory no way inclin'd.

Neither the Greeks could make the Trojans fly,

Noryet the Trojans as they had defign'd,

Back from the Ships could force the Enemy;

But level hung the wings of Victory

As when two Scales are charg'd with equal weight

Made by the Art of Pallas curioufly,

The Beam lies level in the Air and streight.

And at one time at divers Ships they fought,

Directly unto Ajax Hettor went.

And there sharp fighting was one Ship about?

Hefter to burn, Ajax to fave it meant.

Here Ajax with a long Spear in his hand Killed Caletor, Hector's Brother's Son,

As he was coming with a flaming brand.
To fire the Ships, and dy'd before 'twas done.

This Heftor faw, and to his fellows cry'd,
Trojans and friends defend the body dead

Of clytius Son, and thrink not from my fide.

And as he spake his long Spear from him fled,

Which

Which (aim'd at Ajax) fell on Lycophron, A man that was to Ajax very dear,

But born at Cythera, and Maffort Son,.

That having kill'd a man durst not ftay there,

But unto Ajax fled, and with him flay'd,

Till now by Heffor's Spear ftruck through the head

He di'd. Then Ajax to his Brother faid, Tencer, our friend Mafforides is dead.

You know how much we honour'd him at home. 'Tis Hector that has flain him. Where are now

Your deadly Arrows? And what is become

Of (Phabus gift) your so egregious Bow? Which Teucer hearing quickly with him was

With Bow and Quiver in his hand, and shot,

And flew the Servant of Polydamas,

That had the guiding of his Chariot clitus by name, who while in vain he fought By driving to where hottest was the fight,

From Hettor and the Trojans thanks t'have got,

The faral Arrow on his Neck did light. Then down he fell. The frighted Horses shook The empty Charre. Then came Polydamas,

And by the heads the capring Horses took,

And lets Aftynous in clitus place; And gave him a strict charge to hold them nigh, But not to come with them into the Fight.

Then Teucer lets another Arrow fly

At Hector, which if it had hit him right,

He never at the Ships again had fought.

But Jupiter was pleas'd to fave him now, And brake the Bow-string. Then in vain flew out

The Arrow, and into the dust the Bow. And Tencer to his Brother made his moan.

Ajax, said he, is't not a wondrous thing? My Bow is flarted from my hand and gone,

Some God or other broken has the String.

Yet new 'twas made this morning purpolely. To last all day. Teucer, said Ajax then,

Cannot you let your Bow and Quiver lie, And fight with Spear in hand like other men,

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And give unto the Greeks encouragement?

No. Though the Gods above should in their hate

To let the Trojans take our Ships be bent,

Yet let us fell them at a lufty rate.

And arm'd himself with Helmet and with Shield.

And a good Spear, and back to Ajax went,

And found him where he left him in the Field.

When Hector faw that Teucer's noble Bow

Was useless now, he to his Squadrons cry'd,

Trojans and Lycians come on boldly now,

For Trucer now his Bow hath laid afide.

Jove broke the String. I faw it with these eyes.

For eafily it may discerned be

To whom the hand of Jove intends the Prize,

And to whom he denies the Victory.

And now upon our fide he is you fee,

And from the Greeks their courage takes away.

Then to the Ships let's go couragiously,

And let the fear of death no man difmay.

For why should any of us fear to dye?

When for his Country 'cls, it is no shame.

And if we make the Enemy to fly,

Sav'd are his Wife and Children, Goods, and Name.

Whilst Hector thus the Trojans did excite,

Ajax unto the Argives spake, and said,

We must now either put our Foes to flight,

Or make account we shall be all destroy'd.

Il Hector here to burn our Ships should chance, Can you go home again (d'ye think) asoot?

He calleth on his men. 'Tis not to dance,

But fire our Ships if we will let him do't.

For us'tis better in close Fight to die

Here all at once, or get the Victory

Than here, God knows how long confuming lie

And peck in vain at a weak Enemy.

Thus Ajax rais'd the courage of th' Acheans.

Then Heller flew the Son of Perimed,

Stichius that had command of the Phoceans.

And Ajax flew Landamas that led

And

The Trojan Foot, and was Antenor's Son. And Otus by Polydamas was flain, Otus that led the bold Epeians on.

And was a friend of Meges. He again A Spear threw at Polydamas, and mift.

For Phiebus kindness had for Panthus Son,

And with a prefent wit did him affift

To turn about and let the Spear go on. And crasmus there received ir on his Breast,

And down he fell. Then Dolops Lampus Son (Lampus that was of living men the best,

And Grandchield of the King Laomedon) To be reveng'd at Migis threw his Spear,

Which pass'd his Shield, but in his Breaftplate staid,

The Breastplace which his Father us'd to wear With many Plyes of strong Mail overlaid,

And given was to Phyleus by his Guest At Ephyre, wherewith in martial ftrife

From deadly stroaks of Spears to fave his Breaff. And of his Son it now preferv'd the life.

But Meges Dolops hit apon the Head? The binost vita

And from his Creft struck off the goodly Main.

Which he but newly then had dyed red.

But Dolops still the Fight did well maintain, Till Menelaus stole unro'his Side,

And ftruck him through the Shoulder with his Spear.

No longer stood he then, but fell and dy'd, And both of them to firip him going were.

And Hellor then call'd out to all his Kin, And unto Menalippus specially,

Who while the Greeks were absent lived in Percote, and took care of th' Husbandry .

But when the Argive Ficetto Troy was come, He then return'd his Country to defend,

And liv'd in Priam's house at Ilium,

And proud the Tiojans were of fuch a friend.

And lov'd he was by Priam as his Son, And now unto him Hettor spake and faid,

Have we for Dolops no Compassion, Or to defend his body are affraid?

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come follow me. We must no longer play At distance with the Greek, but either they Must utterly deface the Town of Troy, And kill us all, or we them all destroy. This faid, away they both together went To fave the Body of their Cofen dead, And Aiax with a contrary intnent His Argives to the Fight encouraged. Agives, faid he, to Honour have an eye, And of your fellows Censures have a care. For flain are alwaies more of those that fly Than those that of base flight ashamed are; This faid, though of it no great need there was Amongst the Greeks, they presently obey'd, And at the Ships stood like an Hedg of Brass. But on came Heffor not at all afraid: TAntilochus then Menelaus faid, Amongst us there is none that better ean Both fight and run. Why should you be afraid To leap unto the throng and kill your man? The faid, away again went Menelans. In the comment A Antilochus leapt out before the reft And threw his Spear at Menalippus, as He coming was, and hit him on the Breaft, No fooner was he fallen to the ground, He coming was, and hit him on the Breaft, Than to the Spoil Antilochus ran in. Runs in, that by the Hunter kill'd land for foon as he faw Hittior coming on, Runs in, that by the Hunter kill'd had been. As valiant as he was he durft not flay; But as some wild Beast that had mischief done Ere people could assemble, run away.
The Trojans follow'd him with clamour loud, And Spears abundance after him they threw. But they unto the Ships the Greeks pursue. for Jupiter to make his promise good To Thetis, hitherto the Greeks dismaid, and in the Battle with the Trojans stood Untill he had performed all he faid,

But meant to flay no longer with them, than To fee some Argive Ship with fire to shine, And then to let the Greeks prevail agen.

From the beginning such was his designe

In aiding Hector, who now furioufly

Went on like Mars, or like fire in a Wood, With foam about his mouth, and fire in's eye.

And Jove himself came down and ore him stood

To fave him when he was hem'd in by Foes, And honour him, fince 'twas his deftiny

That not long after he his Life should lose, And by none but Achilles hand should dye. Now Hetter looking where the best men stood

Keen as he was he there could do no good;
So close they joyn'd to one another were,

And fluck like great Stones in a Tow'r or Rock
That of the boyft'rows Winds and Billows high

Which break upon it still endures the shock.

Then Heller other places went to try,

And through he pass'd. Then as a Wave high grown,

When in foul weather forced by the wind Under dark Clouds, into a Ship is thrown The Mift and roaring Sails bring to the mind

Of the poor Seamen nothing but to dye; So frighted were the Greeks. But forward he

Still went; And as when in the Medows by

The Rivers fide thoulands of Kine there be.

And th'Herdsmen see a Lion to them come, But with a wild Beast know not how to fight, Some go before them, and behind them some,

The Lion falleth on them in their fight Between both ends, and killeth only one, The rest all fly; So th' Argives all before

Hettor and Jupiter disperied run.

But only one was killed and no more. And Periphetes 'twas the worthy Son

Of an unworthy Father copreus, who, When any labour great was to be done

By Hercules, did from Enresthens go.

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As Messenger to carry the commands. But Periphetes Vertue wanted none. His Feet were swift, and valiant were his Hands, A wifer man Mycena had not one. But flain he was. For as he turn'd to fly, He trod upon the edge of his own Shield, And overthrown upon his Back did lye; And with a stab of Hector's Spear was kill'd. His friends, though many standing by him were, And griev'd to see him fall, did him no good. For ev'ry one now for himself did fear, And out of Hellor's way kept all he cou'd. The Greeks retreated were no further yet Than to between the first and second Row Of th' Argive Ships ; but forc'd that place to quit, Near to their Tents themselves they rally now. Where Nestor them encouraged agen. Argives, my friends, be valiant now (faid he) and if at any time now play the men. Of one anothers Censures fearful be. lesides, by what you should be moved most, Your Parants, Children, Wives, and Goods and Land, Whether you have them still or have them lok. I you conjure against the Foe to stand. This Nestor faid, the Argives to exite: And Pallas from them took the Mift again, That they might fee who did, who did not fight Both at the Ships and elsewhere on the Plain. But Ajax Telamonius thought not good To flay with other Argives in the throng, bit up into a Ship he went and stood With a Ship Spear twenty two Cubits long. is when a man that taught has been to guide Four Horses at a time, and in his hand holdeth their Reins while they go fide by fide, And people on the way admiring stand, from one Horse unto another skips, And makes them run together to the Town;

Ajax ore the Argives ranged Ships

To fave them, and the Tents ran up and down.

And terribly unto the Argives cry'd

To play the men. Nor Hettor mongst his Troops

Could be perswaded longer to abide; But suddenly as a Black Eagle stoops

At a great Flock of Geefe, or Cranes, or Swans;

So Hector of the Argive Ships to one

Flew down, and Jove with his puissant hands Behind him marching alwaies pusht him on.

Then at the Ships the Fight began again,

More cruel than before. You would have faid

They had no fense of weariness or pain, 60 mightily they all about them laid.

The Greeks were in dispair of their return.

The Trojans thought the Argive Lords to rout,

And all the Ships that brought them thither burn. Thus minded on each fide they fiercely fought,

Upon a Ship then Hetter laid his hand, Which brought Protesilaus unto Trey.

But never back unto his native Land.

For this good Ship they one another slay; Arrows and Darts no longer flew about;

But now with Battle-axes of great strength In one anothers reach they stood and fought,

And with great Spears and of a mighty length, And great keen Swords, whereof from dying hands

Abundance fell on either fide to th'ground; And covered were with fireaming bloud the Sands,

That gushed out from many a ghastly wound. But Hettor on the Ship his hand held fast, And to his Trojans call'd aloud for Fire.

This day, said he, requires our ill days past.
To burn these Ships fove with us doth conspires

And fet on fire they had been long ago

(For I would gladly at the Ships have fought)

But that the Senate would not have it fo,

And kept both you and me from going out. But though by Jove then smitten were their hearts,

Yet boldly now himself he leads us on.

This faid, the Trojans bravely play their parts, And with more vigour fought than they had done.

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Then on the Deck no longer Ajax stay'd; So many Spears went finging by his head. For if he there had stood he was afraid That some unlucky Spear would strike him dead ; And to the far fide of the Ship retreats, Leaving the Deck which fenceless was and high, And fat upon one of the Rowers Seats, And still upon the Trojans kept his eye. and thence he from the fire the Ship defends, And terribly on th' Argive Heroes calls To do their best. We have, said he, no friends Behind to fave our lieves, nor better Walls Than those we made; nor any City nigh, That can or willing are our part to take. But far from home in hostile ground we lie. And hemmed in are by the briny lake; And nothing can redeem us but our hands. This faid, he looke about him furioully To fee if any durst approach with Brands. Refolv'd to kill him that with Fire came nigh. and many to the Ship with Fire were fent By Hector; but when they approached near hax continually did them prevent, And twelve he killed with his Naval Spear,

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ILIAD.

LIB. XVI.

Hus fiercely fought the Trojans and the Greeks. And with Achilles was Patroclus now With tears abundance running down his Cheeks, Like Springs that from a high Rock streaming flow. No fooner him Achilles weeping fpy'd But pitied him. Why weep you fo, faid he,] Like a Child running by his Mothers fide, And holding by her Coat would carry'd be? Bring you some News that none but you can tell? Menætius and Peleus still do live At Phthia with the Myrmidons, and well. If not, we both have cause enough to grieve. Or is it that the Greeks are flaughter'd fo, And fall before the Ships? 'tis for their pride? Speak what's the matter, that we both may know. Patroclus fobbing to him then repli'd, O Son of Peleus, of all Greeks the best, Forgive me if in this necessity-I freely speak. They that excel the rest In Prowefs, at the Ships all wounded lie. ulyffes wounded is and Diomed, And Agamemnon and Eurypylus, And cur'd may be, but stand us in no sted ; Nor does your Vertue any good to us. O Gods let never anger in me dwell Like this of yours. If you cannot, who can The Trojans from the Argive Fleet repel, And fave to many lives? O cruel man!

The noble Peleus fure was not your Father;

Born of the Goddels Thetis you were not.

Sprung from the raging Sea I think you rather,

And that by some hard Rock you were begot.

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But if you stand upon some Prophecie, Or Thetis have forbidden you to fight From Fove, yet send some Myrmidons with me, That I may to the Argives give some light.

But in your Armour let me be array'd,

That when they see me they may think me you,

And back into the City run difmay'd,

And th'Argives wearied take breath anew. For long the Trojans have endur'd the Fight;
And if fresh Enemies they coming see,
With little labour they'll be put to flight,

And leave the Argive Tents and Navy free. Thus prayed he, but 'gainst himself he pray'd,

And rashly su'd to cast his life away.
To this Achilles answer made and said,

My dear Patroclus what is this you fay?
I fland not on, nor care for Prophecy,

Nor yet by Jove forbidden am to fight;

Butat my heart it lieth grievously,

My equal should oppress me by meer might.

ATown I won, in which we found great Prey.

For my reward the Greeks gave me a Maid, Which Agamemnon from me took away, Only because more people him obey'd,

Asif I were a man of little worth.

But let that pass. Though once I never meant My Myrmidons should with the Greeks go forth,

To Battle till the Foes were at my Tent, Yet fince the Argive Ships with such a mist

Of Trojans on the shore environ'd lie, and th' Argives wanting room can scarce resist,

And have the pow'r of Troy for enemy, Take you my Arms and lead unto the Fight

The Myrmidons, The Trojans shall not see My Helmet neer, to put them in a fright.

If Agamemnon had been just to me,

The Ditches had been fill'd with Trojans dead.
But now into the very Camp they break;

Nor can refifted be by Diomed.

To fave the Ships Tydides is too weak.

Nor can that hateful mouth of Atreus Son

Be heard for Hector, who the Air doth fill
With roaring to the Trojans to fall on,
And shouting of the Trojans as they kill.

Yet fo, Patroclus, charge them luftily,

For fear the Ships should all be set on fire;

Then loft the Greeks are without remedy, And to their Country never shall retire. But now what I shall say give ear unto.

To th'end the Greeks may honour me, and fend

Brifeis back with Gifts, you thus must do:

When you have freed the Ships, there make an end

And come away. If Jove give you success
No longer without me pursue the Fight.
'I will make my honour with the Greeks the less.

Nor in the Slaughter take so much delight As to proceed up to the Walls of Troy;

Lest by some God or other you be checkt. But having freed the Ships come straight away

(Apollo has for Troy a great respect)

And leave both fides to fight upon the Plain
Till (grant it O ye Gods) there left are none,

But you and I, the Town of Troy to gain. thus they to one another talkt alone.

Ajax by this time from the Ship was gone, Forc'd by the Spears that from the Trojans flew,

And weakned by the hand of Saturn's Son.

For at his head the Trojans always threw.

And forc'd he was to hold his great Shield high, And weari'd was thereby his Buckler-hand.

With Spear in hand no Trojan durst come nigh.

But pelting him with Spears aloof they stand.

The (weat ran down his Limbs, nor could he well, Though mightily for breath he pull'd, respire.

Now tell me Muses that in Heav'n do dwell, How came the Ship first to be set on fire?

Thus. Hefter with his broad Sword at a blow The Spear of Ajax chanc'd to cut in twain Where to the flaff the head was fixt, and so

His mighty Naval Spear he shook in vain.

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The head of Brass flew humming to the ground. This Ajax faw, and frighted was to fee Tove thus the counsel of the Greeks confound,

To give unto the Trojans Victory,

And went his way. Then in the Trojans came With Brands of flaming fire; and presently The hind part of the Ship was all in flame.

Achilles with his hand then clapt his Thigh

And to Patroclus faid, A flame I fee

Rife at the Ships. 'Tis time that you were gone,

Left our Retreat should intercepted be.

Away and quickly put my Armour on. This faid, Patroclus first of all puts on

His Boots of War, and to his Legs them ti'd With Silver Clasps; and next of Thetis Son

The Breaft-plate good he to his Breaft apply'd

With Golden Stars like Heaven beautifi'd.

His Sword then ore his Shoulder he puts on, With Silver Studs to hang down by his fide;

And then his Helmet shining like the Sun

He puts upon his head; and last of all

He took two Spears that fit were for his hand,

But not that which Achilles fought withal.

For that none but Achilles could command,

A great and strong and heavy Spear it was, Made of an Ash cut down i'th' woody hill

Of Pelius, and by Chiron given 'twas To Peleas, his mighty Foes to kill.

Then to Achilles Charre Automedon

The Horses Balius and Xanthus ty'd That were by Zephyrus begotten on

Poderge feeding by the Oceans fide; And at their heads he Pedalas did place

(A Horse he took at Thebe in the Prey) That with them both was able to keep pace,

Though he were mortal, and immortal they. While by his Charre Patroclus arming stands,

Apace from Tent to Tent Achilles runs, And calleth unto those that had Commands,

To Arm and bring away the Myrmedons.

TIX

Then came they and about Patroclus flood
Like Wolves that on a lufty Stag had fed,
And lapping flain'd the River with his blood,
With Bellies full and hearts encouraged.

When they together were, Achilles then

Appointed who i'th' Field should them command. To Troy he Ships brought with him five times ten,

From ev'ry Ship came fifty men to land. And then five Bodies he made of them all,

And Captains five by whom they led should be,

But was himself the Captain-General; For of the Myrmidens the King was he. Of these five Captains one Menesteus was,

Who was the River Sperchius his Son, And by the name of Boro then did pass.

His Mother was of Peleus Daughters one, And Polydora was her name. And she

To Perierus had been married,

And for his Wife reputed constantly

Before she was of Menesteus brought to bed.

The second Bands were by Eudorus led, The Son of Polymela a fair Maid.

Hermes of her became enamoured, As at a Dance her Beauty he survay'd.

As at a Dance her Beauty he lurvay d. It was upon Diana's Holy-Day

He saw her Dancing, and at night he got Unseen into her bed and with her lay,

And his brave Son Eudorus then begot.

To Echecles the after married.

Her Father Phylas to him took her Son, And unto mans eftate him nourished,

And lov'd no less than if t'had been his own. The third Pisandrus led that swift could run,

And had at fighting with a Spear more art In bloudy War than any Myrmidon

Amongst them all (Patroclus let apart.)
The fourth was by the old Knight Phanix led.

And of the fifth, charge had Alcimedon. When they were all together gathered,

Unto them fharply thus spake Thetis Son.

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Te Myrmidons, said he, remember now, How all the time I kept you have from fight, You have the Trojans threatned hard; and how You faid my Mother fed me had with Gall, And in great tumult bid me let you go, Orat the Ships upon the Trojans fall. Lothere before you is the War you crave: The Trojans are about to burn the Fleet; Do you your utmost now the same to save, Let him that brags of Valour let us see't. This faid, the Myrmidons became more keen; Because they saw the King had chang'd his mind; And presently into their Ranks fell in, And close themselves to one another joyn'd. Asclose as in a Wall are laid the stones By him that means his House shall keep out Wind; So close together stood the Myrmidons, Helmers with Helmets, Shields with Shields conjoyn'd, kfore them all two good men armed went, Patroctus and Automedon to th' Fight. chilles then returned to his Tent, Where stood a Chest most beautiful to fight, Which Thetis gave him when he went to Troy, Wherein were Carpets, Coats, and Cloaks laid up, okeephim warm when he a Ship-board lay; And in the same was kept a dainty Cup. which no other man 'ere drank but he. Though 'twere to offer to the Gods above. orhe himself (such was his nicetie) Tre in it drank but offering to fove. tiles then with Sulphur scoue'd the Cup, and having rins'd it clean with water fair, d washt his hands, went out and held it up Tow'rds Heaven, and thus to Jove addrest his pray'r, Agique Fove that far from hence dost dwell, But at Dodona men thy counfel know, kselli there thy Prophets fortunes tell, Though on the ground they fleep, and barefoot go,

That at my prayer once didft honour me, And broughtest on the Argive Hoast much wo,

Once more unto my pray'r enclin'd be.

Though to the Fight my felf I do not go, I thither send my dear Companion.

O Fove now honour him. Let Hector know

Patroclus is a man of War alone,

And not then only when I with him go. And when he has the Trojans driven from

The Argive Ships, then grant, O Fove, he may

With all his Myrmidons fafe hither come,

With all their Arms and make no longer flay.

Thus prayed he. To half of his defire Fove nodded; but the other half deny'd.

He granted him to fave the Ships from fire; But at returning fafe his neck he wry'd. Achilles when he offer'd had and pray'd,

Went with the Cup agen into his Tent,

And fafely laid it up; and not long ftay'd, But out agen to fee the Fight he went.

The Myrmidons now marched orderly.

But when unto the Trojans they were neer,

Like Wasps incensed they upon them fly. As when at unawares a Traveller

Is going by a Wasps-nest neer the way,

Which to the common damage stir'd has been

And anger'd by a young unlucky Boy,

Upon the Traveller they vent their speen;

And all at once with fury on him fly : Just so the Myrmidons occasion take

Provok'd by Agamemnon's injury

To fall upon the Trojans for his fake: Patroclus yet did further them incite.

Ye Myrmidons, said he, Achilles Bands, Remember now couragiously to fight;

Achilles honour now lies in your hands

The best of Greeks. Let Agamemnon see The fault he did, and know he was unwife,

How wide soever his Dominion be,

The best of all th' Acheans to dispose.

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Then on the Trojans all at once they fly.

With them the other Greeks by shouts conspire.

The Trojans when they faw Patroclus nigh With flour Automedon Achilles Squire.

Their courage fell, their Ranks disordered were.

They lookt about which way 'twere best to run.

For they suppos'd Achilles now was there,

And that his discontent was past and gone.

Patroclus first of all lets fly his Spear

Amongst the thickest of the Foes, about

Protesilans hollow Ship (for there

The Trojans standing close together fought)

And flew Pyrachmes who from Amydon,

And Axins wide ftream the Paons led.

The Spear pass'd thorough his right Shoulder-hone.

And when the Paons faw him fall, they fled.

Not only these he frighted had, but all,

By killing of a Captain of fuch fame.

Patroclus then upon the rest did fall.

And drave them from the Ship, & quencht the flame;

The Trojans towards Troy retire apace.

Patroclus and the Argives them pursue,

Leaving the Ship half burnt upon the place.

And on the Plain the Fight began anew.

As men fee all the Rocks and Woods about

When than the Hills the Mist is gotten higher; So when the Fire was at the Ships pur out,

The Greeks did for a little while respire.

For yet the Trojans did not plainly fly,

But still refisting went, and losing ground.

Here Areilochus was killed by

Patroclus that gave him a deadly wound

Ipon the Thigh, just as he turn'd about.

The Spear went through, and passing brake the Bone.

and at the wound his Bloud and Life went our,

And on his face he fell down with a groan. loss by Menelaus on the Breast

Close by his Shield a wound receiv'd and dy'd.

o Meges Anticus a Spear addrest.

But Meges that his purpose had espy'd

Prevented him, and with his Spear him hits Upon the Leg and neer unto the Knee, And all the Nerves thereof afunder splits, And of the wound he died presently.

Antilochus then flew Atymnius.

The Spear went through his Flank & struck him dead,

And Maris then struck at Antilocus, But he prevented was by Thrasymed

And flain, pierc'd through the fhoulder with his Spear?

And thus by two Sons of old Nefter flain

The two Sons of Amisodorus were,

And of Sarpedon good Companions twain.

Their Sire Amisodorus kept at home.

The foul Chimara that had done much harm, Devouring people which did that way come,

Till she was slain by Beller ophontes arm.

Cleobulus then pester'd in the throng
By little Ajax taken was alive,

For Ajax did him of his life deprive,

For on the Neck he gave him such a wound With his broad Sword as made it smoak with blood;

And presently he fell unto the ground,

And on his Eyes perpetual darkness stood. With Swords Peneleos and Lycon prest

Each other hard. For both their Spears had mis'd.

Lycon him hit upon the Helmet-crest,

And broak his Sword. One part staid in his Fist,

The other flew. Peneleos him hit

Upon the Neck. The Sword fo far went in,

As from the shoulders it divided ir, Save that it hung a little by the skin.

Meriones pursued Acamas,

Amongst the Trojans that before him fled; And overtook him as he mounting was,

And with a wound i'th'shoulder left him dead.

And by Idomeneus the King of Creet

Hit in the Mouth was Erymas and flain. His Teeth all stricken out fell at his Feet,

And by the Spear pierc'd thorough was his Brain,

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And fill'd with bloud flood flaring both his Eyes,
Which through his note and mouth he ftrove to voyd.
And gasping seeks to cast it out, and dies.

Thus the Greek Lords each one his man deftroy'd.

And then as bloudy Wolves invade the Lambs
Or Kids that by the Shepherds negligence
Are wandred on the Mountains from their Dams;

And kill'd; for Nature gives them no defence;

So fiercely on the Trojans fell the Greeks.

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But they no more trust to their hands but feet.

Ajax to throw his Spear at Hellor feeks,

But with him Helter has no mind to meet,

But by th'advantage of his skill in Warre Knowing of Arrows and of Spears the found, To keep aloof from Ajax still took care,

And cover'd with his Shield of fhifted ground.

And though he knew the honour of the day Would fall unto th' Acheans in the end, Yet from the Field he went not straight away, But stay'd and fought his people to defend.

And then as Clouds rife from Olympus high, And through the Air to Heaven tend upright Before tempessuous winds; so rose the Cry

At th'Argive Ships. Then Hellor left the Fight.

But in the Trench greatly encumbred were, And many Charret-poles they brake and Wheels!

And when they of the Trench were gotten clear,

Fill'd with affright was ev'ry Path and Way.

Thus at the Ships the florm of War gave ore.

The Horses that were loose ran back to Troy;

And to the Ships the Trajans came no more. Patroclus, where he most disorder found,

Thither he drove, and trod the Trojans down, And Charret-feats were tumbled to the ground,

And many from their Seats were headlong thrown.

On Peleus by the Gods bestowed were, Found no impediment, but leapt the Ditch,

Pursuing Hector, who now was not there.

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As when with stormy winds th'Antumnal rain Falls heavy on the Earth, from Heaven sent When wrested are the Laws by men for gain,

Who from the Gods expect no Punishment. The Rivers swell; down from the Mountains side

Innumerable Currents headlong run
Roaring and foaming to the Ocean wide;

And washt away is all mans work and gone: So fled the Trojans. These thus put to flight, He kept the Greeks from going to the Town,

As they defir'd, yet gave not over fight, But 'twixt the Ships and River overthrown

Were many more; for unrevenged yet

Were many Greeks. First Prozous he kill'd, Whom with his Spear upon the Breast he hit,

Where he was not well cover'd with his Shield.

The next he flew was Theftor Enops Son
That fat upon his Seat amaz'd with fear,

And from his hand the Horses Reyns were gone.

Patroclus standing by him with his Spear

Strook him upon the Cheek, and there it stuck Fast in his Teeth; and over the fore-wheel To th'ground Patroclus fetch him with a pluck,

As to the Bank a Fisher pulls an Ecl, And to the Earth he threw him on his Face.

Eryalus then to him went, in vain,
And by Patroelus flain was on the place,

For with a stone he cleft his head in twain:

Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus,

And Echius, Pyres, Damastorides, Euippas, Polymelus, Iphius;

He one upon another kill'd all these, Surpeden saw how fast his good friends dyed,

And that his Lycians ready were to fly, He them rebuking with a loud voice cryed,

Whither d'ye go? For shame stay here. Intend to meet this man my self and know Who'tis that here so furiously sights,

And lays so many valiant Trojans low.

This said, he from his Chariot alights,

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Patroclus feeing that, alighted too;
And presently berook him to the fight,
As keen as on a high Rock Vultures two;
And Jupiter was grieved at the fight.
And to (his Wise and Sister) Juno said,
Ay me, my Son Sarpedon will be sain,
For by the Fates long since it is so laid.
And now my mind divided is in twain,
To snatch him hence and carry him again

To Lycia, or now to let him dye,
And by Patroclus fatal Spear be flain.
And Juno then to Jove made this reply.
9 Jove, most wilful of the Gods, what say'e?
A mortal man condemn'd is by the Fates,

And you would now the Execution flay?

Do: But take heed how you offend the States.

And this I tell you further, if you do

Your Son State for from the Combat Size.

Your Son Sarpedon from the Combat fave, The other Gods will look to do fo too.

For Sons at Trey many Immortals have. But fince you love your Son and for himgrieve,

Frist let Patroclus take away his life, And then to Death and Sleep Commandment give To carry him from our the bloudy strife

To carry him from out the bloudy firife To Lycia, amongst his friends and kin, Who see him will embalm'd and buried,

And build a Tomb to lay his aftes in,

Which are the honours due unto the dead. This Juno says; Jove to it condescends.

And for the honour of his Son fo dear
For rain he drops of bloud from Heaven fends.

When they were come to one another near, first threw Patroclus and kill'd Thrasymed

A valiant man Sarpedon's Charretier. The Spear into his Belly entered.

Then at Patroclus flew Sarpedon's Spear, and hit him not, but Pedasus he flew,

The Fore-horse of Achilles Charre, and now Thesprawling Horse caus'd a disorder new.

The Yoke screeks, and Automedon lets go

The

The Reyns; whereby the Combatants are parted;
Antomedon foon found a remedy;

For from the Charret feat he nimbly started, And cut the Geers that did the fore-horse tye.

The Horses two adjusted were again;

And then the Combatants the fight renew. And first Sarpedon threw, and threw in vain.

The Spear just over his lest shoulder flew. But not in vain Patroclus Spear was thrown,

That smote him through the Midriff. Heaville Sarpedon then unto the ground came down,

As if't had been an Oak or Poplar-tree, Or as a Pine cut down i'th' Hill, to be

A Mast for some great Ship falls to the ground, So fell to th' Earth Sarpedon heavilie,

And with his Armour made the place refound. As when a Bull is by a Lion stain,

Under his Paw to th'ground he groaning falls; So groaning fell Sarpedon in great pain,

And to his friend the valiant Glaucus calls,
And to him faid, Now Glaucus valiant be,
And fet your mind on nothing but to fight.

But fifft go call my best men all to me, And to assist me here joyn all your might,

If of my Arms I stript be by the Foe,
The shame thereof for ever will abide.
So therefore quickly call the people. Go.

And when he thus had spoken to him, di'd, Patroclus on the Body sets his foot,

And our agen he pull'd the bloudy Spear, With pieces of the Midriff sticking to'r.

And now away the Horses ready were
To run. For no man was upon the Seat;
But by the Myrmidons they soon were staid.
The grief of Glaucus then was very great

For that he knew not how the King to aid. For in great pain his Arm was with the stroke Of Thucer's Arrow at the Argive Wall,

And found no remedy but to invoke Apollo, and upon him thus did call,

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Apollo, whether thou in Troy be now
Or Lycia, unto my Pray'r give ear;
For when diffressed men unto thee bow,
Thou dost from any place or distance hear.
Igrievously am wounded in the hand,
The pain whereof up to my shoulder goes.

No longer now can I my Spear command, When most I need to use it 'gainst the Foes.'

Sarpedon the brave Son of Jove is slain.

His Father of him takes no further care.

But thou Apollo now asswage my pain,

And cure my wound and make me fit for Warre;

That I may bring the Lycians to fight, And I with them the Body may defend:

This faid, Apollo by his Heavenly might
His wound heal'd up, the pain was at an end.

The bloud was gone; encourag'd was his mind, And Glaucus knew Apollo did it all, And joy'd such favour with the God to find.

Then out he went the Lycians to call. That done he to the Trojan Princes goes, Agenor, Hellor, and Polydamas,

Divine Aneas, and craves aid of those;
But what he said, to Hellor spoken was.
Hillor, said he, your friends you now forget.

Who from their Country hither came so far Their lives to venture for your sake; For yet How to assist them you take little care,

Slain is the King Sarpedon in the fight,

That both with Might and Justice rul'd the Land

Of Lycia. Let them not vent their spight Upon the Body slain; but by him stand. The Myrmidons else for th' Acheans sake

Of whom we flew so many at the Fleet, Will in revenge his Armour from him take, And do unto him other things unmeet.

This faid, the Trojans all were on a flame
To be revenged. To Troy he was a Wall,
Although he thither as a Stranger came,
He many led, himself the best of all.

And to the Myrmidons they marcht away, Hector himself before them at the head As angry for Sarpedon's death as they.

Patroclus then the Greeks encouraged, And speaking first to the Ajaxes two,

Ajax, faid he, both you and you, again Fight gallantly as you are us'd to do,

Or better if you can. For I have flain
Sarpedon with my Spear, who was the man

That mounted first up to the Argive Wall, Let's take his Armour off him if we can,

And make his Fellows some of them to fall.
This said, they into order put their men
Trojan and Lycian; Greek and Myrmidon;

And to the Body flain return agen, And fiercely one another fell upon.

And fave the place with darkness cover'd round As long as they were fighting'bout his Son.

And at the first the Greeks forlook their ground.

· For then there was a noble Myrmidon Epigeus that King was formerly

Of Budeon, and forced thence away

For a mans death to Pelsus did fly,

Who fent him with Achilles unto Troy, And now no fooner layed had his hand Upon Sarpedon's Body, but was flain

By a great stone that slew from Hellor's hand, And broke (for all his Cask) his skull in twain.

Down he upon the dead King falling dies.

Patroelus when he saw his friend thus fall,
Swift as a Hawk that at a Starling flies,

Up to the Foes ran, and amongst them all He threw a stone, which lighted on the Neck Of Stenelaus, and the Tendon rent.

And this gave to the Trojan Horse a check; And back a little Hector with them went As far as one can for experiment,

Or at a Foe in Battle throw a Spear; So far back Heller with his Charret went,

The Argives them pursuing in the Rear.

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But Glaucus that did then the Lycians lead Pursu'd by Bathycles and very near,

Upon a sudden to him turn'd his head,

And deep into his Breast he thrust his Spear, And down he fell. The Trojans then were glad.

And at the Body fallen boldly flay'd.

On th'other fide the Greeks were very fad To lose so good a man, but not dismay'd.

Meriones then flew Langonus

Son of Oneter Prieft of Jupiter,

And honour'd like a God in Gargarus.

The Spear him pierc'd between the Cheek and Ear-

Then at Meriones Aneas threw

And was in hope to give him his deaths wound; But he then stoopt, and ore him the Spear flew;

And one end shook, the other fluck i'th'ground.

At this Aneas angry to him faid, Meriones, as well as you can dance,

My Spear was like your motion to have flay'd, And that it did not, think it was by chance.

To him replying faid Meriones,

Aneas strong and valiant as you are,

You cannot Kill men whom and when you please, Your self are subject to the chance of Warre

As well as I. And if my Spear fall right

(As much as to your hands you truft) you'll die

Like other men, and I win honour by'r,

And to the shades below your Soul will fly.

This faid, Patroclus came and him reproved.

Meriones, why talk you thus, faid he,

D'ye think the Trojans can be hence removed

With evil words till many flain there be? In counsel words may somewhat signifie,

But hands in War determine the event,

Tis to no purpose words to multiply.

- This faid, away they both together went. And by and by was heard a mighty found,

As if the Woods were telling on the till's,

Of men in Armour falling to the ground,

And Swords and Spears on Helmets and on Shields.

Sarpedon

Sarpedon cover'd was from top to toe

With Dust and Spears, and so besmear'd with blood. That wise he must have been that could him know,

Though who it was they all well understood,

And busie were about him as the Flies

That buz in Summer-time about the Pans

Of Milk. And all this while Jove kept his Eyes Upon the Battle; and advising stands

Whether 'twere best to let Patroclus die Upon Sarpedon, slain hy Hector, or

Let him go on, and follow those that fly, And of the Trojans make the slaughter more.

At last resolv'd he made the Trojans fly.

Patroclus then pursu'd them up to Troy,

And as he went made many of them die; And Heffor was the first that fled away,

Not ignorant of Jove's Apostasie.

And then the lufty Lycians also fled ;

Whose King Sarpedon now i'th' heap did lie Stretch out on th'Earth amongst the other dead.

And him Patroclus of his Armour strips, His mighty Armour all of solid Brass,

And sent it by his fellows to the Ships.

Thus slain and stript Fove's Son Sarpedon was-

Then Fove unto Apollo spake and said,

Go Phabus bear Sarpedon from the Fight

A great way off, and let him be array'd In an immortal Garment pure and bright.

But in the River clear first wash him clean, And with Ambrosia anoint his skin.

Let Death and Sleep two Sifters bear him then

To Lycia unto his friends and kin, By whom his Body will embalmed be,

And Tomb and Pillar fet upon his Grave, Whereby preferv'd will be his memory,

Which all the honour is the dead can have.

This faid, Apollo down from Ida came,

And bare Sarpedon's Body from the Fight.

And far off in the River washt the same, And with Ambrosia his Body white

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Anointed, and with Garments fair array'd,
Immortal Garments; and into the hands
Of Death and Sleep committed it, who lay'd

It down again amongst the Lycians.
Patroclus then commands Automedon

To drive to Troy. Not well. For had he then

The counsel of Achilles thought upon,

He had escapt. But Jove knows more than men,

And quickly can take from a man of might,

And to a weaker give the Victorie

Whom he himself encourage will to fight,

As now by Jove himself set on was he. But while Patrocins chac'd the Trojans thus,

Who fell, Adreftus and Autonous,

Epistor, Melanippus, Perimus,

Pylartus, Mulius, and Echeclus,

And Blasus. And taken had been Troy

Now by Patroclus, but that Phabus flood Upon the Tow'r and pusht him still away,

To vex the Greeks and do the Trojans good: For thrice he mounted, and was thrice put back

By the Immortal hand; but when again

He mounting was, Apollo to him spaker Retire (said he) Patroclus, 'tis in vain,

It is not you that Ilium can win,

Nor Thetis Son, a better man than you.

Patroclus at these words great fear was in,

And far off from the Wall himself withdrew.

Now Hetter was upon his Charret feat

I'th' Scean Gate, and did deliberate Whether to make the Trojans to retreat,

And when they were come in to the shut the Gate,

Or go to th' Fight. While he consulted thus,

Apollo came and flanding by his fide

In likeness of his Uncle Asius,

int-

Him sharply did for standing idle chide. Bettor, said he, why stay you here? If I

Exceeded you in strength as you do me,

Iteach you would, in such necessity

To quit the Field thus, and unuseful be.

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Go. To Patroclus now directly drive,
And doubt not but that by Apollo's aid
You may him of his Life and Arms deprive.
Away went Phobus when he this had faid,

And Heffer then returned to the Fight

While Phabus did the Argive throng dismay.

Cebriones still kept his Horses right

Upon Patroclus. For upon the way
Hettor past through the Greeks and kill'd none.

Patroclus then alightning, with his Spear In his left hand, in th'other rook a ftone, And with it killed Hallors Charrettier

Cebriones, King Prian's Baftard Son.

Above his Eyes upon his Forehead just Patroclus hit him with the knobby stone.

Then from his Seat he dropt into the dust. Broke was his Skull, his Eye-brows crusht int'one,

And at his feet before him fell his eyes.

Patroclus fooft and faid 'tis nimbly done.

And proudly thus infulting ore him cryes, Oh that we had a man could leap like him,

And fer upon one of our Ships were he,

To leap into the Sea and groaping swim!

How satisfi'd with Oysters should we be!

So quickly down he tumbled to the Plain.

I see that there good tumblers are in Troy.

This faid, he ran unto the Body stain, Himself with his own valour to destroy. And then unto the ground leapt Hestor too,

And at Cebriones his Body fought He and Patroclus, fierce as Lions two

That had a great Stag, flain by chance, found out; And hungry both, strove who should first be sed.

So fought these two each other to destroy. And Histor pull'd the dead man by the head,

Patroclus by the heels the other way.

Mean while the Greeks and Trojans fighting stood:

As when between two Hills two great Winds fight, On both fides strongly shaken is the Wood,

And Boughs bear one another with great might,

And with a horrid noise together clash, And many lufty Limbs then broken are Of barky Corme, broad Beech, and lofty Affi; So did it with the Greeks and Trojans fare. About Cebriones Stuck many a Spear, And many a fledged Arrow from the Bow, And many Shields by great stones broken were. While he along in bed of dust lay low, And quite forgotten had his Chivalry. Now all the while that mounting was the Sun The Weapons flew, and men fell equally. But after noon when half the day was gone The Argives clearly had the Victory, And from the Field Cebriones they drew, And Bript there of his Armour let him lie. Patroclus then the Trojans chac'd anew. And there before the Myrmidens leapt out Like Mars himself, and thrice nine Trojans slew. And out again he went; but at that bout, Upon himself untimely death he drew. For Phabus came (Patrostus faw him not) Wrapt up in Air, and standing on the ground Between the shoulders with his hand him smor, That all about him feemed to go round, And from his head his Helmet then he flung Into the duft, and foul it was all ore, And beaten by the hoofs of Horses rung, That never had been so defil'd before When on Achilles Godlike head it fate. But Jove to Hector gave it now to wear, And only then when near him was his Fate. Moreover Phæbus brake Patrocius Spear, A heavie Spear well armed at the head, And pluckt his mighty Shield out of his hand, And left him of his Arms uncovered.

And left him of his Arms uncovered.

With this Patroclus did amazed stand.

And near unto him then a Dardan came,

And in the back he smote him with his Spear. Panthordes Euphorbus was his name,

And kill'd him nor, but back ran to the Rear,

For though he well could fight, and ride, and run, And going first abroad to learn the Wars;

He was by no man of his age outdone,

And had orethrown twice ten men from their Char;

Yet for Patroclus now he durft not flay,
Although he wounded and difarmed were.

Then to the Rear Patroclus went away,

And after him ran Heffor with his Spear.

And at the Belly firuck him through the fide.

And down he fell. The Greeks were grieved fore.

As when at a small Fountain almost dri'd Together come a Lion and a Boar

With equal thirst, and drink they both would fain, But fight who shall drink first, slain is the Bore;

So now by Hector was Patroclus flain,

Though many Trojans he had kill'd before. And Hector then triumphing ore him faid.

Paterelus, you thought fure t'have flormed Troy.

And in your Ships our women t'have convey'd

To Argos with you when you went away.

Were you fo fimple that you could not fee,

That Heller with his Horles and his Spear Protects the Trojans from Captivity?

Now shall you for the Dogs and Fowls lie here;

Nor can Achilles do you any good,

That bad you ('t may be) when you from him went,

Not to return, till dyed in his blood

You Hecter's Coat had from his shoulders rent.

And vain enough you were to promife it.

Patroclus with a feeble voice repli'd,

Hillar, you now may boaft as you think fit,

And in your own ability take pride.

T'Apollo first my death I owe, who threw My Armour from my body to the ground;

I could have flain else twenty such as you.

And from Euphorbus I received a wound.

To bring me down; you were but one of three.

But hear me and remember what I fay,

Hettor, you will not long live after me,
And only for Achilles hand you stay.

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And at these words he was of life bereft.

His Soul unto th'Insernal Regions fled
Lamenting so much Youth and Vigour lest;
And Hettor to him spake again though dead:
Patroclus, why do you foretel my death?
Who knows but that Achilles may be flain
By me first, and before me lose his breath?
This said, he pulled out the Spear again.
And presently pursu'd Antomedon,
Who of Achilles was the Charretier;
But he away was carried and gone
By Peleus Horses that Immortal were.

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Nd Menelaus understanding now That flain Patroclus lay upon the ground, Careful, as of her first Calf is a Cow, To th'Body went and walkt about it round, Couching his Spear and holding out his Shield, Refolv'd to kill him whofoe're he was That durst to stand against him in the Field. Then to him faid Euphorbus, Menelaus Retire, let me advise you, from the dead. For I am he that gave him the first wound, That with his arms I may be honoured; Left with my Spear I strike you to the ground. And Menelaus to him thus reply'd. O Jupiter, in Lion never was, Noriyet in Panther, nor in Boar such pride (Though other Beafts in strength they far surpass) As in these Sons of Panthus. Though they know, When Hyperenor proudly me defi'd, And spirefully did value me below All other Greeks, that by my hand he di'd. And forry were his Parents and his Wife Now you succeed will to your Brother's fate. Be gone then if you mean to fave your life, And quickly, or you will be wife too late. No Menelaus (said Euphorbus then) Since you have griev'd his Parents and his Wife, 'Tis best, I think, to comfort them agen, By making you pay for it with your life. For though intolerable be their grief, Yet when they see your Armour and your head Brought to them home, it will be some relief.

But this by fight must be determined.

This faid, he made a thrust at Menelaus, Which he received on his trusty Shield,

Itentered not, resisted by the Brass,
Which bent the point, and passage none did yield.

Then as he backward stept to get away
He by Atrides on the Breast was hit.

The Spear prest with his hand not there did stay,

But to his Neck went up and pierced it.

And then the ground he with his Armour knocks;

And dyed was with blood his dainty hair,

Those fine (with Gold and Silver twined) Locks,

Like those that Cytherea's Graces wear.

As when one planted with an Olive sprig

In open place, and where are many Springs, And stir'd by gentle winds ir is grown big,

Then comes a storm and to the ground it flings;

So by Atrides fell Euphorbus now.

As when a Lion cometh from the Wood

Into the Herd and feizeth on a Cow,

First breaks his Neck, then feeds he on his blood

And Bowels, Dogs and Herds-men looking on And hueing him, that dare not to go near;

So then upon Atrides ventur'd none,

So much the Trojans stricken were with fear.

And now into the hands of Menelaus

Patroclus Armour came; and born away

Had been, but that by Phabus croft he was, That was a friend to Heftor and to Troy.

And in the shape of Mentes gone was then

(Whom now the Cicon Regiments obey'd)

To call back Hellor to the Field agen,

And overtaking him thus to him faid,

Hetor, you here Automedon pursue

To take Achilles Horses all in vain.

Which never will be won or rul'd by you,

And suffer good Euphorbus to be flain.

By Menelaus at the Body dead

Of Menætiades. Then went his way:

And faw how on the ground Euphorbus lay

Bleeding

Bleeding and naked left by Menelaus.

And Hector then enflamed with the fight

Like raping fire did through the Squadrons pass

Like raging fire did through the Squadrons pass, And with great cry returned to the fight.

And cold was then Atrides at the heart,

And with himself he thus disputing stands;
If I should from the Body slain depart,

The Greeks would fay of me but little good;

But if I stay alone here 'twill be worse

For he brings with him all the Trojan force. But wherefore do I thus disputing stay?

Who fights against him whom a God doth aid, Draws on himself a great and certain ill.

My best course then is Hellor to avoid, And let the Greeks say of it what they will.

But if of Ajax I could get a fight,

Then he and I together would not fee

Then he and I together would not fear With Heffer aided by a God to fight.

And to Achilles the dead Body bear.
Whilst thus unto himself he laid the Case,

The Trojans same with Hector at the head,

And Menelaus then for fook the place,
And going left behind the Body dead.
But oft lookt back. As when a Lion is

Compell'd to leave a Fold by Men and Dogs, He oft looks back, and runs not for all this.

But tow'rd the Wood still slowly on he jogs

Unwillingly; his heart's too big to run; So Menelaus off went safe and sound, And then for Ajax Son of Telamon

Lookt round about, and 'mongst his Troops him some Inciting them to fight. For not a man

But frighted was by Phabus and dismay'd;
And with all speed Atrides to him ran,

And flanding at his fide unto him faid, Come Ajax, quickly come away with me

To fave Patroclus from the Trojans wrath,

That to Achilles carri'd he may be Though naked. For his Armour Hector hath. At Wha

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jax inrag'd at this flies to the place
With Menelaus, where Patroclus lay
When Hellor from the Field him drawing was,
(Having already fnatcht his Arms away)

Unto the Trojans to cut off his head.

And give the Body to the Dogs to eat.
But when great Ajax thither came, he fled,
And to the Trojansmade a quick Retreat;

And order gave to bear the Arms to Troy,
Achilles Arms, a noble Monument

Of his great deed. But Ajax still did stay,
And with his Shield about the Body went.

As when a Lion, his Whelps following him, Into the open Field comes from the Wood,

And Hunters meets, he looks upon them grim; So Ajax looking by Patroclus flood,

And Glaucus then that led the Lycian Bands
To Hector went and frowning to him faid,

Though you be thought a good man of your hands

Hector, it is not so I am afraid.

Consider first if you the Town can save

By Trojans only, without other guard.

And of their service how great need you have; And then how lightly you their pains regard.

What Lycian again will for you fight?

Or how will you defend a meaner man, That lest Sarpedon to the Argives spight

And sport, and from his body frighted ran, That was your friend and had such service done?

So that if I were won to lead them home,

You'd find a little after we were gone, The utmost fare of Troy were on it come.

For if the Trojans had as forward been,
As men should be that for their Country fight,

Patroclus body we in Troy had feen,

Fetcht from the field, for all the Argives might; And from the Greeks in change we might have had Supedon's Corps, and brought it into Troy; and all the Greeks thereof would have been glad,

So great experience of his worth had they.

But you to Ajax never yet durft go.

And when he came to you, you from him ran

Into the throng o'th' Trojans. And why fo?
But that you know he is the better man.

Then Hector frowning on him thus repli'd,

Glaucus, 'tis ftrange that such a man as you Should so severely without cause me chide;

I thought you very wife, but 'tis not true.

You say I dare not with great Ajax fight

When I do neither Foot nor Horse-men shun,

But only way give sometimes to the might Of Jove when he the Enemy sets on.

For he to whom he will gives Victorie,
And from the proud their courage takes away.

But to the Fight come with me now, and fee

If I be such a Coward as you say; And do not from Patroclus body make

Some of the Argives to retire agen. This said, he turn'd and to the Trojans spake, Trojans, said he, and Lycians play the men

Whilst I my self in those good Arms array

Which from Patroclus body slain I took. This said, he from the Field went toward Troy,

And quickly those that bare them overtook, And gave to them the Armour he then wore,

And th'Armour of Patroclus there puts on,

Giv'n by the Gods to Peleus heretofore, Which he when aged gave unto his Son,

But were not kept by him till he was old: Then Fove that out of fight in Heaven fate

And Hestor in this Armour did behold,

Poor man, said he, he knoweth not his fate, Which now is near; and at it shook his head,

And faid, Though now these heavenly Arms you wear Of this great man whom all men else did dread,

Killing the gentle Knight that did them bear,

And so unhandsomely, you'll never go

Yet now you shall prevail against the Foe
To please you, fince thus shortned is you life.

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And as he faid it, feal'd it with a Nod,
Now Hetter having on these Arms and sit,
Into his Breast went in the mighty God
Of Battle, and with courage siled it.
Then Hetter like Achilles shining came

To his Confederates, and mongst them went

Calling upon the best of them by name, To give unto them all encouragement,

Milbles, and Glaucus, and Therfilochus,
Afteropaus, and Hippothous,

Midon, Difinor, Phoreys, Chromius,

And you the skilful Augur Eunomus,

And you the thousands that to aid me come,
'Tis not to muster that you called are,

But to defend the Wives of Ilium

And Babes, against the Greeks that love the Warre,

Which to prevent, the Trojans day by day
With pay and with free Quarter tired are.

Let's therefore fight and either die or flay; For there's no other Traffick at the Warre.

And he that shall Patroclus body gain,

And (spight of Ajax) fetch it off the Field,

Half of his Armour shall have for his pain, And I will half the Honour to him yield,

This faid, the Trojans on the Arg. ves fell

With all their weight, and made account to gain

Patroclus Body. For they could not tell How many Trojans there would first be slain:

And then to Menelaus Ajax faid,

I fear we shall no more return from Troy;

And am not for Patroclus fo afraid

(that to the Dogs is fure to be a Prey)
As for my felf and you; with fueh a Cloud
Of Trojans Hefter thundring cometh on.

Gotherefore presently and call aloud

To thother Princes. Other help there's none.

Then Menelaus cried out aloud,

And

Oyou that have command in th'Argive Host, and diet with Atrides are allow'd,

And drink unstinted at the Publick cost,

'Tis hard to call you ev'ry one by name.

But you that hear me come away with speed.

For to us all 'twill be no little shame

To let the Dogs upon Patroclus feed. This faid, first little Ajax running came,

And with Idomeneus Meriones,

Then many more came in; but who can name The number great that came in after these?

And Hettor with the Trojans then came in. And as the Sea that rolleth to the shore

Which by some mighty wind had driven been; So to the Fight the Trojans marching roar.

The Greeks about Patroclus body staid,

All of one mind, all cover'd with their Shields, And on their heads fove then a great Fog laid,

And all the place about with darkness fills.

For while Patroclus was alive and serv'd Achilles, Jove took at him no offence,

Nor thought that to be Dogs meat he deserv'd, And therefore urg'd the Greeks to his desence.

At first the Trojans made the Greeks to fly, And leave the Body, but they killed none,

So great a Fog upon the place did lie.

Then with his friends again came Ajax on,

Of all the Greeks for person and for might
The bravest man excepting Thetis Son.

The Trojans when the Greeks refus'd to fight,
The Body feiz'd, and thought the bus'ness done.

As when a Boar pursu'd by Hounds and Men, Upon them turns, they scatter'd are and fly;

So when great Ajax to them came agen, The Trojans scatter'd let Patroclus lie.

For when Hippothous was in great hope To drag Patroclus body up to Troy, And to his Anckle tyed had a rope,

Arrived to him was his lateft day.

And smote him through the Helmet and the Brain, Which stained with his bloud stuck to the Spear,

And down he threw Patroclus foot again,

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And with it neer unto the body fell
Depriv'd of life by mighty Ajax Spear;
Far from Lariffa where his friends did dwell,
And never for his breeding payed were,
And Hettor then a Spear at Ajax threw,
Which he perceiving did a little shun,
A very little it beside him flew.

Avery little it befide him flew, And killed Schedius Iphitus Son

That of Phoceans all was far the best, And did in well-built Panopea reign.

The Spear sharp-pointed enter'd at his Breast,
And at his Shoulder out it went again.

And Ajax then the valiant Phoreys flew
That bout the body of Hippothous went.

The Spear through Breast-plate and through Belly flew,

And as it pass'd the Guts in pieces rent. Then Hettor and the Trojan Lords gave way

Retiring from the Argive Lords; and thus
By th'Argives coming in, without delay

Stript were both Phoreys and Hippothous.

And now the Trojans had for want of heart

Been chased by the Argives up to Troy, And th'Argives gotten had on th'other part Without the Gods an honourable day,

Had not Apollo, like to Periohas

Auchifes Squire t'Aneas come disguised,
That very wise now grown and aged was,
And standing by his side him thus advised.
Leas, cannot you without the Gods

As well as the Acheans gain the day yalour, fince in men they have no odds?

For Jove had rather you should win than they.

In Phabus said. Ancis knew 'twas he;

And with a loud voyce unto Hestor said,

in, and you who the Commanders be

of Trojans, or have brought unto them aid, what a shame 'ris for us thus to run before the Greeks our selves in Troy to hide!

That hath affur'd me fove is on our fide.

And

This faid, before the Trojans he leapt out,
And with his Spear in hand flood at their head.
And when he made them had to wheel about,
Unto the Body he directly led.

And with his Spear Leocritus he flew
The friend of Lycomed, Arisbas Son;

And Lycomed displeas'd, at Hector threw, And hit him not, but kill'd Apisaon,

Of all that from Paonia pass'd the Seas,
He was in battle of the greatest might

Excepting no man but Afteropeus;
Who angry at his fall went to the Fight.

But now the Greeks about Patroclus flood
So close, with Spears advanc'd, with Bucklers hidde

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That there Afteropaus did no good;

For by great Ajax so they had been bidden. Let none from hence again retire, said he,

Nor any man before the rest skip out, But stand together till you charged be.

And thick the Trojans and their Aids now fell,
And with their bloud bedewed was the ground.

Nor did the Argives come off very well;

But fewer of them 'mongst the dead were found.

For standing close, one Shield sav'd more than one.

Thus keen as fire on both sides sought they here.

And such a darkness was the place upon
As if nor Sun nor Moon in safety were.
But th'other places all about had light,
And brightly did the Sun in Ida shine,
And gentle at a distance was the Fight,

And one anothers Spear did oft decline.

But in the middle, where the very best

Both of the Argives and the Trojans stood,

Of reftless labour and of loss of blood.

But of Patroclus by the Trojans kill'd, Antilocus and Thrasymed knew not,

And that he still pursu'd the Trojans thought,

When for his body who the same should get,
Now sighting were the Trojans and the Greeks,
And from their Knees and Legs ran down the sweat,
And stained were with bloud their arms and cheeks.
As when men set themselves about the skin
Of some sat Bull and stretcht it ev'ry way,
That th'Humour may go out, the grease go in,
Just so Troy, and Argives to the Fleet,

And thereupon arose this mighty fray.

If Mars or Pallas had been there to see'r,

They had not known on whom a fault to lay,

Though angry they had been; such work was then

By Jove about Patroclus body set

For Trojans and for Argives, Horse and Men. But to Achilles known it was not yet That slain by th' Trojans was his Favourite. For now not far off from the Trojan Wall

So that he thought not on his death at all;
But having chac'd the Trojans to the Gates
Of lium, that straight he would come back.

For well he knew 'twas ordered by the Fates,

Patroclus never should the City sack.

Its Mother Thetis oft had told him that,

As she before had told it been by Jove;

But quite Patroclus destiny forgat,

Or knew it not, whom he so much did love. The Greeks and Trojans at the body staid Together close, and one another kill'd.

And one Achean to another faid,

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Twould be a great diffrace to quit the Field, and leave the body of Patroclus thus.

Irather had by th'Earth we swallowed were than they should have it and crow over us, And to the Town the noble body bear.

The Trojans likewise t'one another cri'd, Though ev'ry one of us were sure to die

Though ev'ry one of us were fure to die this mans body, let us here abide, And then the clamour rofe up to the Skie.

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Achilles Steeds now with Automedon

Upon the Charre without the Battle flood;

But to the Fight he could not get them on.

He to them call'd, but that would do no good. And then he flatters them, then threats, then whips.

But for Patroclus griev'd they would not go

With th' wgives to the Fight nor to the Ships,

But lay down on the ground and wept for woe

That they had loft a gentle Charretier.

Jove seeing them upon the ground thus laid,

And for Patroclus how they grieved were, Shaking his head unto himself he said,

Poor Steeds, why did I you on man bestow

That mortal is, and you immortal are

And make you also misery to know,

And to participate of humane care?

There breatheth not upon the Earth so wide

So poor a thing and wretched as a man. Bu: Hettor on your Charre shall never ride,

For he without my leave do nothing can. Is't not enough for him that he hath got

Achilles Arms to please himself in vain?
But have Ashilles Horses he shall not.

For you shall to the Ships return again,

And fafely carry back Automedon.

Though to the Trojans I intend to day
The Victory till fetting of the Sun.

And that by darkness parted be the fray.

This faid, he strength and courage to them gay
Automedon then to the Troops of Greece

As fwiftly the immortal Horfes drave

As flies a Vulture at a flock of Geese. For from the Foe he quickly could retire,

And easily upon them go again
As oft as the occasion should require ;

But by his hand no Enemy was flain.
For fince he was upon the Seat alone,

He could not both together fight and guide.

But to him came at last Alcimedon

Laertes Son, and stood by th'Charret side:

What God, said he, has put it in your head Automedon, amongst so many Spears
To be alone knowing your friend is dead,
And Hetter now Achilles Armour wears?
Automedon unto him then repli'd,
Alcimedon, a fitter man is none
Than you are the immortal Steeds to guide;

Than you are the immortal Steeds to guide, Since Menoctiades my friend is gone.

Get up then you and the good Steeds command, Whilst on the ground I with the Trojans fight.

Alcimedon then took the Whip in hand And Reyns; Automedon did then alight.

This Hector suw, and to Aneas spake, Achilles Horses yonder coming are;

To us, said he, they are not hard to take.

For with them there is no great man of Warre;

And if we to them go they dare not frand.

This faid, Aneas well contented was,

And forward then they go with Spear in hand,

And shoulders cover'd well with Hide and Brass,

And Chromius with them and Aretus went,
And made no doubt but both the men to flay,

And then to feize Achilles Steeds they meant,
And with the Charre triumphing drive to Troy,

And with the Charre triumphing drive to Troy.

To Jupiter Automedon then pray'd, Who heard his prayer, and great strength to him gave

And then unto Alcimedon he faid, Alcimedon, keep still they Horses neer,

So that upon my back may fall their breath.

for quiet never will be Hettor's Spear, Until of both of us he fee the death,

And fet himfelf upon Achilles Car,

And put the Squadrons of the Greeks to rout, or beamongst the foremost slain i'th'War.

This faid, he to th' Ajaxes cried out,

And Menelaus. Ajax, Menelaus,

The care of him that's dead to others give, and shew your Valour where there is more carle.

Come hither and take care of us that live.

For

For Hellor and Aneas both are here.

But yet fince on Jov's will dependeth all
Both good and evil hap, I'll throw my Spear;

And let him where he pleaseth make it fall, And as he spake the Spear he from him sent,

Which chanc'd to light upon Aretes Shield, And passing through into his Belly went.

At which he starting fell upon the Field.

And at Automedon then Hector threw.

But stooping forward he the Spear declin'd; And ore his head through th'empty air it flew, And shaking fixt it stood i'th'ground behind.

And then the Fight by Mars becalmed was; But with their Swords they had again faln on,

But that th' Ajaxes two and Menelaus

Came in, that call'd were by Automedon.

Aneas then and Hettor shrunk away.

And Chromius with them, but Aretus not,
Eut on the ground without his Armour lay.

Autamedon then mounts his Chariot

All bloudy, and the Armour by him fet,

And faid, Though this revenge be very small. For great Patroclus death, 'tis better yet,

Though this a worse man be, than none at all.

And at Patroclus body now the Fight

Was greater than before and fiercer grown.

For Pallas coming did the Greeks incite,

By Jove himself (whose mind was chang'd) sent down,

As when to morrals fove will fignifie!

Th'approach of War, or Tempests cold and loud, To make men leave their work, and Cattle die,

He sets up in the Sky a purple Cloud; In such a Cloud wrapt up Athena came,

The Daughter of great Fove, and martial Maid, To th' Argive Hoast their courage to instame,

And to Atrides, who flood neerest, said, In voyce and shape like Phanix, Menelaus,

If you let Dogs Patroclus body tear, That of Achilles so beloved was,

You will be scorn'd. Go to him, do not fear.

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Phanix, faid he, would Pallas strengthen me, And save me from so many Spears that fly,

Patroclus body foon should rescu'd be.

For no man for him griev'd is more than I, But Heffor fighteth like a raging flame,

And as he goes Jove gives him Victory: This faid, Athena pleas'd was with the same,

Because to her he trusted specially,

And strengthned both his shoulders and his thighs,

And made him bold as is a bufie Flie

Which beaten off, again upon you flies.

And fears not for a little bloud to die.

And to Patroclus then went Menelaus,

And mongst the throng of Trojans threw his Spear.

It chanced that amongst them one there was,

Pydes Eetions Son to Hector dear,

And at the wine his good Companion.

Him Menelaus with his Spear then flew

lefts he turn'd himfelf about to run,

And from the Trojans the dead body drew.

To Histor then came Phabus, having on

The form of Phanops Son of Asius,

And flanding by his fide faid to him thus.

If you be so afraid of Menelaus,

What other Greek will be afraid of you?

Henever yet good Spear-man counted was

Nor is, though Podes now by chance he flew,

And vainly now he thinks alone he can

Bring off Patroclus body from the Field.

This faid, unto the body Hector ran.

And Jove then lifted up his mighty Shield, and in thick Clouds the Mountain Ida wraps,

And dark it was upon the Field as night.

And then with Lightning and with Thunder claps The Squadrons of the Argives puts to flight.

Mentlaus who the Bestions led,

ha-

Hurt in the shoulder by Polydamas, of the Acheans was the first that fled,

And Leitus his Mate the second was,

That was by Helfor wounded in the Wrift, And could no longer use make of his Spear; But from the battle forc'd was to defift,

And looking still about him ran in fear.

Him Hector as he running was pursues,

On Heftor's Shield then lights a heavie Spear

That thrown was at him by Idomeneus,

But brake in two; and glad the Trojans were.

And at Momeneus then Helfor threw,

Beside him but a little went the Spear, And lighting upon Caranus him slew,

Who was Meriones his Charretier,

And with him came to Lyctus all the way

By Sea, and thence he went to Troy by Land.

And much good Service he had done to Troy,
For fallen had the King by Hettor's hand,

And fafe had been himfelf; but now was hit
By Heffor's Spear betwirt the Cheek and Ear,

And filling to the ground expired there

And falling to the ground expired there.

And then Meriones took up the Reyns.

And to Idomeneus eri'd out to fly, To little purpose now is all our pains;

You fee the Trojans have the Victory.
Idomeneus to th'Ships then drave away

As fast as he could make the Horses go, As being certain they had lost the day.

And Ajax did the same acknowledge now.

Meriones (faid he) and Menelaus,

That Jove will to the Trojans give the day A man may fee that little judgement has,

So manifestly now he fights for Troy:

The Spears thrown by the Trojans never miss, But on one Greek or other always light. Ours seldom hit. What cause is there of this,

But that great Fove doth for the Trojans fight; Let's therefore here confider of some way

To fetch Patroclus off, and then go home. For to our friends in Greece 'twill be a joy

To fee us fafe again from Hettor come;

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LIB. XVII.

Who when they to the Sea their Faces turn, Despair of ever seeing us again,

And think that Hector will the Navie burn, And that we there shall ev'ry man be llasu.

0 that we had some fit man here to send T'Achilles Tent; for nothing yet knows he,

That by the Trojans flain is his dear friend. But 'tis so dark I no such man can see.

O fove, give us once more a Sky serene; Remove this Mift that we may fee to fight,

Or if to kill the Argives all you mean, O Father Fove, yet kill us in the light.

This faid, Fove had compaffion on his Tears. The Sun again his glittering Beams displays.

Scatters the Clouds again and th'Heaven clears,

And then to Menelaus Ajax fays, About the Field go Menelaus now,

And feek Antilochus, and bid him go Unto Achilles Tent, and let him know

His friend Patroclus flain is by the Foe. This faid, away Atrides went.

A hungry Lion parreth from a Fold, Having in vain provok'd the Dogs and Men

That did him from th'expeded prey withhold, Watching all night, when fain he would have fed;

But all the night the Darts about him fly And flaming Brands which Lions chiefly dread,

Away he goes i'th'morn unwillingly ;

So from Patroclus body parted he Against his will, thinking the Greeks afraid

Might leave Patroclus to the Enemy,

And to Meriones and th' Ajaxes laid, How good a man Patroclus was you know,

And how in our defence his bloud he shed,

And therefore valuantly defend him now. Let not the Foe abuse his body dead.

And when he this had faid he went away,

Amongst the Argives peeping here and it ere, Like to an Eagle foaring for a prey

Amongst the Bullies peeping for a Hare;

So

So he amongst the Argives lookt about

Seeking of Nefter's Son Antilochus.

Nor was it long before he found him out

Cheering his men, and faid unto him thus.

Antilochus come neer and hear from me

Sad news ; I would it were not also true,

That now the Trojans have the Victorie, I think it is already known to you.

But further know that flain Patroclus is. Run therefore to Achilles quickly, and

Tell him the news. It may be, mov'd by this To help the Argives with his mighty hand,

He'll to the naked body hither come

(For now Athilles Armour Hetter wears.)

At this Antilochus was Aricken dumb,

And filled were and swoln his eyes with tears.

And there Antilethus no longer staid, But to Laodocus his Armour gave,

And he the same upon his Charret laid; For to that end he neer unto them drave.

Away Antilochus then weeping went To carry to Achilles the ill news,

And lest to Thrasymed his Regiment.

For Menelaus did the same resuse; Though of a valiant Commander then

The tired Pylians had the greatest need, And to the Ajaxes return'd agen,

Where lay Patroclus body, with all speed.

And when he thither came, unto them said,

Antilochus is to Achilles gone,

Although I fee not how he should us aid. How can he, seeing Armour he has none?

Let's therefore now bethink our felves, how we

Our felves may bear the body from the Field; And also how we may secured be

Against the Trojans that we be not kill'd.
Ajax to this replying said, 'Tis true,

And the advice I'll give you will be right.

Take up the Corps Meriones and you, And on your shoulders bear it from the Fight.

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We two that are of one name and one mind, And in the Field together use to be Will fighting with the Trojans come behind, Till at the Ships the body lain we see:

This faid, Meriones and Menelaus

Up to their shoulders hoyst the body dead. Whilst towards them the back of Ajax was, The Trojans with great shouting followed.

Just as a Pack of Hounds pursue a Boar

Wounded by Hunters, running with great cry,

But scatter'd are, and this and that way fly ;

Sodid the Trojans after Ajax run

As long as towards them was not his face.
But when he turned, neer him durft stay none,
But stood at a great distance from the place,

Thus fetcht they off at last the body dead,
With at their heels of Trojan Spears great showers;

And Argives dropt abundance as they fled,

Like houses in a Town on fire, and Tow'rs.

As when two Mules in heavie way are fer

To drag down from the Hills some mighty Tree
To be a Beam or Mast, it makes them sweat
Before into the Plain it drawn could be;

So Menelaus and Meriones

Sweating and moyling with the body go.

And as a Rock that keepeth off the Seas;

So Ajax at their backs kept off the Foe.

The Trojans led by Hector and Aneas

Pursue the flying Greeks with mighty cry,
As from a Hawk that preys on Birds like these,
A Cloud of Starelings cackel when they fly.

And many of them threw their Arms away,
And that they came to fight had quite forgot,
hand about the Ditch much Armour lay

O flying Greeks. But done the fight was not.

ILIAD.

LIB. XVIII.

WHilft at the Ships the Greeks and Trojans fought, Antilochus came to Achilles Tent, And found him to the Argive Ditch gone out Presaging in his mind the sad event, And faying to himfelf, Ah me what's this? The Battle to the Ships is come again; Pray God it be not as I fear it is, The Greeks are routed and Patroclus flain, My Mother told me that the best of all The Myrmidens by th'Trojans should be slain. I bad him not t'affault the Trojan Wall, Nor fight with Heffor, but come back again. As speaking to himself Achilles stood, Antilochus unto him weeping came, The news, faid he, I bring you is not good; I cannot without Fears relate the fame. Slain is Patroclus. On the ground he lies, And now they fighting are with Swords and Spears Who shall his Body have with mighty cries Though naked; for his Armour Hector wears: At this fad news dark were Achilles eyes. And up he takes the Dust with both his hands, And throws it on his head; then down he lies, His Face and Coat fulli'd with Dust and Sands, Ard tore his Hair. And then the lovely prey Of Captive Women that had taken been By him and by Patroclus before Troy Affrighted from Achilles Tent came in, And over him they beat their Breasts and moan'd, On th'other fide Antilochus was fain To held his hands, fo mighrily he groan'd; Left offerwise be should Limself have flaim

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His Mother Thetis hearing him complain, Though fitting in the deepest of the Seas, Wept out aloud, and presently her wain About her came of the Nereiades, Glauca, Thelcia, and Cymodoca, Nefaa, Speio, Thoa, Halia And Amioreia, and Cymothoa. Melita Lera, and Amphithoa, And Doto, Proto, Attea, Agava, Doris, Dexamena, Dynamena, And Callianeira, and Amphinoma, Pherufa, Apfendes, and fair Panopa

Mmertes, and the milk white Galatea, And Clymene there was, and Callianaffa, And Mera, Orithvia, and glorious Amatheia, And (not to name them all) fair Janassa With all the reft, and fill'd the filver Cave,

And beat their breafts, and round her stood dismaid. And Thetis then th'account unto them gave

Of her great grief, and thus unto them faid, Hear me Nereides my Sifters dear,

And be acquainted with my misery. Ah wretched Goddess that I was to bear The best of all the Hiroes; and when he Was quickly grown up to a goodly height, Send him unto the War at Ilium

Against the Trojans for the Greeks to fight, From whence he never flould again come home;

But spend his little time of life in woe, And I can nothing do for his relief. And now I mean to visit him, and know.

Since he not fights, what cause he hath of grief. This faid, the with her Nymphs went from the Cave:

The Sea before them her smooth water tore, And gentle passage to the Goddess gave,

Till they were landed on the Trojan shore. Where lay Achilles Ships upon the Sand; And streight up to Achilles Thetis went, The Nymphs attending on her hand in hand, And feeing him fo grievoufly lament,

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She held him by the head, and to him faid. Why weep you thus sweet Child; what is't you all? For that which formerly to Jove you pray'd Against th'ingrateful Greeks, I did prevail. To th'Ships they have been beaten from the Field. And know in what great need they fland of you, And have in heaps been by the Trojans kill'd. To this Achilles answ'ring said, 'Tistrue But in my life what pleasure can I find, Since sweet Patroclus slain is by his Foes, On whom of all men most I set my mind, And Hector in his Arms triumphing goes, Those mighty Arms giv'n by the Gods that day That you were pleas'd a mortal man to wed, To Pelias. Oh had you been away, And he a mortal woman married! You had not for your Son been grieved then, That never to you should return again: Nor do I wish to live with mortal men But till I with my Spear have Hettor flain. By what you fay (faid Thetis to her Son) Short liv'd you are. Your own fate then is nigh I care not, faid Achilles, when that's done I shall be very well content to die. For fince I never must return again, And no defence in me Patroclus found, Nor other good men by the Trojans flain, I but a needless weight am to the ground, Oh that Contention loft for ever were And Choler to the heart of man fo fweet, Which often made the wifest men to erre! In Agamemnon and my felf I fee'c. But fince 'tis paft, let's put it out of mind. For dead he is, and cannot live again. And now I'll ice if Hettor I can find

That has my dearest friend Patroclus stain. And then let Fove do what himself thinks good. For Hereules could not avoid his fate, Who most of mortals in his favour stood,

But di'd by Destiny and Fano's hate;

and so shall I, when my day shall arrive, Lie still when dead. But now let me gain same

amongst th' Acheans while I am alive,

And make some Trojan or some Dardan Dame With both her tender hands to tear her Cheeks,

And figh, and with her tears her beauty blot, And know my hand from that of other Greeks, And when I with th' Acheans am, when not.

And therefore, Mother, dearly as you love me, Endeavour not to make mehere abide.

For from my purpole you cannot remove me.

Unto Achilles Thetis then reply'd,

Paroclus body from the Foe to save,

Nor that the Argive people you defend.

But now you know your Arms the Trojans have, And Hestor weareth them; but shall not long.

The lateft of his days is to him nigh, but go not you into the bloudy throng,

Till here agen you have me in your eye.

This faid, the turn'd to the Nereiades, And to them faid, Nereiades dive you

To Nereus at the bottom of the Seas,

And all you see has hapned to him shew:

For Iup to Olympus must be gone

To Vulcan (if fuch favour I can gain)
Toget a good new Armour for my Son.

This faid, the Nymphs to Sea return'd again,

And Thetis to Olympus went her way.

Mean while the Greeks before the Trojans fly With mighty cries, and never flopt till they

Were at the Ships, and to the wide Sea nigh.

Norwas Patroclus body rescu'd yet;

For now a fresh the Trojans to them came.

Which did another fiercer fight beget,

And Hettor fell upon them like a flame. Thrice laid he hold upon Patroclus foot,

And forc'd he was as oft to let it fall, To kill, some others. Then again came to't.

But from the Body went not back at all.

From the dead body by th' Ajaxes two,
Than can a hungry Lion from his prey

For any thing the Herds-men griev'd can do.

And Heffer had Patroclus body got,

And gained had thereby a greatrenown, But Juno (though the other Godsknew not)

T'Achilles in great haft sen Ivis do wn.

T'Achilles streight she came, and to him said,
Up terrible Pelides to the Warre,

And your beloved friend Patroclus aid;

For at the Ships they fighting for him are, The Greeks to fave his body are in pain.

The Trojans fain would drag him into Troy, And Hellor most of all that has him slain,

And from his shoulders take his head away, And flick it up upon the Trojan Wall,

Leaving his Corps a Prey to Dog and Kite. Think what reproach will then upon you fall.

Lie then no longer here, but rise and fight. Achilles then repli'd. Iris faid he,

Tell me what God or Goddess sent you down.
Tuno, said Iris, sent me; none but she.

To all the restmy coming is unknown.

And then Achilles to her faid again,

Since they have got my Arms how can I fight?

And Thetis bids me from the War abstain Till she return again into my fight

Who is to Vulcan for new Armour gone.

And here's no other Armour for me fit

But Ajaxes; who I hope, has it on,

And for Patroclus now has use of it. We know, said Iris, Armour you have none. But as you are, upon the Dirch appear.

The Trojans from the Corps will from be gone,

And leave it to the Greeks for very fear.

This said, the Goddess Iris vanished.

Achilles rose, and Pallas to him came, And on him puts her Shield, and on his head A golden Cloud, from which arose a stame.

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As when an Isle invaded is by Foes,

The Citizens to call their Neighbours in Make Fires, the smoak up to the Heaven goes

By day; by Night the Flame, and far are feen;

And then unto the Ditch he went and shouted,

And farther off Athena did the same

The Trojans when they heard it frait were routed.

Asclear as any Trumpet in the Wars,

They heard Achilles voice, and were afraid,

and in disorder turn'd about their Chars.

But at his flaming head were most dismaid.

Thrice shouted he, thrice they disorder'd were;

And flain were of the Trojans twelve brave men Bytheir own Chars and Spears encumbred there.

In 6 much haft they turn'd to fly. And then

The Greeks the body laid upon a Bed

And Bier, and ftanding by his fide lament.

And Tears abundance there Achilles shed,

And that he fent him had did now repent.

The Sun by Juno hastned quencht his fire. The Argives on the place stay quietly.

The Trojans to without the Ditch retire

And from the Chars the weary Steeds unty.

Then presently the Chiefs to counsel call

Before they sup, and standing on their seet, This apparition so sear'd them all,

That none amongst them had a mind to fit.

And first unto them spake Polydamas

Panthoides, Heftor's friend ; both born one night.

He better Counseller then Hestor was,

ButHefter better was than he to fight.

Myfriends, be well advised now, said he, It is not safe here on the Plain to stay

So neer the Argive Ships, to far from Troy.

Whilft this man absent was in discontent

With Agamemnon, and forebore to fight, The Greeks were easie Foes; to th'Ships I went.

My felf, and willingly lay out all night;

But if Achilles hither now should come. We must not only here fight for our lives.

So proud he is, he'll go to llium.

And for the City fight and for our Wives.

Let's to the City go. 'Tis as I say.

And nothing keeps him from us but the night.

And if he here shall find us when 'tis day, Some of us will acknowledge I say right.

And many flying wish when 'tis too late, They were within the Walls of Ilium,

Whom Dogs and Kites shall eat without the Gate. But to my ears may never fuch news come.

But if you will be ruled all by me,

Into the Market-place of Trey by night

We'll bring our ftrength, and foon as we can fee,
Stand arm'd upon the Tow'rs prepar'd to fight.
Then let him from the Ships come fight at Troy,
And drive about the Walls and do his worst,
And having tir'd his Horses go away.
Take it he shall not, Dogs shall eat him first.
Then Hestor frowning on him thus replies.

Again, fald he, I from you must dissent.

Since you to Aut our selves in Troy advise.

We have already there too long been pent:

Ho

Trey once was counted rich in Brass and Gold.

But fince Fove angry was, all that is gone, In Phrygia and in Meonia fold,

And little left in Hisms to be won: 1900 and 1900 But fince the Greeks are beaten and difmay'd Wi By th'hand of Jove, your fear is out of Season,

Nor will you by the Trojans be obey'd, will all the Nor shall you; though the Trojans thought it reales.

And therefore take my counsel, which is this. Go now and ev'ry man his Supper rake

In Rank and File there where he placed is; And fet good Guards, and keep your felves awake.

If any Trojan for his Goods lament, which also all the

He may the same upon the Town bestow In service of the publick to be spent 1825 1377 1000 34 Rather than be poffessed by the Foe

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LIB. XVIII.

and armed in the morn go to the Fleet, And sharply charge the Greeks by breakof day: and if indeed Achilles there we meet He were not best oppose us in our way. for from him I will neither fly nor fhrink, But either honour from him bear away, or he from me. Mars common is I think To them that fight; and flain are they that flay, this faid, the Trojans heard with great applaule, Fools as they were; Pallas had made them mad. for none of them commend Polydamas, That given them much better counsel had. The Trojans presently to Supper went. The Greeks all night about Patroclus stand. And there began Achilles to lament, And on Patroclus breast he laid his hand. As when a Lion coming to his Den Miles the tender which agen, the roars, and furioufly goes out agen, Miffes the tender Whelps he left behind, and through the Vallies hunts, the Thief to find s such fierce thoughts on Achilles heart then lay. And fighing to the Myrmidons he spake. Oh, what did I to old Menœtias fay! How vain a promise did I to him make ! this when we had fackt the Town of Tray, That I to Opus would bring back his Son inriched with his portion of the Prey. But all we hope from fove is seldom done. forboth of us have the same Destiny With our hearts bloud to dye the Trojan Plain. lad a he lieth now, fo fhall I lie, And never to my Parants come again. the first are dead, Your Funeral I will not celebrate, Mare brought you Hettor's Arms and Head, Whose bloudy hand deliver'd your sad fates M have twelve of the Noble youths of Troy Reheaded in revenge. Till then flay here, here Trojan Captive women night and day kwailing you shall fland about the Biere,

This faid, he order gave for water hot,
To cleanse Patroclus body from the gore.
Into a Caldron (faid he) water put,

And make a Fire, and set the Caldron ore.

Into a Caldron water then they put,

And made a Fire and set the Caldron ore. The Flame about it goes. The water's hot.

Then washed from the body was the gore. And then again they laid him on the Bed,

From head to foot in Linnen they him fold,

And on him laid a fair white Coverled,

His wounds first fill'd with Unquent nine years old.

About the body of Patroclus staid

Achilles and the Myrmidons all night Lamenting him. Then Jove to Juno faid,

You have Achilles brought again to fight Against the Trojans and the Argives side.

Are they your Children that you love them fo?

And June then to Jupiter repli'd:

Harsh cronides, what words do you let go? Since mortal men that know much less than we

May to a Friend do good, and hate a Foe, Why may not I that boaft my felf to be

The Wife and Sifter of great Jove do fo, And make my Foes the Trojans feel my hate?

Whilst Jove and Juno were discouring thus, The Goddess Thetis come was to the Gate Of Vulcan's undecaying famous House

Of Thining Brass, with brighter Stars thick set,

That mongst the Houses of the Heaven shone. But he was at his Work-house in a sweat,

And at his Bellows swaying up and down-For Tripods twenty he had laboured

With golden Wheels to go and come agen At his command; but had not finished

The Ears and Chains, which he was making then. And whilst this bus ness Vulcan was about,

Thetis was come and at the Gate did stand.

And Charis Vulcan's Wife then going out

Saw her, and ffraightway took her by the hand,

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Thetis, faid she, 'tis strange to see you here.

Much honour'd and a welcom Guest you are,
Come in and pleased be t'accept our Chear.

Then led her in, and brought her to a Chair,
A dainty Chair with Foot-stool joyn'd thereto,
And then unto her Husband's shop she hi'd.

For Thetis, said she, you have work to do.

And Vulcan glad, to Charis thus repli'd:

When for my lameness thrown down from the Sky,

Thetis was pleas'd to catch me in her lap, When else I had been in great misery?

I wrought for her and for Eurynome

Nine year, and made them many pretty things Within a Rock encompass'd by the Sea,

As Buckles, Clasps, fine Boxes, Beads and Rings, Which neither Mortal nor Immortal knew.

But only Thetis and Eurynome.

And now to Thetis I must pay what's due,
The Ransome of my life for saving me.
Go you and entertain her well, while I
My Tools take up, and Bellows for away.
This sid the Pellows he took and for her

This said, the Bellows he took and set by,
But in a Chest his working Tools did lay.
Then with a Sponge he wip'd his hands and sace,

Hisbrawny Neck, and hairy Breaft, and on He puts his Coat, and with his staff, apace,

Though haulting goes, and waited was upon By Maids of Massie Gold, endo'd with Wit,

And Speech, & Strength, and learn'd in Heavenly Art;

And went to Thetis and did by her fit,

And joyful at her presence was his heart, And laid his hand on hers, and to her said, Thetis, so welcome to me there is none, Tell me wherein you think I can you aid. And if it can be done, it shall be done. And then to Vulsan Thetis answered.

And then to Vulsan Thetis answered,
No Goddess ever was distrest like me
Whom Jove made subject to a Mortal's Bed,
And Pelius Wife constrained me to be.

Who

Who lies at home decrepid now and fpent. And when I born unto him had a Son. Of all the Heroes the most excellent, And of his breeding, are omitted none, And when he grown was to a goodly height. He sent was to the War at Ilium Against the Trojans for the Greeks to fight; From whence he never shall again come home. Though yet he live, he takes therein no joy, And I to comfort him no power have, Since Agamemnon taken has away Her whom the Greeks for honour to him gave. And then my Son no longer would him aid; And by the Trojans beaten were the Greeks, And Agamemnon then fent Gifts and pray'd, And by Embassadors his favour seeks. Then though to th'Fight himself he would not go; Yet he his Armour to Patroclus gave, And Myrmidons t'affift him 'gainft the Foe, And to the Scean Gare the Trojans drave. And by Pattocius taken had been Troy, Had he not then been by Apollo flain, That unto Hellor gave a glorious day, And th'Armour of my valiant Son to gain. Which makes me now come hither to request That you would make new Armour for my Son,

That you would make new Armour for my Son, A Shield, a Helmet, Armour for the breaft
And for the Legs. For those he had are gone.
Then (to her answer'd Vulcan) do not fear.
On that when for him the harsh Fates enquire,

To hide him from them I as able were.

As make him Arms for Mortals to admire.

This faid, unto his Shop he went, and bad His golden ferving Statues blow the fire.

For twenty Bellowses in all he had

To blow as he should, and his work require:

And then into the fire he threw in Tin,

And Brass, and Silver fine, and precious Gold;

And to the Socket puts the Anvile in,
And th'heavie Hammer in one hand did hold,

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Mto his other hand the Tongs he takes, And forges first a mighty Shield and strong, And many various Figures in it makes,

And fastens to the same a filver Thong,
And bound the edge about; with triple Brass.

The Shield it felf confifted of five plies, And with great art described in it was

The surface of the Earth, the Sea and Skies, The Sun, the Moon at full, and all the train

The Sun, the Moon at full, and all the train Of Heaven, Pleiades, and Hyades.

Orion, and the Bear men call the Wain
That only never dives into the Seas,

But always to Orion has an Eye.

And in it were two Cities. In the one Good Chear and Weddings, and great Melody; And women at their dores stand looking on

To see the Bridegroom as he passed by, And lusty youths that dancing with them go,

To Citterns and to Pipes, and Hymen cry,
And turn as swift as Tops upon the Toe.

And full of people was the Market-place,
Affembled at the hearing of a Cause.

A man wasslain. And this was then the Case.

One said that he had satisfi'd the Laws,

The other said that nothing he had paid; And on this issue they will both be tri'd,

And have their proofs before the Judges laid.

And clamour great of friends was on each fide.

The Cryers when they stilled had the cry,
Into the Judges hands their Scepters gave,

And in the midft, of Gold two Talents lie for him that has the better Cause to have.

Refore the other Town two Armies flood.

The Foe resolved was to plunder it.

The Town, to save it, offer'd half their good: The other to accept it thought not fit, Then up unto the Walls the Towns-men sent

Their Women, Children, and their men grown old,

And all the rest out from the City went, And Mars and Pallas with them, all in Gold,

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And tailer than the Multitude by odds,
Who in respect of them seem'd very low,
For men are much inferior to the Gods.
Then they before the Gate to counsel go.

The Enemies themselves in ambush laid

At th' watering place upon the Rivers brink; And Scouts sent out, which not far from them staid

To tell them when the Cattle came to drink.

And when they were informed they were nigh,

And Shepherds two that did suspect no harm,

They on the Shepherds and the Cattle fly.

At which the other Army took th'Alarm,

And rifing up from Counfel, with their Horse

Pursu'd, and soon they overraken were.

And then began the Fight. Without remorse

They one another say with Sword and Spear.

And there Disorder plac'd was, and Debate; And one born wounded out, another sound, Another dead was drag'd away by Fate

With bloudy Coat and Armour on the ground, So lively seemed to the Eye their seatures

In fighting and in fetching off their flain,
One would have thought they had been living Creams
And that the Fight had real been. Again

Describ'd was in the same a spacious ground,
And men at Plough, and at each Ridges end
At turning of the Plough about, they sound

A man that for them did with Wine attend.

And then again the Plough about they wind,

And lab'ring to the other end go back;

And as they Plough, still what they leave behind, Though Golden 'twas, to th'Eye appeared black.

A wonder 'twas. Befides, in the same Shield Pourtrayed was a goodly Close of Wheat, And many Reapers working on the field,

That threw it to the ground in handfuls great; And Boys that follw'd took it from the ground, And put it in the hands of Binders three,

By whom they made were into Sheaves and bound. Which standing by, their Lord was glad to see. His Squires not far off standing were aside; And at a Tree a Cow kill'd of the best, A Supper for the Reapers to provide,

And to the woman gave it to be dreft.

And in't a golden Vineyard was pourtray'd.

The Grapes that on it hung were black, and all The Vines supported and from drooping staid With filver Props, that down they could not fall.

A Dirch there was about it black, and on The same a Hedge, the colour of it Tin,

And Path unto it there was only one.

By which the Fruit in Vintage was brought in.

And on it Boys and Girls described were
After a Fiddle play'd on by a Boy,

That Sing, Dance, Whiftle, and full Baskets bear Of Bacchus gifts unto the house with joy.

And in it was a Herd of Bulls and Kine,

Part Gold, part Tin, and Herds-men four of Gold

That to the Pasture drave them with Dogs nine

T'a fedgy River; where two Lions bold
Upon the horned Herd came from the Wood,
And 'mongft the foremost feiz'd upon a Bull.

The Dogs went to them neer and barking stood.
Then roars the Bull. The Lions tear and pull.

And in the fame he pasture made for Sheep
Within a Valley large with Lodges good,

And Folds, and cover'd Houses them to keep In fasety from the wild Beasts of the Wood.

And in it was a Dancing-place pourtray'd

Like that which Dedalus had made before for Ariadne, while in Crete he stay'd,

And on it Dancing Youths and Maiden fore to hand in hand. The Girls, some clad in fine

White Linnen were, and some in Coars well spun

And ey'ry one a Garland gay had on.

And golden Swords, and with their well-taught Feet ometimes they dancing in a Circle turn'd,

sopetimes divided in two Ranks they meet,

And

And in the lovely Dance took great delight.

And in the midft two Tumblers fung the Song,
And many wondrous things did in their fight.

With th'Ocean then he all environed.

The Shield now done he went about the rele,
And made a Helmet strong fit for his head,
And formed was of Massie Gold the Crest,
And Breast-plate shining brighter than the fire,

And Pieces for his legs of ductile Tin,

And when he all had done to his defire,

He from his Forge return'd and brought it in; And in the hands of Thetis puts the same; Which she received from him joyfully.

Then straightway from Olympus down she came, As swift as at a Fowl a Hawk can fly:

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LIB. XIX.

O fooner in her Saffron Robe was feen Aurora, holding light above the ground; Then at the Ships the Silver footed Queen Achilles by Patroclus weeping found, And with him many of his friends difmay'd. Then in, into the midft of them fhe went, And laid her hand on his, and to him faid, My Son, why do you thus in vain lament? Come, fince the Gods have flain him, leave him here, And take the Arms which I from Vulcan bring, Such as yet mortal man did never wear; Which, as fhe lays them down before him, ring. The Myrmidons were troubled at the fight, And turn'd their backs affrighted at the show. Atbilles wrath was more enflamed by'r. His eyes a fire, and bended was his brow. Yet when he had them in his hands was glad, And with great admiration them furvai'd, And when enough beholden them he had, Unto his Mother he repli'd and faid. Mother, I see such Arms from Vulcan here, As none but an immortal could have made, And prefently will put them on, but fear Left Flies the body should mean while invade, and in the wounds some filthy Vermin breed. And Thetis then repli'd, Son, do not fear. For I my felf to that will take fuch heed, As, that although it should lie here a year, It full no worfe, but rather better be. Goyou, and th' Argive Lords to Councel call, and with King Agamemnon there agree, And put your anger off before them all;

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And fpend your choler boldly on your Foes. This faid, the to Patroclus mov'd her feet,

And dropt Ambrofin into his nofe.

To keep his body incorrupt and fweet. Ashilles then went down unto the shore.

And there the Heroes did to Counsel call By name, though they were ready there before. But thither at the news came th' Argives all,

Steers-men and Stewards of Provision.

And all the reft to th'Counsel thronging in. Though but to fee the face of Thetis Son.

So long they thought he absent now had been.

Tydides also and ulyffes came,

Though of the wounds they yet not cared were, but Both halting, leaning on their Spears, and lame.

The last of all was Agamemnon there,

Wounded by coon, nor recovered yet; But th'Heroes for his coming not long staid.

And when they were together all and fer, Achilles role, and t'Agamemnon faid,

Atrides, what great profit got we by the addition

This our unlucky strife about a Maid? 20 1 10 10 11 2017 I would it had her fortune been to die, with him had Before I Siege unto Lyrnessus laid.

To Hector and the Trojans comes the gain.

The Greeks with grief will think on't while they live. But fince it is too late now to complain, in the

Go forth and orders for the Battle give; 10 100 bild

That I may to them go again and fee and aid out If at the Ships they mean to flay all night. 1 to the M

I think they will much rather wish to be

Within the Walls of Troy then Ray and fight. That This faid, the Greeks were glad and courage take,

Affured that Achilles would them aid, we still at hea

And Agamemuon fitting to them spake the hand both (Which he excus'd) and chids unto them faid, 199

Twere-fitter (Argive Princes!) Iftood out, A That fo my words you might the better hear; and thin

But fuch a number flanding are about, to the sucret

My voyce, though greater, would not reach your entitled faid Nor

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Nor were it fit for me to go about, And tell my mind to each man in his ear. T'Achilles therefore only I'll speak out, But so, if you attend, that all may hear. I often have, said he, been blamed by The Greeks for taking from you your fair prize, When not in me, but Jove the fault did lye, And in Erinnys and the Destinies, That did me of my wits that day bereave: For what can I do when the Gods do all? Jove's Daughter Ate did me then deceive, From whom, on Men and Gods great troubles fall, Her Feet are foft, because she never treads On th'Earth; But when the mischief has to do, Walks in the Air, and puts it in mens heads And sometimes does shrewd turns t'Immortals too. For Juno, though but of the Female Sex, That day that Hercules was to be born, Was able fove the best o'th' Gods to vex, And labour of Alemena to adjourn. For Jove before th'Immortals having faid That he a man that day to light would bring By whom his Race in Greece should all be sway'd, You jest, said Juno, you mean no such thing. Illnot believe't unless you first be fworn That he shall of your Seed in Greece be King, That of a woman fhall this day be born. This faid, firaight Jove no fraud imagining The great Oath took. But after did repent, And Juno from Olympus lofty head had lapt down, and t'Argos of Achaia went, And brought the Wife of Sthenelus to bed. htth and there was she delivered of a Son, That was by Perfeus of Jove's discent, And then to Torbes the to Alemena went, and hindred her that day from bringing forth, Then up to Jupiter The came again, ren and faid, This day is born a man of worth,

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And of your Seed: And Jove in choice then
Took Ate by the head, and fwung her round,
And fwore the ne're to Heav'n should come agen.
And having said is shown her to the ground

And having said it, threw her to the ground

And always after figh'd to fee the pain
To which Eurysteus did put his Son;
As I do when I fee the Argives flain

By Hellor, grieve to think what I have done.

But fince that fove has made me to offend, I for my Errour willing am to pay.

Come then, and your affiftance to us lend, And quickly bring your Myrmidons away.

And all that by salyffes yesterday

I to you promis'd shall performed be, Or presently, if you will for it stay,

That you th'aroning Gifts your felf may fee.

Achilles then unto him thus replies.

As for your Gifts to give them me or no, Yet only in your choice (Arides) lies. But now 'tis time we to the Trejans go.

To make fine Speeches here is but delay.

But let your men o'th' Field Achilles fee
Through Squadrons of the Tojans making way.

The Argives then encouraged shall be. ulyffes then t'Achilles answered,

Godlike Achitles, mighty as you are, Urge not the Greeks to fight till they be fed;

They fasting cannot long endure the Warre.

And likely 'tis the Battle will be long; Especially if Gods both fides affift;

And Bread and Wine is that which makes men from

Let therefore now the Argives be difmift, Who can, d'ye think, the toil of Battle bear

From morning unto night, unless he first With food his hearr and feeble limbs do chear? He would be heavie, hungry, and athirst.

But he that is with food well fatish'd,

Couragious is, and fight will all the day: His heart and limbs are ftrong, and will abide As long as any on the Field dare stay.

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Come, let the people now to Breakfast go, And Asamemnon fend the Presents in Into th'affembly were we fit, that fo By the Acheans all they may be feen; And let him take an Oath before us, that Brifeis Bed he never went unto. Nor all this while has done unto her, what A Husband to his Wife is us'd to do. And you your anger henceforth bridle must. And you Atrides feaft him like a friend, And for hereafter learn to be more just. Nor think't a shame for men their faults to mend, uhffes (faid Atrides) I am joy'd The counsel you have given us to hear. For tis but reason all that you have said. And I with all my heart the Oath will (wear.) And let Achilles, though in haft, stay here With all the reft, that they my Gifts may fee, and Witnesses be to the Oath I swear. And for the Gifts (ulyffes) presently Go you your felf with good men whom you will. And bring them from my Tent, and fet them here. for what they are, you well remember still. The same that by you promis'd from me were. And you Talthybins provide a Swine, That we may offer up a Sacrifice To Fove, the Sun, and other Pow'rs Divine. This faid, Achilles to him thus replies, knowned Agamemnon, I think yet Another time for Feaft had better been; Mwhen in War a paufe we intermit, And whilft yet unabated is my Spleen. We fee our friends lie torn upon the ground.

The Greeks to battle and revenge I prompt.

You think my counsel therein is not found,

And seek with Feasting to devert them from't.

It let us fasting to the Battle go,

And make good Chear when we come back agen,

and have reveng'd our selves upon the Fo,

For I will neither eat nor drink till then,

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For whilft Patroclus mangled lieth here, And they that love him fland lamenting by,

There nothing is that I can think good Chear

But Slaughter, Bloud, and Groans of men that die, To this ulyssed id again reply,

Achilles, you have not in Greece your Peer, For Martial worth; yet Elder much am I,

And more have seen; I pray you therefore hear,

The fare of War foon breeds Sariety.

Much Straw there is, but Harvest none, or small.

If Jove once hold the Scales unevenly, Innumerable are the men that fall.

When then an end of weeping shall we see?

The Bellies of the Argives must not mourn.

They that go to the War must patient be,

And let the dead unto their Graves be born,

And not weep over them above a day.

And we that fafe from Fight are come again, When we are fed can all day fighting stay.

All other Exhortation is vain.

Let therefore now the Greeks to Breakfast go, Which is the Soldiers best encouragement. Then all together fall upon the Fo.

And when he this had faid, away he went.

And with him took Meges, Meriones, Theas, Antilochus, and Thrasymed,

And Menalippus, and added unto these
(The Marrial Son of Creon) Lycomed.

And brought the Presents from Atrides Tent, Sev'n Tripods great, and twenty Caldrons bright,

Twelve Horses and sev'n Women with them went,

And fair'st of all Brifeis made them eight, Talents of Gold ulysses weigh'd out ten,

And rook the pains himself to carry that.

The rest was carri'd by the younger men, And laid before the Princes as they sat.

Then Agamemnon rose, and by him neer Talthybius attended with a Swine,

From which Atrides ellpt a lock of hair, And lifts his hands unto the Pow'rs Divine. My I N But a

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O Jove (faid he) the chiefest of the Gods,
O Sun, and Earth, and Furies under ground,

That in your hands carry th'Eternal rods
To punish such as perjur'd shall be found,

My hand I on Brifeis never laid,

Neither for Bed, nor any other cause; But always in my Tent untoucht she staid, Nor ever by me once attempted was:

And if herein I told you have a Lye,

Let all the dreadful torments that are due

To fuch as guilty are of Perjury

Upon me fall. This faid, the Swine he flew. Then out the Comach of the Swine did cut,

And that Talthybius rook in his hands,

And threw't into the Sea the Fish to glut.

That done, Achilles up amongst them stands. Tis thou, O Jove, said he, that spoilest all.

wifeis at my Tent had flayed ftill,

Nor had her going from me mov'd my gall,
But that thou hadft a mind the Greeks to kill.
This faid, the Councel he dissolv'd, and sent

Th' Acheans to their Ships to break their fast.
Then ev'ry man unto his own Ship went,

And busie were about their short repast.

Mean while the Myrmidons the Presents bear T'Achilles Ships, and laid them in his Tent, and thither also brought the Women were.

But th'Horses to the Field his Servants sent.

rifeis, when the faw Patroclus lie

With many gaftly wounds dead on the Biere,

he flung her arms about him and did crie,

Andher white Neck, and Face, and Breast did tear,

and weeping over him did thus complain.

O dear Patroclus, whom alive I left, Now when I to you am return'd again,

Ay me, I find you of your life bereft.

The Husband which my Parents made me wed, and three good Brothers of one Mother all.

Ifan before Lyrneffus Maffacred.

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And then, Patroclus, you to comfort me.
Told me that I should be Achilles Wife,

And to him married in Pthia be.

But now fince you have also lost your life, I never of my Woe shall see an end.

And then the other Women wept and roard,

All for Patroclus, as they did pretend.

But inwardly their own Fate they deplor'd: The Greeks again about Achilles stood,

And urged him, ere he to Battle went,

Himself to strengthen with a little food,
But could by no means get him to consent.
My friend, said he, importune me no more

To eat or drink before we go to fight. My heart within me now is vexed fore.

Fear not, I shall endure from morn to night.
This said, the other Princes from him went.

The two Atrides and ulyffes Stay.

And Phanix and old Niffer at his Tent,
And King Idomentus, his grief t'allay.
But nothing they could fay did any good,

So fiercely he was fet upon the Fight; And looking on Patroclus body stood.

And then afresh lamented at the fight. Sweet friend, said he, you wont were to provide

Good Breakfast for me when I was to fight, But fince that comfort now I am deni'd,

In meat and drink I take no more delight.

For greater hurt cannot upon me fall,

Although for want of me my Father dye, While absent from him at the Trojan Wall

For accurfed Helen's fake I lie;

Nor though my Son Neptolemus should die, Whom I in Seyros Me left to be bred,

Not thinking then that here both you and I Should lose our lives; but that when I was dead

He should by you be to my House convey'd, And made to know my Servants and Estate.

For Peleus now is very much decay'd,
If quite he have not finished his Fate.

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When this Achilles weeping spoken had, The good old men that also had their fears For those they lest at home, were very sad. And fove had pity on Achilles tears, And speaking to Athena, Child, said he, Your love to valiant men, I fee, is gone. Advilles must no more remembred be.

Behold how for his friend he maketh moan, And takes no food, though th'other Princes feaft.

Let not his ftrength by hunger be decay'd; Diftil Ambrofia into his breaft,

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And Nectar. Straight Athena him obey'd. and fwift as any Harpy came away,

And arming of themselves she found the rest. Butthat Achilles strength might not decay She dropt Ambrofia into his breaft,

And Nectar Sweet, and out the Argives went. As when from Jove descenderh a thick Snow, Which Boreas bloweth through the Element ?

Such of the armed Argives was the show; & bright their burnisht arms and Helmets were,

The luftre up to Heaven did rebound, And smiling all about the Field appear, And at the moving of their feet refound. Athilles then his mighty arms puts on,

And grinds his teeth, and fire was in his eyes, And hafted to the Battle to be gone;

So much his heart did at the Trojans rife. First to his legs the Leg pieces he ti'd

With Buckles of fine Silver all along, And next his Breaft-place to his breaft appli'd,

And on his shoulder then his Sword he hung, Then up into his hands his Shield he took

Large, strong, and mighty, radiant was the same, and from afar it like the Moon did look,

Or, as to Seamen, on the wolds a flame, That fure are of a ftorm when that they fee, And from their friends to scatter'd be by wind

To places where they not defire to be; So then the Buckler of Achilles Shin'd. An d next he puts his Helmet on his head, Which shined like a Comet in the Air,

So finely Vulcan had it polished,

And made it feem to blaze with golden hair.

And then to try his Arms if fit they were, He walkt about, and thought he wings had worn.

And laft from out a Tub he took his Spear

(Which by his Father formerly was born, And made by Chiron in Mount Pelion)

Which no man but Achilles now could wield, Since Peleus strength decayed was and gone.

A fatal Spear to Heroes in the Field.

And Alcimus then and Automedon

The Horses to the Chariot made fast,

And harnest them and put their Bridles on, And back unto the Seat the Reyns they cast.

With Whip in hand then mounts Automedon, And after him Achilles not long staid

Y clad in Armour shining like the Sun. And roughly to his Horses speaking said,

Xinthus and Balius take heed I pray,

A little better of your Charretier, Than of Patroclus you did yesterday,

Whom dead and fiript you left behind you here.

This faid, his sprightly head low Xanthus hung,
Till on the ground his golden Mane was laid.
And June humane Speech gave to his Tongue.

And Juno humane Speech gave to his Tongue.

And to Achilles then he spake and said,

Yes, great Achilles, we will fave you now; But know ye, that your utmost day is nigh, Not by our faults; the Gods will have it so,

And which cannot be shun'd, your Destiny.

And that Patroclus is disarm'd and slain.
'Twas not became we lazy were or slow,

But that Priamides might honour gain, Apollo flew him with his filver Bow.

For we could have gone faster than the wind,
If that could to him any good have done.

The thread of life which for him was defign'd Was by the Destines drawn out and spun,

This then said Xanthus, but could not proceed.
His Speech the Furies from him took again.

Xanthus (repli'd Achilles) there's no need.
For you to prophecie my death in vain,
I know already that I here must die
Far from my Parents; yet I mean to stay
Till I have made the Trojans hence to slie.
This said, his Myrmidons he led away.

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LIB. XX.

WHilft with Achilles th' Argives armed fland, And on the Plain the Trojans ready all, Fore to the Goddels Tettis gave command The Common Counsel of the Gods to call. Then down she came, and calling went about-Ye Gods, said she, Jove calls you to his house: And straight the Rivers from their streams came out All but their Father old Oceanus. The Nymphs from ev'ry Meadow, Spring, and Grove Up to the Mount Olympus went in haft; And when they come were to the house of Fove, In Porches round on polish'd Seats were plac'd. And Neptune also having heard the Call, Leapt from the Sea up to Olympus Hill, And fitting in the midft before them all To fove he spake, and said, what is your will? D'ye call us hither our advice to hear; To give the day to Trojans or to Greek? For I perceive the Battle now is near. My mind (faid Jupiter) you need not feek. For of the Greeks diffrest I have a care. But on Olympus I intend to flay, And please my self with looking on the Warre. But let the other Gods go down to Troy, And take which fide they will. For elfe I fear, Achelles whom the Trojans did fo dread, When in the Battle no Immortals were, And more inrag'd is fince his friend is dead; When he has driv'n the Trojans from the Field, Will then directly go to Ilium, And overthrow the Wall which you did build,

Before the time (by Fate appointed) come.

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To

this faid, the Fight began. On th'Argives fide Stood June, Pallas, Neptune, Mercury; and Vulcan taking in his firength great pride, Went halting mongft them with his Legs awry, on th'other fide, Mars for the Trojans flood, And Phabus, and his Sifter Artemis, Their Mother Lete, and Scamander Flood. And Venus that of all the faireft is. and whilft they from the Battle flood afide. The Argives mightily encourag'd were, and in Achilles presence took great pride ; For long is form'd they had not feen him there. The Trojans when they faw him shook for fear, Solike to Mars he was, his arms fo bright. butwhen the Gods on both fides with them were. Then all about was filled with affright, and in the Air heard was Athena Shrill As from the Dirch, and fometimes from the fhore, and Mars fometimes from Callidone Hill. And fometimes as at Troy was heard to rore. The Trojans he, but the the Greeks t'Incite, Thus by the Gods from Heav'n encouraged The Armies mee, and cruel was the Fight. And rerribly above Fove thundered, And Neptune shook the Earth on ev'ry fide; The Argive Ships, and lately Trojan Tow'rs: The Plain beneath, and lofty Tops of Ide. And frighted with it were th'Infernal Pow'rs, and Pluto Starting from his ugly Throne To Neptune cried out his hand to hold; For fear his difmal dwelling should be shown To men and Gods so hateful to behold. b great a noise the Gods make when they fight. Phabus to Neptune Bow opposed is, and Pallas flands against rude Mars his might, And June matched is with Artemis, and Mercury against Latona stood. But he that Vulcan had to deal withal, Was the divine and deep swift-running Flood; Which Xanthus Gods, but Men Scamander call.

his

Thus were th'Immortals matched one to one. Achilles would have given any good That he had matched been to Priam's Son, T'have made to Mars a Breakfast of his blood.

And then Apollo fers Aneas on

T'encounter with Achilles; and array'd I'th'person and the voice of Lycaen

Came to his fide, and thus unto him faid, Aneas, when the Wine was in your head, I oft have heard you of your felf fay this.

That 'gainst Achilles you in fight durft fland. What fay you to him now ? See, there he is

Priamides (Aneas then tepli'd)

Why would you have me with Achilles fight?

I once already was upon Mount Ide

Keeping our Cattle, by him put to flight; And thence for fafety to Lyrneffus fled.

But he the Town Lynne flus quickly won and seed the And Pedajus. And then I had been desd and and but

If Jove had not inabled me to run, a some had

For Pallas with him was and made him way. Striking his Foes before him with affright, And urging him the Trojans to destroy.

'Tis more than Man can do t'oppose his might.

One God or other always with him is

To put afide the Spears before they come, And whom he aims at he doth never mile, And to the mark his Spear flies always home.

But if the Gods unparrial would be,

Although of solid Brass his body were, He should not eas'ly get the Victorie.

Aneas (then faid Phabus) do not fear, But pray unto the Gods? Your Mother is Four's Daughter Cythera, as they fay,

A greater Goddess by descent than his; And therefore boldly to him go your way.

His mighty words and threats you must not fear. This faid, he courage breath'd into his Breaft.

Then through the foremost went he with his Spear, And Helmet of strong Brass with glitt'ring Crest .

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Now June of his going was aware, And calling to her th'other Gods, she said,

Mentune and Pallas, let us have a care;
I see a danger that ought to be wai'd.

Goes to Achilles with a mind to fight. Let's keep him off, or by Achilles stand,

And add both to his courage and his might,
That he may know, the Gods of greatest Pow'r
Are on his side, and those that stand for Troy

In vertue much to us inferiour.

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And dare not in the Field against us stay;

And that we from Olympus hither came

To fave him now; hereafter whatfoere

Since at his Birth they woven with him were.

For if unknown our purpose to him be,

To meet a God will put him into fear.

The dangerous Gods as they are to fee;

So terrible to mortals they appear. 10130 0.

You are too fierce: A fight between the Gods,

I would not have begin upon our fide.

Nor does it need; so much we have the ods. Burlet's go hence to yonder Mountain top, And leave the Battle in the hands of men.

Il Marsor Phabus then Achilles Rop,

We to the Battle will return agen,

Mongft other of the Gods ar Court to flay,

Well beaten at our hands, difgraced, and tame.

And when he this had faid, he led away.

And when he come was to the Castle-wall, Which was by th' Trojans built for Hercules

By Pallas help, to fave him from the Whale
That much annoy'd the Trojans from the Seas,

Reand his party of the Gods ftay'd there
Concealed by a Cloud, and looking on

Sitting upon the Brow of Callidon.

Thus

Thus from the Field the Gods on both fides flaid
Confulting how their friends the day might win.
But pricing fide effectually would aid

But neither fide effectually would aid.

For not a God amongst them durst begin. Now cover'd over was the Field with men

Both Horse and Foot army'd in armour bright.

The Earth resounded with their seet. And then
Two warriours in the midst stood out to fight.

Achilles and Aneas the two beft.

And first Anas with fierce looks went on With Spear in hand, and Shield before his breast.

To meet him then advanced Thetis Son.

As when to chace a Lion from the Plain

The people of the Town with Weapons rife, The Lion looks upon them with difdain,

As if he did their multitude despites

But when a Spear from any of them comes,

He whips himfelf int'anger with his Tail, And terribly goes on, and yawns and foams,

To kill, or to be killed if he tail

So at the feeing of Aneas Spear, Achilles did himfelf to th' Fight provoke.

And when they flood to one another near,
Achilles first unto Amas spoke.

So far before the reft? To fight with me?
Will Priam, think you, make you King of Ires,

If by your hand perhaps I flain should be? No. He is wife, and Sons has of his own.

Or will the Trojans fet you out great Lands, Some to be planted, others to be fown

When ever I am killed by your hands?
But that I hope will never be. You know
How once I made your run down I de Hill

How once I made you run down Ida Hill Into Lyrnefius in great haft; and how

You nere lookt back for fear of greater ill; And how the Town I won, and led away

The women Captives, though twen then Jeve's will That from my hands you should escape that day,

You must not look that you should do so still.

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And therefore I advise you to be gone,
And in the throng o'th Trojans to abide.
For ev'ry Fool his harm knows when 'tis done.
This said, Anas to him thus repli'd,
Pelides, do not think you can me fright,
As if I were a Child, with words of scorn.

For if in evil words I rook delight, I could as many easily return,

We one anothers Parents know by fame.

Peleus your Father was. Anchiles mine.
Your Mother is Divine, Thetis by name;
And Venus mine, of the Celestial line.

And one of them to day must lose a Son.

For 'tis not words can fetch us off this place.

Butif you'll know my Generation.

I'll by my Father likewise count my Race.

For first by Jove was Dardanus begot
That rul'd the Dardans under Ida Hill
is divers Towns. For Ilium yet was not.
But at the foot of Ida they dwelt still.

And Dardan Erichthonius begat,

That was the wealthieft of mortal men.
Three thousand Mares he had, and unto that,
As many Foals all feeding on the Fen.
And twelve of these were got by Boreas,

That leapt their Dams in likeness of a Horse, and ore the ears of standing Corn could pass

And never make them floop; fuch was their force;

Their books, which very wondrous was to fee.

and Brighthonius did Tres beget.

And Hos the Father was of Children threes

hs, Affaracus, and Gasymed.

But Ganymed was taken up by Jove (So fair he was) and t'Heaven carried, To minefter unto the Gods above. The Son of Hus was Lasmedon, And he Tithonus got and Priamus,

but Caps Son was of Affacacus.

Capys begat Anchifes, and he me.

I need not be ashamed of my Race, Though Vertue lieth not in Pedigree,

But given is to them whom fove will grace, Then let us from reproachful words abstain;

Whereof there is great plenty ev'ry where

To serve all men that will them entertain, That as a man will speak, so he may hear.

What need we like two women in the Street, When they cannot agree, to rail and scoff?

Who, say they true or false, are undiscreet. For from my purpose you'll not put me off

With scornful words, before your force I try, Let's therefore here no longer talk but fight,

And as he spake his Spear he letteth fly,

Which on Achilles mighty Shield fell right, And terribly it made the same resound.

Achilles far before him held his Shield, For fear Aneas through it might him wound;

Though Heav'nly Arms to mortals will not yield, But that he thought not on. Nor did the Spear

Well driven as it was and ftrong, pals through.

For of five plies that labour'd in it were By Mulciber, it pierced only two,

And those were Brass. There still remained three

The one of Gold, the other two of Tin; And stopped by the Brass it could not be;

But coming to the Gold it there fluck, in-And then Achilles threw his Spear at him,

Which flying with great force pass'd through his siles.
Where thin the Brass and Hide was near the Brim,

And over him it flew into the Field. For when Aneas coming faw the Spear,

He crouched low, and held his Buckler high sais of

And though the tame proceeded but from fear, It made the Spear above his head to fly.

But when Achilles with his Sword came on, He stoops, and from the ground took in his hands,

That neer unto him lay a mighty Itone,

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Which two men, such as now are, scarce could bear, And hit him had on th'head or breast in vain, That with Celestial Arms desended were,

And by Achilles Sword himself been slain, If it had not by Neptune been foreseen.

Who speaking to the Gods did thus complain.

OGods, faid he, great pain I now am in

To see Aneas by Achilles Sain,

Who will not help him though he fet him on.

But wherefore should we let Aneas die

Others to please, when he no fault has done? Let's therefore save him left we Four offend,

Who now the off-fpring of King Priam hates.

And that Anegs Race Shall without end in 1910 of

The Trojans rule, 'tis ordered by the Fates.

This faid, to Neptune June did reply,

If you Aneas have a mind to fave,

Swe him your felf. For well you know that I And Pallas, mongft the Gods (worn often have,

That neither of us Thall a Trajan aid,

Away went Neptune food as that was faid, and to Aneas and Achilles came.

And ore Achilles eyes a mift he spread.

And drew his Spear out of Aneas Shield;

And to Achilles that he carried, 1011 2011

And laid it at his feet upon the Field,

And then Antas lifted by the force.

Of an Immortal God fkipt to the Rear, Oremany Ranks of Heroes and of Horfe,

Where Nepenne standing by him spake and said, where Nepenne standing by him spake and said, who was to the Immortal Gods.

That to engage Achilles you berray'd,

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That stronger is than you by to much ods?

Renceforth take heed you come not in his way,
Left by his hand you die. When he is gone,

Tou boldly on the best adventure may.

For of the rest you sain shall be by none.

This

This faid, he to Achilles went agen,
And made the mift to vanish from his eyes.
And round about him lookt Achilles then,
And to his feet return'd his Spear espies.

And faid unto himself, O strange, what's this?

The man is gone, my Spear come back I see.

Antas of the Gods beloved is,

And I thought all he faid was vanity.

But fare him well. He will not come agen,
So glad he is that he hath scaped so.

Now I will first put courage in my men, And then unto some other Trojans go.

Then through the Argive Ranks he went, and faid, No longer of the Trojans be so shy,

But man to man go close. Be not afraid, Strong as I am, you cannot think that I

Can follow (uch a multitude and fight.

For neither Mars nor Pallas can do that;

(Though Gods Immortal) and of so great might, That mortal men cannot result. Yet what

My strength alone with hands and seet can do, I think I shall not any thing forbear,

But break their Ranks and make you way clean through, Nor shall he joyful be whom I come near.

Whilst this Ashilles to the Argives faid, Hetter no less the Trojans did excite.

Why should you of Achilles be afraid?

With words 'tis caffe 'gainst the Gods to fight,'
That are too strong to fight with a Spear.

And to Achilles now I mean to go,

Though Fire his hands, and Steel his body were.
For more by half he fays then he can do.

When Hellor to the Tiojans this had faid, The Fight began, and mighty was the cry.

And then for Heller Phabus was alraid,
And prefently came in, and flanding nigh,
Heller (laid he) return into the throng.

Take heed. With Thitis Son fight not at all Now nor henceforth (he for you is too ftrong) Left by his Spear or Sword you chance to fall.

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Thus Heller by the God admonished Into the Trojas Troops retir'd again. The Trojans then before Achilles fled. And by him first phities was flain, Whom the Nymph Nes to Orrysteus bare In Ida at the foot of Theolus Hill, Great Troops he brought unto the Trojan Warre, And thought he could the great Pelides kill. But coming on he met Achilles Spear, The fatal Spear, that cleft his head in twain. Achilles then triumphed ore him there Though fallen to the ground he were and falm So; Otryntides, die there on the Earth; Though where runs Hills into Harms deep, On the Gygean Lake you had your Birth. This faid, he left him in eternal fleep, For th' Argive Charret-wheels to crush and grind. And after him he flew Demoleon, A Warrier good, and of undanned mind That of Antener was a valiant Son, Him through the head with Spear in hand he smore? And out together came both bloud and brain. His Helmer though of Brass, preferr'd him not, And after he Demoleon had flam lewith his Spear purfu'd Hippodamas, Who from his Charre had leape unto the ground. ionā frighted, and now before him running was. And gave him on the back a mortal wound. beta. Whereat he blows and roars like any Bull Brought to the Altar for a Sacrifice, and' When young men by the Horns him thither pull By violence; then down he falls and dies: Unluckily then in Achilles fight Was Polydorus Priam's youngeft Son and best belov'd; whom he forbad to fight, Though swiftest of them all he were to run.

But he the vertue of his feet to shew, Betwixt the Hoafts ran up and down the Field, Inila Spear Achilles at him threw, And with a wound upon the back him kill'd,

Out

Out at his Navil went the Spear again, and and and And for his Guts to follow made a way. But Heller when he faw his Brother flain, it and aft Amongst his Troops he could no longer stay, But going to Achilles shook his Spear, land to the Then speaking to himself Achilles (ald, The man that flew Patroclus I fee here. We must no more each other now avoid. And fowrely on him looking, faid, Come near, That I may quickly of you make an end. And Hefter to him answer'd without fear, In value Achilles your proud words you fpend. Such words as these may Children terrifie. And I can speak that Language when I lift. And though you be a mightier man than I, The Victory does not in that confift, But he shall have it whom the Gods appoint Though he be weaker, if his Spear fly true. Which mine may do, and therp is at the point. W This faid, his Spear heat Achilles threw. Which-back to Hictor's feet Athena blew With fost and gentle breath without a found. And straight Achilles thundring to him flew. But then Apollo inarche him from the ground. Which is by any God done in a trice; And in a Mift conceal'd him from his fight. And after film Achilles leapt up thrice, on har harigir And thrice the Air obscure in vain did fmite. Then whoopt he afrer him and threatning faid. Dog, an ill death agen thou scaped hast, That fighting, to Apollo pray'ft for aid.

But yet I shall dispatch you at the last, If any of the Gods for me appear. But now I must to other Trojans go. This faid, at Dryops ftreight he threw his Spean,

And fent his Soul unto the shades below. To meet Demuchus then he went half way,

That with his Sword came toward him to fight. (For Him with a wound i'th' Neck he made to stay; And with his Sword then killed him outright.

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Then by him flain the Sons of Bias were Langonus and Dardanus, the one With his great Sword, the other with his Spear.

And next he killed Fos Alastor's Son.

Who not refifted but fell at his knee. And beg'd his life, for being of his age,

Hoping for that he pitied might be. But that Achilles wrath could not affwage.

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He guite mistook his nature like a Child.

For cruel was Achilles and hard-harted : But he sweet-natur'd thought he was and mild,

Whereas he never thought how others smarted.

And then Achilles gave him fuch a wound That with the bloud his Liver started out.

And there he left him dying on the ground, And for more Trojan Leaders lookt about.

Then coming to him he faw Mulius.

And Grook him through the head from ear to ear.

Then with his Sword he killed Echeclus

Amenor's Son that to him came too near.

Then on the arm he hit Demolion.

The Spear stuck in, and forc'd him there to stay.

Addition then came furioufly on,

And with his Sword he skim'd his head away Homet and all. Then Regmus with a wound

Upon the belly he flew with his Spear, Who from his Charret fell unto the ground.

And after him he flew his Charretier tuibous, whilft he his Horses turns.

As a thick Coppice in a windy day,

fe on fire unmercifully burns;

So went Achilles killing ev'ry way.

Oxen from the Straw tread out the Corn, & trampling went his Horses ore the dead,

A with their Bucklers by the wheels were torn, and th'Axle-tree with bloud was covered

For going on the ground the wheels were gory)

and bloudy were his hands; and all for glory.

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LIB. XXI.

When to the River Xanthus they were come, The Trojans at the Ford half of them pass'd, And on the High way fled to Ilium;

The other leapt into the Stream for hafte; And with the winding flood there swimming strive,

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As Locusts when by sudden Tier sprung

So they themselves into Scamander flung, And filled was the Stream with Horse and Men

Achilles on the Bank-fide left his Spear Set up on end against a Tree; and then

Achilles leapt in with his Sword; and there
He kill'd as faft as he could turn and firike,

And with their blond the Stream was dyed red.

And grievous 'twas to hear them groan and fhrike,

That in the flood were by him maffacred.

As when the Dolphins in a River are,

The other Fish scud to the Banks in sholes, So did it with the swimming Trojans fare,

They fled to th'Banks and hid themselves in holes.

And twelve of them alive Achilles took,

And with their Girdles hands behind them bound,

Then caus'd them to be led out of the Brook, And to the Ships conveyed fafe and found;

To flay them at Patroclus Funeral.

Then from the River out he came again,

And Priam's Son Lycaon met withal

That from Scamander flying was in vain. Whom Prisoner he had taken once before,

When in his Fathers ground he was by night Cutting of Spoak staves from a Sycamore, And on him now the second time did light.

To Lemnes first he sent him to be sold, And bought he there was by Eetion, Achilles for him had good store of Gold: But he got loose and home again did run, And there eleven days he staid; and well Was entertained in his Father's house. The twelfth into Achilles hands he fell Agen, that fent him then to Erebus. Achilles seeing him without a Spear, Without a Shield, and nothing on his head (For he had cast away his Arms for fear When almost sir'd he from the River fled) Achilles grumbling to himself then said, Oftrange! These Trojans are flout hearted men, That being fent away, will not be staid, Butto the War must needs come back agen. Here's one I fent to Lemnos to be fold, And now is come to fight with meagen. Tis strange the Sea could not him from me hold, That can against their will's hold other men. But well, I'll give him of my Spear a raft, And fend him to the Earth, that I may fee Whether the Earth or no can hold him fast, By which are holden better men then he: Whilft this Achilles said, the man came near, To beg his life; for loath to die was he. To wound him then Achilles lifts his Spear. But under it he got unto his Knee, and with one hand laid hold upon his Spear, And on Achilles knee the other laid. and kneeling down before him shook with feir. And lamentably to him speaking said, thilles, I befeech you pity me, and fafe my life although 'twere but for this, that I your Pris'ner was. Captivity At least for life a Sanctuary is.

ıd,

You for me gor a hundred Oxens price.
If for my Ransome now I should be glad

And all the way had been in grievous pain,
And when I thought I fhould my friends enjoy,
I fallen am into your hands again.

O how have I so much incur'd the hate
Of Jupiter to shorten thus my life!

Or from my Mother cometh my hard face Laothoe, whom Priam made his Wife? Altheus got her, King of Pedasus.

And the of Priam's many Wives was one.

For many more belide had Priamus;

And by her had me and another Son,
And both of us must by you now be kill'd.

For Polydore you have already slain,

Whilst like a Child he ran about the Field.

And for my felf (I fear) I pray in vain.

But what am I that must no Quarter have?

Though by the Father I am Hellor's Brother, That fent the good Patroclus to his grave,

Yet I am nothing to him by the Mother. Thus pleaded he. Achilles then repli'd,

Tell me no more of Ransome or of Quarter. 'Tis true, I did before Patroclus died,

Suffer some Trojans for their lives to barter.

But now if any of the Trojans fall
Into my hands before the Town

Into my hands before the Town of Troy, And those of Priam's Race the least of all Must from me hope to get alive away.

But wherefore (friend) should you think much to die Patroclus a much better man is gone.

You see how strong and tall a man am I, And of a noble Father am the Son,

And have a Goddels for my Mother. Yet At morn, or noon, or night, with Shaft or Spear

I'm fure by one or other to be hit

And lose my life. Why therefore should you fear?
This said, Lycaon's heart and limbs both fail'd,
And of the Spear let's go his hold, and wide

His hands he spear let's go his hold, and wid His hands he spread and his sad fate bewayl'd. Achilles then his Sword drew from his side, Whi

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And gave him on the neck a mighty wound. The Swords whole bredth into his neck he took, And presently he fell dead to the ground. Achilles threw him then into the Brook,

And faid infulting, Go now to the deep, And feed the Fishes that will lick your blood;

Your Mother over you shall never weep,

But to the Sea you go shall with the Flood, Where to the curled water leaps a Fish,

Upon Lycaon's dainty fat to feed. And until Troy be by us won, I wish

That th'other Trojans may no better fpeed, But flying, by my Spear be toft like Hay

(Scamander shall afford them little aid, Though to his Stream they Bulls and Horses slay J Till for Patroclus death they all have paid.

With these his haughty words Scamander griev'd.

Contrived how Achilles to repel,

And how the Trojans best might be reliev'd That to escape into his water fell:

Abilles then Afteropaus [pi'd

Pelegons Son the Son of Axeus, Of Axius the River deep and wide

By th' Daughter of King Auffamenus. And to him with a mind to kill him went

As he was newly come out of the water. But Xanthus gave him such encouragement

(Because Achilles fill'd his Stream with slaughter)

That there Asteropeus for him staid,

die

fear?

And both in right and left hand had a Spear

And never fought the Combat to avoid.

And when they were to one another near, Who are you (said Achilles) and whose Son, That in my anger dares approach me fo?

for I in Arms encountred am by none

But those whose Parents destin'd are to wo.

Altropaus to him then repli'd.

Why alk you me whose Son and who I am? The Forces of Paonia I guide;

To whom eleven days fince I hither came,

Of my descent the Author Axins is;

The fairest Stream that on the Earth doth run.

His Son was Pelegon, and I am his.

Thus who I am 'tis told you, and whose Son.

And now, Achilles, is it time to fight.

This faid, from his two hands his two Spears fly.

(For both Afteropans hands were right)

The one of them his mighty Shield did try But pierc'd it not; the plate of Gold withstood.

The other gave his arm a little wound

Neer to his elbow, and fetcht out some blood, And so beyond him went and stuck ith ground.

Achilles then his Spear with all his ftrength

Incensed at Asteropæus threw,

Which missing into th Earth went half its length.
Then from his fide his Sword Achilles drew.

Asteropaus to Achilles Spear

Went back, and at it thrice he pluckt in vain;

Then thought to break it; but Achilles there Was with his Sword, and with that he was flain.

For by the Sword his belly was fo ript,

That all his bowels iffu d at the wound.

There him Achilles of his Armour stript, And ore him crow'd as he lay on the ground.

Lie there, faid he, shall Rivers Sons compare
With th'off spring of the blessed Gods above?

The Issue of a Brook, you say, you are, But I the Issue am of mighty Tove,

For Peleus my Father was, and his Was Lacus whom Jupiter begot,

But greater he than any River is,

Then equal to his Race, their Race is not.

A River great enough you had at hand,

But that you found had done you little good. For nothing can the Pow'r of Fove withfland;

Not Achelous with his Royal Flood, Nor th'Ocean it felf of Waters King,

From whole abundance Seas their Water take, And ev'ry River, Stream, and Well, and Spring

That goeth on the Earth, and ev'ry Lake;

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Who when they but a clap of Thunder hear,
From Jove some danger presently they dread,
This said, from th' Earth he pulled out his Spear,
And lest o'th' Sands Asteropeus dead.

Where Xanthus from his wound shall wash the blood: And Eels and other Fish feed on his fat.

Achilles then purfued those that stood
Upon Scamander Bank amazed at

The fury of the giddy Stream, and when They saw their Leader killed in their fight

By th'hand of terrible Achilles, then

They ev'ry one betook themselves to flight,

Then with his Sword he flew Therfilechus, And after him the flout Aftypylus,

And Ophelestes, Mydon, Anius,

And after thefe, Mnesus, and Thrasius.

And had shed yet much more Paonian blood,

And like a man above his Water flood,

And to Abilles (sake his mind from then

And to Achilles spake his mind from thence, Achilles, truly you excel in might,

And Acts you do of great iniquitie,

But though by Fove you should allowed be

To kill the Trojans, kill them on the Plain. My Stream to choaked is with Carcaffes,

I cannot drive my waters to the Main,

I wonder you should do such deeds as these. Let those you kill be killed openly.

Go therefore from me. Thus Scamander faid,

And then unto the River answet'd he, Divine Scamander, you shall be obey'd,

But to pursue the Trojans I mean still,

Till I have chas'd them up to Ilium, And fight with Hettor, if he ftay, I will,

And see if his or my last day be come.

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Stamander then unto Apollo spake;
Phebus, said he, you Jove's Commandment slight,

That bad you of the Trojans care to take.

And to defend them all you could till night.

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Into the Stream Achilles leaps agen.
At which Scamander swelling lifts his Waves,

And out he throws the bodies of dead men,
And from Achilles hand the living faves.

Then throws a Billow on Achilles head.

And heavie on his Shield the Current lay:
And on the ground by no means he could tread,

So fast the River carri'd him away.

But ore the water hung an Elmen limb

Which he laid hold on. Then fell down the Tree

Into the River. And that faved him:

And ferved as a Bridge to fet him free,

And fwiftly then Achilles from him ran. But after him Scamander sent his water,

Refolv'd to quench the fury of the man,

And fave the Frojans in his Stream from flaughter.

And then as far as one can throw a Spear Achilles from the Flood obliquely flies

Swift as a Hawk; but yet was ne'r the near; For still he water has before his eyes.

As when a man makes passage with his Spade For water to his Garden from a Hill,

The Stream outruns him that the Channel made; So Xanthus was before Achilles fill.

And ever as Achilles turn'd or flood

To fee if any God would by him fland, Above his shoulders rose the mighty Flood,

And while he starts from's feet removes the Sand.

Achilles then himself bewailing said,

O Jupiter (and lookt up to the Skie)

Let some God 'gainst this River give me aid, And any other death then let me die.

But none I know on whom it e fault to lay But my dear Mother, who to flatter mee

Said I should die before the Walls of Troy, And by Apollo only killed te.

O that I had by Hellor's hand been flain, The best of all the men that fight for Troy!

But now I perish like a filly Swain-Passing a Torrent in a rainy day

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Thele words Achilles had no fooner faid, But Neptune and Athena with him were ; And on Achilles hand their hands they laid. Then Neptune said, Achilles, do not fear. Encouraged by two fuch Gods as we, Pallas and I, and that by Fove's command, Retiring foon you shall the River fee. For fear of him you need not hold your hand. But drive the Trojans all to Ilium Save those that fly. And having Hector flain (As we affure you you shall do) then come Triumphantly unto the Ships again. This faid, unto the Gods again they came. Atbilles boldly waded in the Field, Where many Bodies dead and Bucklers fwam. With so much courage Pallas had him fill'd, And in the water floutly lifts his knees. For Pallas now his strength augmented had. And Xanthus vext before, when he faw this, Foamed and roar'd as one that had been mad ;. And cried out for help to Simois. Brother, said he, affist me here, to stay This raging man that t'lliam going is. I am afraid he'll take the Town of Troy. Make hast to help me; and your Channel fill With water both from Torrent and from Spring. And Stones and Trees bring with you from the Hill, That on this furious man we may them fling; So that his strength shall do him little good,

Nor Armour, which upon the Field shall lie: Concealed from the eyes of men in mud And fand enough. Thus bury him will I, And make his Tomb. The Argives will not find Where lie his Bones. I'll earth upon him throw. They shall not need, if they should be so kind,

More Monument upon him to bestow. This faid, he foam'd, and full of bodies dead He at Achilles a great Billow bowl'd, Which coming to him cover'd had his head

But June chanc'd to see it as it rowl'd,

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And unto Vulcan shrikt in great affright, Rise quickly (dear Child) cyllipodion, Xanthus against you coming is to fight,

And to defend your felf your Flames put on.

And I will Zephyrus and Notus call

From Sea, that for you shall so blow the stame; That th'Armour, and the heads o'th' Trojans all Shall not be able to endure the same.

Go to his Bank, and burn up ev'ry Tree,

And then throw fire on him, and never fear, Nor by his threats or pray'rs perfwaded be

To cease, until again you from me hear.
And Vulcan then made ready a huge slame.

And first the dead he burnt upon the Plain: Then to the Water with his Fire he came

To fend it to the Channel back agin.

As when a Field new moistned is with rain In Summer-time, 'ris quickly dri'd agen By Boreas; so foon dri'd was the Plain,

And burnt the bodies were of the dead men.

And to the River then his flame he turn'd,

Where th'Elms and Willows, Tamarifks, and Lote, Sedges, and many other Plants he burn'd

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That in or by the River grew about.

And Eels and Fishes in the water hot Tumbled and turn'd their bellies up with heat;

Into fuch pain by Vulcan they were put; And Xunthus fainting cover'd was with sweat,

And then to Vulcan spake. Vulcan, said he, No God is able to resist your might.

What are the Tiojans or the Greeks to me?
Give over. I'll no longer with you fight.

Thus spake Scamander, boyling all the while.

As when upon a fire of well-dri'd Wood
The greate of a fat Swine is made to boil;

So boiled he, and went not on, but stood Making to Juno his complaint, and said,

Why does your Son on me more fiercely fly Than on the rest that do the Trojans aid,

And to be blamed more deserve than I?

Let him give over, and I'll do so too;
And swear besides, if you my Oath require,
That I will nothing for the Tojans do,
Although the Greeks should set the Town on fire.
This Norther said a ward Town because it.

This Xanthus faid; and Juno hearing it,
To Vulcan with a loud voice spake agen;

Valcan now hold your hand. It is not fit
T'offend a God too much, to pleasure men.

And Vulcan hearing her his fire puts out;
And Xanthus back into his Channel went.

And Juno, though in choice, was content.

And then the Gods amongst themselves fell out, And one against another stood in Duel,

And Heav'n and Earth resounded as they sought, Giving each other many wounds and cruel.

And up unto Olympus rife the Cry,

Where Fove sat on his Throne in Majesty, And casting on the Fields of Troy his eye, Laughed to see them fight that could not die:

Mars first began, and to Athena said,

You, Impudent, that to engage in fight
The Gods amongst themselves are not asraid,
To satisfie your pride and endless spight,

Remember how you on me fet Tydide
To throw his Spear at me, and openly

Unto my body you the same did guide
With your own wicked hand, and wounded me,
I'll pay you now; which was no sooner spoken,

But Mars his Spear was at Athena's Shield, Which not Jove's Thunder-bolt could ere have broken.

Then took she up a Stone that lay i'th' Field, Great, knobby, black, that had been heretofore Set there, of some mans land to shew the bound.

And with the same she strook Mars ore and ore.

There lay he, and sev'n Acres hid of ground.

And over him infulting, then faid she,

Lie there, and know I can you overcome; And that your Mother glad of this will be For fighting 'gainst the Greeks for Ilium. This said, she from him turn'd. Then to him went Venus, and led him groaning from the place.

Pallas (said Juno) see that Impudent

That leads him out, and do her some disgrace.

Then Fallas to her went, and with her hand Hit her o'th'breaft; then both fell on the Plain;

For Mars without her could no longer stand.

Then Pallas over them infults again.

So may, faid she, lie all that stand for Troy

As these do here. Had it not been for them,

The War had ended been; we come away;
And Troy destroyed with all Priam's Stem.

This Pallas faid, and June smil'd; and to

Apollo Neptune straightway neerer came.

Why fight we not, said he, fince others do?

If we stand still, we cannot without shame

Return to Jove, where scorned we shall be.

Have you forgot how to Laomedon

To work for him, Jove once sent you and me, And how our wages was agreed upon,

How I built houses for the Trojans all,

As he direction gave me standing by, Besides, how hard I labour'd at the Wall, How fair I made it, and how strong and high,

And how he fent you (Phabus) to attend His Herds of Kine upon Mount Ida fide,

And when our work and th'year was at an end. How proudly he our wages us deni'd

And threathed you to bind you hand and foot, And fell you in some Island for a slave,

And cut off both your and my ears to boor, And forc'd we were by flight our felves to fave?

Yct for his people you have ever fought,

Though by you they deserve to be destroy'd, And will not joyn with us to root them out.

O Neptune, you would think me mad, if I Should fight with you for such a thing as man.

They are but leaves, now fresh, to morrow die.

And when he this had said, away he ran.

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For with his Uncle loth he was to fight.

His Sifter then Diana to him came,

That angry was to fee him put to flight.

Apollo (faid she) is it not a shame

Thus eafily to give the Victory

To Neptune? Wherefore carry you a Bow and Arrows, and to nothing them apply?

D'ye carry them like Children for a show? Let me not hear you boasting any more

That you to fight with Neptune did not fear,

As in my Father's house you did before.

Thus she. But Phæbus did not answer her.

Then Juno angry to Diana came,

Bold-face, faid she, how dare you with me fight

That stronger than you are a great deal am?

D'ye think that in your Bow there is such might?

I know to women you a Lion are,

And Fove permits you which you will to kill.

But me to overcome 'tis harder far

Than t'hunt a Stag or Boar upon a Hill. But fince you have a mind to understand

What I can do, I'll let you see it now.

Then both her wrifts she seiz'd with her lest hand, With th'other from her shoulders took her Bow,

And beats her with the same about the ears,

And laught to fee her wrigling firive to fly.

At last she freed her self, and shedding tears
She fled (leaving her Bow and Shafts to lie.

Upon the ground dispersed here and there)
Then forth came Hermes and Latona bright.

And when they were to one another neer, Leto, said he, I will not with you fight

That are Jove's Mistris. Boast amongst the Gods-

That you have got the Victory in fight,

You have in strength; and I will not deny't.

This faid, Latona gather'd up the Bow

And Arrows of her Daughter Artemis, To Jove went Artemis to let him know

How ill the had been us'd; and at his knees.

She weeping sate. And Jove then made her rise, And to her said, Dear child, what God was that

That was so rash as t'use you in this wise, As one that openly had done a fault?

Twas Juno (then faid Artemis) your Wife; And she it was that was of all the first

To fet the Gods amongst themselves at strife.

Thus Jove and she between themselves discours,

Then Phaebus went into the Town of Troy.

For still he had a care to guard the Wall, For sear the Greeks the City should destroy. But to Olympus th'other Gods went all,

One part triumphing, th'other discontent, And sat down by their Father Jupiter.

Mean while Achilles fiercely forward went Killing of Men and Horses with his Spear.

As in a Town on fire the people all

Are busie, and the most of them undone. So did it with the Trojans then befal;

Some flain were by Achilles, and some run. Now Priam standing was upon a Tower,

And faw the Trojans by Achilles chac'd, And that to turn again they had no power.

And down unto the Gates he came in hast; And to the Porters order gave, and said,

Open the Gares and let the people in, That from Ashilles hither fly dismaid,

And that them when they fee they are within. For if that cruel man should with them get An

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Within the Wall, 'twould be a diffual day.

The Porters then the Gares wide open fer.

Then to the Gates the Trojans took their way, Pursued by Achilles as they fled.

And fure he taken had the Town of Troy, But that Apollo then encouraged

Agener to oppose him by the way.

And left he should be by Achilles slain

He at the Beech tree neer him took his stand When need should be to bring him off again

Unwounded from Ackilles heavy hand.

But when Agenor faw Achilles nigh, He troubled was, and to himself thus spake.

What shall I do? If from him I should fly

To Ilium the way that others take, He'll overtake me and cut off my head. For swifter much he is of soot than L.

What if I let him on the Trojans tread,

And I some other way to Ida fly,

And hide my felf i'th'Bushes there till night?
But why do I discourse thus foolishly?

I cannot pass the Plain but in his fight;

And then I loft am without remedy.
But if I flay and fight with him, what then?

His body is not made of Steel nor Brass, But mortal is (they say) like other men,

And like to other men but one life has. His glorious Acts are Jupiters, not his.

This said, he for Athilles coming staid.
As when i'th' Woods a Panther rowsed is,

At hearing of the Hounds he's not afraid, But to the Hunter goes for all his Spear:

And though pierc'd through therewith will to him fly

Upon the Spear it self.; that being near He either may revenged be or die;

So resolutely then Antenor's Son

Agenor for Achilles waiting staid,

And at him aim'd his Spear as he came on.

And lifting up his voice unto him faid,

Athilles, Oh, you think this day to win

The Town of Troy. There's yet much work to do.

For many mighty men there are therein,

And many dangers to be waded through.
They of their Wives and Parents will take care,
And little Babes; but you shall perish here

As terrible and mighty as you are.

And as he spake, he at him threw his Spear ; Which on his Leg below the knee did light,

And with the ftroak refounded then the Tin.
But the Celeftial Arms were of such might,

That it rebounded back and went not in-

And when Achilles was to throw at him. Away Apollo fnatcht him from his fight Concealed in a Mift obscure and dim; And carri'd him in fafety from the Fight. And that the flying Trojans might escape Achilles hand, and fave themselves in Troy, He took upon himself Agenor's shape, And put himself into Achilles way. Achilles then pursues, and Phæbus flies Along Scamander's Bank upon the Plain, And kept before him still, but in such wise, As t'overtake him he might hope in vain. Achilles thus by Phabus was deceived Till from the Town he far was led away. Mean while the flying Trojans were received, And thronging got within the Gates of Troy. For none of them without the Gate durft stay To alk, who had, escaped and who not; So glad they were of getting into Troy,

That how all others fped they never thoughts.

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LIB. XXII.

Hus were the Trojans driven into Troy Like Deer, and up unto the Wall they went, And from their Bodies rub'd the Sweat away, And with good Wine renew'd their Spirits spent, And to the Wall advancing was the Fo. But Hector hamper'd by his cruel Fate Into the Town of Troy refus'd to go, And staid without, before the Scean Gate. Then to Achilles Phabus spake, and said, Why do you thus pursue me (Peleus Son) That am a God? which but by passion swai'd You might have known; but rashly you run on, And only look how you may flaughter men. For elfe, why could you not contented be, When you had pent the Trojans up; but then Must leave your way so far to follow me, And cannot kill me; for I cannot die? At this Achilles vext was at the heart; And to Apollo answer'd angerly; Apollo thou the most pernitious art Of all the Gods, that haft me thus misled. For had I unto Ilium kept my way Istrowed had the Field with Trojans dead Before they could have entred into Troy, But by your fraud that honour I have loft Because the strength of men you need not fear: an I would make you pay for't to your cost, If torevenge my felf I able were. This faid, to Troy he went a mighty pace, And mighty things conceived in his mind, and stretcht his Legs and Knees as in a Race Good Horses do, to leave the rest behind.

Old Priam first upon him set his eyes;
For brightly from afar his Armour shin'd
Like the fair Star that does in Autumn rise,
But Agues brings, and is to men unkind,
And called is Orion's Dog. So bright

Achilles in his Armour did appear,

And put the old man Priam in affright,

And made him groan, and roar, and tear his hair.

To Heffor then he cri'd aloud and faid,

Hellor come in, come in my dearest Son; For mightily I for you am afraid,

Fight not against that cruel man alone.

Achilles stronger is than you by odds;

Lose not your life to give him Victorie.

Oh that he were beloved by the Gods
No better than he is belov'd by me!
He eaten had ere now been on the Plain

By Dogs and Fowl, and I been comforted A little, for my Sons whom he hath flain,

Or in the Islands far hence trafficked.
Lycaon now I miss and Polydore.

They came not into Troy with them that fled.

Their Mother brought me with her wealth good flore

To pay their Ransom if they be not dead.

If they be flain, 'tis then remediless.

Their Parents and the people all will grieve;
But yet their forrow will he much the less
If Hetter ftill preserved be and live:

Come therefore quickly in (dear Child) and fare The Trojans and their Wives, your self and Wife;

And do not let Achilles th'honour have Alone to have deprived you of life.

Befides, you should some pity take of me That now upon the very brink of age The cruel slaughter of my Sons must see,

And Daughters drag'd and hurri'd by the rage

Of the Acheans into flaverie,

And Chambers forn by the infulting Fo, And Babes dasht 'gainst the ground expiring lie, Whilst into servitude their Mothers go.

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And after all this, flain must I be too. My Dogs will eat me raw, and lap my blood. And pleased be(not knowing what they do) That at my Table daily take their food. When young men flain are by the chance of Warre, There nothing is whereof to be ashamed; But when by Gods abus'd and eaten are White heads and beards, and parts not to be named, There's nothing to man more miserable. Thus said old Priam tugging his gray hairs. But to prevail with Hector was not able. And to him then his Mother spake with Tears, And from her bosom layed out a Teat, Histor, if this ere pleased you (said she) Der Son, I pray you into Troy retreat, And have compassion on my miserie. Come in, between you let there be a Wall. For if you should be flain, your Wife and I Stall not lament you at your Funeral; But at the Ships a prey for Dogs you'll lie. This weeping he and fhe to Hector pray'd, And nothing to them answer'd he agen; be obstinately for Achilles stay'd, And as a Snake roll'd up before his den. With venom fed, when coming towards him He fees a man, and ftirred is his gall, Looks cruelly; so Heltor looking grim Said with his Shield fet up against the Wall; And grieving, to himself he spake, and said, If I should now into the City go, Polydamas the first would me upbraid, That yesternight advis'd me to do so. Then when Achilles in the Field was feen. But his good Counsel I refused then, Which to have follow'd had much better been; Loft by my folly are fo many men.

And now I fear the Trojans and their Wives
Will cenfere me, and fome man worse than I

I have cast away the peoples lives, recuming on my strength so foolishly. So they will fay. And therefore better itis To venture on Achilles, though I die, A better way I cannot take than this: For should I lay my Shield and Helmet by, And leave my Spear fet up agaift the Wall, And to Achilles thus difarmed come, And offer Helen to reftore with all The wealth fhe with her brought to Ilium ; And to the Greeks give half the Goods of Troy, And take an Oath that we will nothing hide, Nor any thing out of their fight convey, But bring it forth and faithfully divide. But whither to no purpose rurns my mind? I will not do't. For it were but in vain. I ne're the sooner should his favour find, But by him so much eas'lier be slain. I cannot with him talk from Hill nor Tree, As boys and wenches do. He is too nigh. And therefore here I'll flay for him, and fee Whether my Fate it be or his to die: Whilst yet he spake Achilles near him was, As terrible as Mars, and shook his Spear; As flaming fire relucent was the brais.

Or as the Sun at morning doth appear.
Then Heffer durft no longer stay, but sled,
Fear nimbly made his feet and knees to move.
Achilles no less swiftly followed.

As when a Hawk is flying at a Dove,
The Dove flies our afide, het felf to fave;
But by the Hawk agen is followed.
That gives not over till the prey he have;
Achilles fo purfu'd and Hector fled,

Keeping the Cart-way still under Troy Wall;
And to the Watch-tow'r came and Sycamore,
And the two Springs that into Xanthus fall,

Whereof the one is always cover'd ore With smoak as if upon a fire it were,

And with hot water all the year doth flow. 2 177

As cold is as the Hail, or Ice, or Snow,

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And two fine Washing-places built were there,
To which the Trojan women us'd to come,
And wash their Garments when they sully'd were
Before the Argives came to Ilium.

This way they ran, and swiftly mov'd their thigh.

Which of Foot-races is the usual Prize.

But for the life of Hestor that they vi'd.

As when Race-horses run for some great Prize,

That used to it are, most swiftly run;

About Troy Wall, the Gods all looking on.

Then (speaking to the Gods) Behold, said Jove,

I Hetter fee in danger to be flain,

A good and pious man, and whom I love ; And for him now my heart is in great pain:

For he hath made me many a Sacrifice. Both in my house on Ida and in Troy;

And now before the lwift Achilles flies.

Say, shall he die, or be convey'd away?
Father, said Pallas then, what's this you say?

He's Mortal, and by Fate condemned is, and will you now the Execution flay?

You may. But th'other Gods will take't amifs.

And Jove to Pallas then again repli'd,

Sweet Child, it was not feriously meant, But only said. You shall not be deni'd.

Do what you please your self; I am content.

This faid, Athena glad leapt down to Troy.
Achilles Hector ftill pursu'd; and as

A Hound in view pursueth all the way

Afrighted Hare, so coursed Hester was. Nor suffer'd was to double or to squat.

For when he to the Gateran for defence,

So that he could not ftay for help from thence.

Achilles never would the Wall forfake;
But Hector still upon the Cart-way fled.

& men can neither flie nor overtake

When in a Dream they think it in their bed;

So Hetter from Achilles could not fly, Nor could Achilles Hetter overrake.

For Phabus Hillor, did with strength supply.

But of him then no further care did take.

Achilles by a fign all elfe forbad

To throw a Spear, for fear the greatest glory Some other of the Argives should have had,

And he come after but as accessory.

When to the Springs the fourth time they were nigh,

Jove took his golden Balance up, and laid
In one o'th' Scales abbilles Destiny,

And Hettor's in the other of and them weigh'd.
Hettor's was heavieft, and down fell the fame

As low as Hell, fo much it overweigh'd.

Then Phubus parted. And t'Achilles came

Athena nigh, and speaking to him said,

Achilles, now (I chink) we shall not miss

Of killing Hetter, but with honour go you at hell To th'Ships, as greedy as of Fight he is.

For fure I am he cannot scape us now.

But flay you here and breath a while. For I

Will to him go and make him for you ftay,

And so encourage him he shall not fly.

This faid, Achilles leaning on his Spear
Staid where he was. To Heltor Pallas came.

So like Deiphobus the did appear

In shape and voice, he took her for the same.

And when she with him was, she to him said,

Brother, you still are by Achilles cours'd

About the Wall of Troy. Be not afraid.

I'll by you fland, and let him do his worst. Deiphobus, said Heffer, who before

Was dearest to me of my Brothers all,
I bound am now to honour you much more,

That t'aid me durft appear without the Wall

When all the rest remain within for sear.

Pallas to Hellor then repli'd and said,

Brother, my Father and my Mother dear, And friends with their entreaties had me staid,

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odreadful is Achilles to them all.

But I would not. But come let's go and trie

Whether it be our fare by him to fall,

Or his by Hellor's hand and Spear to die-This faid, the went before him with her Spear,

Left he some fraud mistrusting should have staid,

And when they were unto Achilles near, Hetter spake first, and to Achilles said,

Polides though before you I have fled

Now thrice about the Wall, and durft not flays

Yet now to fland I am determined

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And fight till either I be flain or flay.

But come, let's first the Gods to witness call of what shall be agreed 'twixt you and me.

If by my hand it be your chance to fall,

Your body dead, shall not abused be.

Illtake your Arms, and fend them into Troy; Your body dead the Greeks shall have again

Entire and not difgraced any way.

Do you the like to me if I be flain.

Achilles fowrely looking faid agen,

Talk not of Oaths and Covenants to me, That nothing worth 'twixt Lions are and Men.

And Wolves with Lambs on nothing can agree.

And you and I shall one another hate,

Nor Oaths and Pacts between us will fland good

Till we bloud-thirfly Mars shall satiate

Either with Hestor's or Achilles blood, It now behoves you all your Pow'r to show,

And be an able man of War indeed.

You cannot, as you did, run from me now,

Although (I think) you never had more need.

For by Athena flain you shall be here,

And for the flaughter of the Greeks be paid.

This faid, he at him threw his heavy Spear.

But Hector flooping did the same avoid.

And ore his head the Spear then harmless flew.

But Pallas quickly fnarche it from the fand

And put the same into Achilles hand.

Then Heller to Achilles spake and said,
Achilles, you have mis'd. My Fate unknown
Is to you yet. And me to make afraid.

You have devised fables of your own.

Upon my back your Spear shall never fall.

If by it to be slain my fate it be,
It shall be on my breast or not at all.

But how my Spear will speed now let me see.

Oh that is would into your body go!

The Trojans would the War much better bear, Since from your hand proceeds the greatest wo. And as he spake away he sent his Spear.

And on Achilles Shield it lighted just,

But enter'd not; and other he had none:

Upon Deiphobus lay all his truft:

But when he call'd Deiphobus was gone.

And Heftor then perceiv'd his death was neer;

And Oh (faid he) the Gods now for me call.

Deiphobus (Ithought) flood by me here.
But Pallas 'twas. He's ftill within the Wall.

I shall not scape. I see, Jove heretofore,
And Phabus too, did mean it should be so:
They sav'd me oft, but will do so no more.

But let me somewhat do before I go;
That men may speak of me in time to come;

And not ignoble die. And at that word
He rouled up his fainting heart, and from

He rouled up his fainting heart, and from His fide he drew his great and heavie Sword. As when an Eagle stoopeth to the plain

From a dark Cloud, a tender Lamb t'invade,

Or fearful Hare; so Heller went amain T'Achilles brandishing his shining Blade.

Achilles angry on the other fide

Came on, and cruel thoughts had in his mind, And up he kept his Shield his breaft to hide,

And on his head like fire his Helmet shin'd.

And as he went at ev'ry step he trod, His Plume by Vulcan made of golden hair,

And to his Crest appli'd, gave a nod,

And ore his shoulders terribly did flare.

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As Heperus at midnight does appear, The brightest Star that shineth in the Sky;

So gloriously the point shin'd of his Spear. Thus terribly to Hector he drew nigh.

And view'd his arms to fee which way his Spear Might with most ease unto his body pass.

But ev'ry where entire and close they were,

Save at the neck a little gap there was. At that he aim'd, and with great force he smote

Him with his mighty Spear clean through the neck;

And yet the Spear his wind-pipe wounded not. Then down he fell, but able was to speak.

Achilles over him infulting faid,

Heffer, you thought when you Patroclus kill'd,

You fafe were, and of me were not afraid, Because you knew I was not in the Field.

and like a fool ne'r thought of what a friend

To take revenge he left had at the Fleet,

Who now has brought you to an evil end,

For Dogs to eat, whilft he has burial meet,

Then Hellor feebly to him faid again, Let not by Dogs my body eaten be,

at be contented that you have me flain.

My friends at any price will ransome me. Take Brass and Gold as much as you require;

And to my Father fend my body home, to be confurned in the Fun'ral fire

Byth Trojans and their Wives in Ilium.

ms Hector faid. Achilles answer'd to't,

Hiller you Dog, speak not of Price to me.

my felf could eat thee I would do'r.

But by the Dogs I'm fure you'll eaten be. bey would give me twenty times as much,

Or buy thy body weight for weight with Gold,

promise as much more, your deeds are such, Your body shall not at that price be fold.

fall your Mother lay you on a bed, and over you lamenting fland and howl;

in the open field you shall lie dead

bril devour'd you be by Dogs and Fowl.

Hector

Hettor repli'd (though ready now to die)

I knew you had a heart as hard as fteel,
But thus much to you I will Prophecie,

The vengeance of the Gods you'll for it feel,

When one day Paris and Apollo shall,

As terrible and firong as you are now, Make you before the Scean Gate to fall.

This faid, he di'd; and to the Shades below Leaving his Limbs, his Soul bewailing flew.

And yet Achilles did agen reply,

And briefly to him answer'd, Now die you.

And when the Gods call for me so will I.

This said, he from his body pluckt the Spear,

And laid it by him down upon the place;

And took his Armour off. Then others near Stood gazing at his stature and his grace,

And wondring at him, t'one another faid, We fafely now to Hector may go nigher;

His raging fit is very much allay'd

Since when unto the Ships he came with fire. Then spake Achilles to the Greeks and faid,

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My Friends, that in the Army have command, Since by the Gods this great man is destroy'd, And lies before you killed by my hand,

Who did the Argive people more annoy

Than all the other Trojans put together, Let's armed as we are go up to Troy,

An see on what they are resolved, whether They'll quit the City, seeing Hestor's dead,

Or still defend the same without him will.

But why should this come now into my head

When unbewail'd Patroclus lieth still?

For my Patroclus I must not forget

As long as I am living and can go.

And when I come to the house of Hades, yet

Is still shall think upon him there below.

But back unto the Ships we now will go:

And let the youth of Argos Peans sing,

Whilst thither we in Triumph bring the Fo
With whose great praise the Town of Troy did in

This faid, he full of spight on Hector flies, And flits his legs from th'ankles to the heels, And with a Rope them to his Charret ties. Then drives away, and rais'd is by the wheek A Cloud of duft; and in it all the while, Along the ground drag'd was his comely head, Once glorious, now by the Greeks made vile, Since to them Fove had him delivered. Which when his Mother from the Wall beheld, Enrag'd she from her head pluckt off her Hood, And threw it from her, tore her hair, and fqueal'd. And Priam lamentably fighing stood. About him were the Trojans shedding tears, Sighing, and fobbing, and in such affray As if all Troy had flam'd about their ears. And much ado they Priam had to stay. Fordown he lay, and spake to ev'ry one; Forbear, said he, I will go to this man (As fierce and cruel as he is) alone, And move him to compassion, if I can; And what respect he hath to age I'll see. For Peleus is old as well as I, That got that mischief both to Troy and me; To th' Trojans all, but me especially. For he hath kill'd me many a goodly Son, Which all together make me not to imarr, Nor wounds fo deep as Hector's death hath done, Which is alone enough to break my heart. Oh bleffed Gods that it had been your will He in his Mothers hands and mine had di'd? That over him we might have wept our fill!

Then Hecuba amongst the Wives of Troy

Began her plaint. Hector, my Son, said she,

Ohmy dear Son, my glory and my joy,

Why should I mongst the living longer be;

Since you are dead and gone that night and day a had

This faid, the Trojans wept again and figh'd.

The Trojans (men and women) did defend, and as a God was honoured in Troy,

And now are come to an untimely end?

Thus

Knew not how Hetter sped without the Gate.

For at a shining figur'd Garment she

Within an inner Chamber weaving fate. And given had her Maids command to fer

A Trevet on the fire, that Hetter might
When he came in, wash off his blood and sweat
Contracted by great labour in the Fight,

Not dreaming of her Husband's death. But when She heard the lamentation at the Wall.

And outcries both of Women and of Men, She trembling flood, and let her Shittle fall.

And then unto her Maids she call'd, and said, Come hither two of you, and with me go.

I hear my Mother cry, and am afraid

To Priam's Sons there hapned is some wo.
I'll to the Tow'r go up my self and see

What 'tis. My heart is at my mouth. I fear

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Left by Achilles Hetter chaced be

Alone, and will be killed by his Spear.
On how I tremble! he can never flay,
But out before the rest will always run.

And never unto any man give way,

As if his strength could matched be by none. This said, out went she like a woman mad,

And panting up into the Tow'r she hi'd,

Where she no sooner lookt about her had, But saw her Husband to a Charret ti'd,

And by Achilles drag'd away, and dead.

And prefenely the fell into a Swown,

And all the comely Dreffings of her head,

Veil, Kerchefs, Rubans, Knots, to th' ground came dom

And Coronet unto her given by

Venue, when the with Hector married.
Her Sifter-laws that Rood about her nigh
Then took her up with forrow almost deads

And when again her Spirits to her came, She wept, and spake, and stopt and spake agen

And you the most unfortunate of men,

Both born to one and the same evil fate, You here in lium King Priam's Son.

And I in Thebe child unfortunate

Of the infortunate Ection.

And you now to the Shades below are gone,
And me a woful Widow here have left.

And with me my fweet Babe your tender Son;
And cannot (fince you are of life bereft)

Do to him any good, nor he to you.

And though he should escape the Argives now,

Yet poverty and woe will him purfue,

And other men his goodly fields will plough.

A Child that is an Orphan has no friend;

And (though with tears) must stoop to whatsoere

To the supplying of his need shall tend

When he his want of Food no more can bear. Sotoyour friends my Child shall go, and take

One by the Cloak, another by the Coat,

That give him may fome Wine for pity's fake,

Enough to cool his lips, but not his throat.

Orelie forme Son of them that fit at meet

May rate, or give him a good box o'th'Ear, and bid him quickly out o'th'Hall to get,

And tell him that his Father dines not there.

Then weeping comes Asyanax to me,

That us'd was by his Father to be fed With Mutton fat and Marrow on his knee,

And with his Nurse repose on a soft Bed. But since his Father now is dead and gone,

Aftyanax (whom so the Trojans call lecause defended were by you alone

(When you were here) the Trojans Gates and Wall)

Intolerable grief is like to find,

Since at the Ships you dead and naked lie

For Worms to feed on when the Dogs have din'd, While all your precious Garments here have I

Now never in them likely are to lie,

The the Wives of Troy an honour due.

This weeping spoken made the woman figh:

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ILIAD.

LIB. XXIII.

Hus wail'd the Trolans then in Ilium. To Hellespont th' Acheans streight went down, And when they to their hollow Ships were come Dispers'd themselves each man unto his own. Achilles only flaid his Myrmidons Upon the place; and thus unto them spake. You, Myrmidons my stout Companions, You must not from your Chars your Horses take. With Horses and with Chars we first must go, And for Patroclus weep about his Biere. And when we have by weeping eas'd our wo, Unty your Horses and we'll all sup here, This faid, they wayl'd. Achilles first began; And thrice about Patroclas Biere they drave. And Thetis (fallen was fo great a man) Amongst them stood, and tears unto them gave Which down their Armour fell into the Sand. Achilles bad him then with tears, farewel. And laying on Patroclus breaft his hand, Rejoyce, said he, Patroclus though in Hell. For now I to you shall my word make good, Since hither I have Heffor dragged dead, For Dogs to eat. And to revenge your blood, Twelve Trojans I will at your Pile behead. This faid, he Hellor laid upon his face I'th'dust before the Biere disgracefully. The Myrmidons mean while their Arms unlace, And th'Horses from their Chariots unty. And then down by Achilles Ship they fat, Who gave unto them all a Fun'ral Feast, And for them flew both Goats and Muttons far,

And Swine good store, and many a well-fed Beaff.

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But to Achilles then came in the Lords, To wait upon him t'Agamemnon's Tent, That he might try with comfortable words If he could mitigate his discontent.

When they were there Atrides first commands

His Ministers to bring in water hor

To wash the gore from off his face and hands. Achilles peremptorily faid, Not,

And swearing, unto Agamemnon said,

By fove that is of all the Gods most high,

Till I Patroclus in the fire have laid,

And rais'd him have a Tomb wherein to lie, And with him burnt these Locks of mine, nor hand

Nor face shall washed be by me. But now

Let's fup. I'th'morning I will give command That for his Pile we may have Wood enough,

That speedily the body we may burn.

And when out of our fight we have it laid,

The people to their business may return.

Thus headvised, and it was obey'd.

The people then in haft to supper went, And had good Chear, and heartily they fed.

And when their hunger and their thirst was spent,

Into their Tents went ev'ry man to bed.

Down went Achilles to the waters fide Attended on by many Myrmidons,

And in a place clean washed by the Tide

He laid him down to fleep upon the Stones.

Nor was it long ere fleep upon him crept.

For labour'd very hard he had that day.

For Hector him in exercise had kept

Running before him round the Wall of Troy.

And then the Spirit of Patroclus dead,

Like him in Stature, Garments, Voice, and Eyes

Appeared to him standing at his head,

And speaking faid unto him in this wife.

You fleep, Achilles, and have me forgot, Though when I was alive you lov'd me well.

fray bury me, these Spirits here will not

Let me come in within the Gates of Hell,

Non

Nor let me mix with those beyond the River, But make me wander bout the house of Dis. Give me your hand upon't, for I shall never

Return, when once my body burned is.

We shall no more together counsel take, Since by my Fare I taken am away,

And you your felf, divine Achilles, make Account to die before the Walls of Time.

And then the favour let me have, I pray, That when my flesh consum'd is in the flame,

My Bones with yours you will be pleas'd to lay. And let the Urn that holds them be the fame;

That golden Urn which Thetis gave to you. We long with one another lived have,

For when Amphidamas his Son Islew, Unto your house I fled my life to fave,

From Opus being little past a boy,

And Childifhly the quarrel took at Chefs; And never meant him ill before that day,

And forry was I for my foolifhness. Your Father to his House then rook me in, Made me your man, and lov'd and cherisht me;

And fince so long we have together been, Why should not now our Bones together be?

Achilles to the shadow then repli'd,

Sweet friend, what need had you to come from Hell

To ell me this? I for you do provide That all you say may be performed well.

Come neerer to me that embrace we may A little white, and one another moan.

This faid, his arms he spreads; and then away Patroclus funk, and left him there alone.

At this amazed up Achilles farts.

Oh, oh, said he, I see'tis certain then, In Hell their Souls are, though they have no hearts,

But Idols only are, and Forms of Men. For by me standing was the Soul all night Of my Patroclus to me dictating,

And wonderfully like him 'twas to th'fight; And what he wanted told me ev'ry thing

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This faid, again about the body dead Achilles and the Myrmidens lament, And so continu'd till the day was spread; But to the Wood then Agamemnon fent From ev'ry part of th'Army men to Ide, Whereof some Axes carri'd in their hands, And others Ropes. And with them goes for Guide: Meriones, and, as their Chief, commands. Ore Hills and Dales then to the Woods they went Driving their Mules before them all the way ; And lufty Oaks unto the ground they fent, And cleft them into pieces as they lay. And those unto the Mules with Ropes they ti'd, And ev'ry one of them took in his hand Either a heavy Bough or Limb befide For so Meriones had giv'n command. This done, they back descended to the Plain Fast as they could through Bry'rs and Eushes store; And quickly at the Ships they were again, And laid their Wood in order on the shore. Then to the Myrmidons Achilles Spake, You Myrmidons put on your Arms, faid he, And Horse-men all your Charrers ready make, And mount into your Seats and follow me. When they were ready, foremost went the Horse, And by a Cloud of Foot were followed. Ith midft between them carri'd was the Corfe With locks of hair thrown on him covered, Which the fad Mourners from their heads had shorn. Achilles went himself next to the Biere, Who for his friend did principally mourn. When at the place of Funeral they were, Upon the ground they layed down the Biere, And quickly in a Pile they heapt the wood, Then curs Achilles off his yellow hair, And from the body at a distance staid, And rowards Greece and Phthia turn'd his eye, And speaking to Spercheius River faid,

My Father to you made a Vow, when I

This

Return'd, his hair should unto you be paid,

And

And to the other Gods a Hecatomb,

And fifty fat Rams at your Spring to flay. Thus vowed he. But I shall ne'r come home,

But here must die before the Gates of Troy. Since then my Fathers with you not fulfil,

Nor I return into my native Land, My hair now to Patroclus give I will.

And at that word he puts it in his hand.

At this the Greeks a weeping fell agen,

And wept had till the fetting of the Sun, But that Achilles spake t'Atrides then,

And pray'd him that the people might be gone.

King Agamemnon, will the Greeks, said he,

Be never with lamenting satisfi'd? Tis in your pow'r; let them dispersed be

Unto their Ships their Suppers to provide,

For we will of the Fun'ral take a care. But let the Leaders of the Army stay,

And such as specially concerned are.

This faid, Atrides sent the rest away. And then the wood into a Pile they laid.

A hundred foot it was from fide to fide; And on the top the Corps. Then kill'd and flaid

Both Sheep and Beeves, and with their fat they hide

Patroclus body dead from head to foot.

And by it laid the Cattle flaid to burn.

To th'Biere Achilles went and laid into't Of Honey one, of Oyl another Urn.

And of Patroclus Horfes four he flew;

And of nine little Dogs he kept kill'd two. And those into the Fun'ral-pile he threw;

And last of all twelve Trojans adds thereto.

This done, again he to Patroclus faid,

My dear Patroclus, once again, farewell. Twelve lufty Trojans on your Pile are laid.

I'm faithful to you though you be in Hell, But Helfor for the Dogs shall be a prey.

But Venus 'nointed him with Oyl of Rose, And so preserved him both night and day, That not a Dog did on him lay his nose.

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Then Phæbus sent from Heav'n a Cloud obscure
The place whereon his hody lay to hide,
To th'end it might the scorching Sun endure,
And not be shrivell'd up nor shrunk nor dri'd.
And then Achilles a new bus'ness finds.

He could not fet on flame the new-fell'd wood,

But forc'd he was to pray to the two Winds

Zephyr and Boreas. Then off he ftood,

And to them offer'd with a Cup in's hand, And to them vowed a good Sacrifice,

If they from Sea would come, and by him stand, And blow the Fire until the stame did rife.

This Iris hearing went unto the Winds

To tell them how Achilles to them pray'd. And at good chear in Zephyr's house them finds,

And fain they would her with them there have flaid,

And made her fit; but she refused that.

In Blackmoor-land, and I must be thereat,

And must make hast, or thither cannot come.

To zephyr now and Boreas I came

To tell them that a plenteous Sacrifice Abilles make them will, if on a flame

They'll fet the Pile whereon Patroclus lies.

This faid, the parts. The Winds arife and roar,

And toss the Clouds before them in the Sky, And at their feet tumble the Waves ashore

And then upon Patroclus Pile they fly, And hercely blow. Inflamed was the Pile,

And whiftling at it flaid the Winds all night;

Athilles standing by it all the while

Invoking folemmly Patroclus spright.

And th'Earth with Wine by Cupfuls watered.

As one that mourneth for his eldest Son That then dies, when he should be married;

So did he for Patroelus figh and groan. When in the Sky the Day-fiar did appear To shew that after him Aurora came,

The Pile and Bodies dead confumed were To aftes, and extinguish was the flame;

Away

Away the Winds went ore the Seas of Thrang.
And passing shook the waters of the Deep.

Achilles went a little from the place,

And now 'twas day, the Souldiers came agen.

Then with their trampling did Achilles wake,

And up he flood and lookt about. And then.
He to Atrides turn'd his eyes and spake.

Atrides, let us first with Wine, said he, Put out the fire as far as it is spread,

That taken up Patroclus Bones may be
(For where they lie ais foon discovered ;

Since in the midst we did his body lay,
But others, Horse and Men at th'outside lie

That in a Bason of pure Gold they may.

Reserved be until I also die.

And though no great Tomb here Lhave defign'd, Yet may the Greeks that flay when I am gone,

When they think good, if they will be fo kind.
And see cause for it make a greater one.

This faid, the fire they first extinguished; Then down anto the ground the ashes came,

And up Patroclus Bones they gathered, And in a golden Pan they laid the fame;

And back unto the Ships they carri'd that,
To be referved in Achilles Tent

Wrapt up within a double Kell of Fat.

And then about the Pile to work they went. And where the Pile was, that they made their ground,

And Earth abundance on the same they lay,.
Till it became a mighty Hill and round.

When they had done Achilles made them flay.

And fit o'th'ground to see the games, which he

Prepared had the Funeral to grace.

Then many Prizes rich he caus'd to be Brought from his Ship and laid upon the place.

Brass Caldrons, Trippeds, and great Iron Bars, Horses and Mules, and Cartle of great fize,

And goodly Women taken in the Wars.

First for the Horse; he tells each one his Prize.

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To th'first a woman that could spin and weave, Together with a Tripod deep and wide. The next a Mare of fix years should receive Together with her young Mule by her fide. A handsome Kettle to the third he gave, Which never on the Fire had yet been fet. Of Gold two Talent was the fourth to have: The fifth a Cup and Cover was to get. Then to them spake. These Prizes here, said he Lie waiting for the Horfe-men on the Plain, If any Horse-men in the Host there be ' That with their Charrets hope the fame to gain, Come in. Had any else these Games set forth, The greatest of these Prizes had been mine. For of my Horses you well know the worth, And that they are Immortal and Divine, Which Neptune gave to Peleus, he to me. But I'll fit out. My Horses shall stay here Hanging their heads as they do heavily, Since they have lost their gentle Charretier. Let any other of the Argives, who Is of his Horses confident come in, And presently prepare himself thereto. And try which of the Prizes he can win. This faid, the Horse-men straight themselves present, Eumelus first, Adrestus noble Son, That was for Horsemanship most eminent. Then Diamed with th'Horses which he won From Venus Son, when by her fav'd he was. Then fitting on his Charret came forth ling Agamemnon's Brother Menelaus. And at it Horses two were of great worth. The one of them Podargus, was his own, The other Ethe very fwift the was A Female, and for Agamemnon's known, To whom, when he to Ilium was to pals, She given was by Echepolus, who Texcuse himself of sollowing him to Troy (For very rich he was and loth to go) And with his leave in Sicyon to Stay.

The fourth with Horses of the Pylian brood, Was Neftor's gallant Son Antilochus. His Father careful of him by him flood

Instructing him, and said unto him thus. Antilochus, you have been taught fo well

By Jove and Neptune, young man as you are, The Rules of Horsemanship, I need not tell

You of the Art, but pray you to take care. Though you know how about the Gole to wind, Their Horses somewhat are than yours more swift.

I fear you will in that some damage find ;

But none of them know better how to shift. Tis care not strength makes a good Carpenter,

And Ships at Sea are governed by care; Force in foul weather little helps to fleer.

Best Charretiers are they that best beware:

A man that on his Horses speed relies

May from the high way sometimes drive aside;

But not come in again. But he that's wife Will always tow'rds the Gole directly guide,

And have an eye on him that goes before. The Gole I'll tell you (left you know it not)

A Staff is of a fathom high or more,

Of Oak or Pine that is not apt to rot, Standing between two great white stones upright,

And for a Monument fet up was there In ancient time of some deceased Weight,

Or formerly there had a Race been there, And to that purpole ferved now again.

Be fure you drive your Horses to it close, And leaning, press a little th'inner Rein,

And let the farther Horses Reins go loose.

But let the neer Horse to it go as neer As can be; fo the Stones you still avoid.

You'll wound your Horses else and Charret tear, And be asham'd whilst others will be joy'd.

If at the Staff you once but get the flart, In coming back before you shall be none,

How good foere their Horfes be or Art, Though they the Steeds were of Laomedon,

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Or like Arion all their Horses were, Adrestus Horse of the Celestial Race. Thus Neftor his good Son inftructed there, And having done returned to his place.

The fifth and last came in Meriones.

Then up unto their Seats they mounted all; And then by Lots determin'd which of these Should ftart the first. T'Antilochus did fall To ftart the first. The next t'Eumelus came.

The third Lot fell t'Atrides Menelaus: The fourth had on't Meriones his name.

The best, and last to start Tydides was.

Then all arow they flood. Achilles by Shew'd them the Gole far off upon the Plain; And all at once hold up their Whips on high,

And beat their Horses each one with his Reyn; And loud upon them call'dto make them run.

Old Phanix at the Staff was fer to flay And be a witness of what there was done,

And fee there were amongst them no foul play. And fwiftly from the Ships they part away,

In Clouds of duft up to their breasts they fly, And to the wind their spreading Manes display ;

Their Chars sometimes are in the Air a high, And sometimes on the ground. The Charretiers Sit for all that still fast upon their Seats,

And ev'ry one aloud his Horses cheers,

While in his breaft his heart with longing beats.

But when about the Gole they turned were, And coming back agen unto the shore,

Then 'twas their Vertue chiefly did appear, And faster went their Horses than before.

And now Eumelus Horses foremost were, And Diomed behind him was not far

With his Male Trojan Horses, but so neer As if they would have gone into his Char.

So neer they were their heads did on it lie, And made Eumetus back and shoulders hor

With breathing on them; and the Victory Had got, or doubtful made at least, had not

Apollo

Apollo been to Diomed unkind.

And from his hand Bruck out his thining Whips

Tydides then again was left behind.

And wept to see Eumelus him outstrip. When Pallas faw what wrong was to him done. She puts the Whip into his hand again.

And angry goes unto Admetus Son.

And of his Horses breaks the Yoke in twain.

On one fide of the way then went one Marc. And on the other fide the other goes;

Down fell the Pole, and with it he; and tare His Elbows and his Eye-brows, Mouth and Nofe:

Tradides in the mean time passed by.

And got before them all a mighty length.

For Pallas to him meant the Victory. And gave unto his Horses greater strength

Behind Tydides next was Menelaus.

And next to him Antilochus; and he Aloud unto his Horses calling was.

Now let's (said he) your utmost vertue see.

With Diomed you are not bid contend,

Whom victor now Athena means to make, And strengthened hath his Horses to that end a But only Menelaus t'overtake.

Were't not a shame that . Athe but a Mare Should leave you two fuch lufty Steeds behind ?

But if you now feek how your felves to spare, I tell you this, and true you will it find,

You shall be flain. Therefore use all your speed, And when you come into a narrow place,

Leave it to me to do what I fee need.

This faid, the Horses fearing mend their pace,

And now were close at Menelans heels.

Then neer unto a hollow way they came; And lest they break should one anothers Wheels, Atrides turn'd afide into the same.

The other after him a little wide

The same way took. Atrides then afraid. That he would enter with him fide by fide,

Mato Antilochus cri'd out and faid.

Antilochal

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Antilothus, you drive too carelefly,
The way's too narrow. Pray a little flay
Your Hories; broader it will be by and by,
Left both our Chars lie broken on the way.

Antilochus then whipt his Horfes on

So much the faster, seeming not to hear,
And when they were a little surther gone,
Attides held his Horses in, for sear

Their Chars should clashing overturned be,
And with them they be thrown into the dust,

And to him spake, reviling. Go, said he, Of all the men I know the most unjust,

And not fo wife as th' Argives thought you were.
But yet the Prize you shall not so obtain;

But for it first you shall be put to swear.

And then his Horses he drave on again.

And to encourage them, unto them said,

His Horses cannot keep before you long; They old are both; strain hard. Be not dismay,

For both of you brave Horses are and young. This said, at highest speed agen they fly, And to Antilochus came up again.

The Argives on the Race now fat to fpy
Who foremost coming was upon the Plain.

Momeneus fat in a place more high

Without the Race, and heard a Charretier Whole voice he knew unto his Horles cry,

And prefently two Horses did appear.

Of one of them the colour was bright Bay,
But on his forehead had a spot of white,

And as the Moon at Full round ev'ry way,
And from afar confpicuous and bright.
Then to the Greeks he faid, is there no more
That see these Horses coming back but 1?
They are not those that foremost were before;

And 'tis another Charretier I spy.

Lamelus some mischance has had I sear;

And yet about the Gole he turned well.

But now I cannot see them any where.

Perhaps out of his hands their Bridles fell;

No longer would the Horses then obey,

But thrown him somewhere have o'ch'field; or born

Him in their fit by violence away,

And have his Charret overturn'd, or torn.

Stand on your feet your felves and mark him well,

Whether or no it Diomedes be 13 13 13

The Son of Tydens; for I cannot tell, He like him is, and I believe 'tis he.

The leffer Ajax then Oilens Son

With evil words t'Idomeneus repli'd,

The Mares upon the Field are coming on,

But you must talk, though from the purpose wide.

Your eyes are now grown old and less can see, And yet to talk you love so much the more;

Though at discerning many better be.

Eumelus, as at first, is still before.

Ajax (faid he) of all the Greeks the worst

Except at railing, let's a wager lay,

A Tripod or a Caldron who comes first,

Atrides judge, that you may know and pay.

And Ajax then about was to reply;

Nor had the quarrel 'twixt them there been staid,

But that Achilles who was fitting by,

Rose from his Seat, and coming to them said,

Idomeneus and Ajax'tis a shame

For you in evil Language to contend,

That others when they do so ought to blame. Sit down, and but a little while attend.

They'll foon be here. They firive for Victory, And driving are as fast as ere they can;

Discerned then it will be easily

Which is the foremost, which the hindmost man.

This faid, they faw Tydides very neer

Plying his Whip; his Horfes feem'd to fly; And cover'd was with dust the Charretier;

And hard it was the track o'th Wheels to fpy.

Then coming in, before the Lords he flopt, And to the ground leapt from his Charlot;

With Sweat his Horses breasts and shoulders dropt.

Then Sthenelus the Prize neglected not,

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But nimbly from his place he to it skips, And by his friends there standing by his side Sent th'woman and the Tripod to the Ships; And having done, the Horses he unti'd.

Intilectus next to Tydides was,
That not by vertue of his Steeds but flight

Advantage gotten had of Menelaus,

When for them both he found the way too fireight.

But Menelans to him was fo neer

As is a Charret-horse unto the Wheel, Which of his Tale doth sometimes touch the hair, And makes the Horse to run that does it seel.

Soneer unto him was Atrides then,

That was behind once a Coyts cast or more.

But quickly to him he came up agen; For Ethe now ran faster than before.

And had they but a little longer run, Atrides by Antilochus had pass'd,

And without doubt the second Prize had won;

Miniones behind was a Spears caft

Slow Steeds he had, and but small skill in Courses.

Eumelus whom Athena overthrew

Came hindmost and before him drave his Horses, And with his hands behind, his Charret drew.

Athilles mov'd with pity was at this,

And spake unto the Argives in this wife. Although he come the last, the best he is;

Tis fit he have at least the second Prize,

But Diomed the first, that has it won.

And just it seemed in the Argives fight.

And from Antilochus the Prize had gone,

Had he not pleaded for it as his right.

Though well, faid he, in pity you incline [Eamelus, yet my Prize he must not take; I won it have, and 'cis not yours, but mine. Is Horses good, and Horse-man good he is; And he and they upon the ground were laid

some mischance; I'm not concern'd in this: He should unto th'Immortal Gods have pray'd.

But

But you that pity him, and at your Tent Have Gold, Brass, Horses, Women, Cattle store, May out of that when you think fit content

Eumelus with the value, or with more.

For whosoever means to have the Mare Must for her with me fight. Thus pleaded he.

Achilles that great love unto him bare,

Was glad, and faid, Since you so council me, The Breast-plate I will to him give of Brass That hem'd is all about with shining Tin,

With which Afteropens armed was. Automedon into my Tent go in,

And quickly to me bring the Breast-plate forth.

And then Automedon no longer stands,

But fetches out the Armour of great worth, And puts the same into Eumelus hands.

Then up Atrides Menelaus stands,

And in his hand the Cry'r a Scepter laid, And filence to be kept i'th'Court commands.

T'Antilochus then Menelaus faid,
'Antilochus, what made you me difgrace
Justling my Horses in-the hollow way

When there was so much danger in the place,
That't had been best for both of us to stay?
But you the Princes hear the Cause I pray.

But you the Princes hear the Cause I pray, And judge between us both impartially,

Left any of the Greeks hereafter say I did t'Antilochus an injury,

And from him got the Mare by fraud or might;
And that his Horses than mine better were.
But come, I now know how my self to right.

Come lay your hand upon the Reyns, and swear

By Neptune, that you did not willingly

And with prepenfed malice cross my Charre.

To this Antilochus did then reply, O Menelaus, fince you elder are,

You know our faults upon the sudden rise;
And that before-hand young men study not;
Their Wits are present, but the old are wise.

To do you injury I never thought.

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The Mare is yours; and if you please to send
For any thing I have, that too I'll give
Rather than with an Oath the Gods offend,
And out of Menelans savour live.
This said, he put the Mare into his hand.

Then Menelaus lookt as fresh and gay

As Dew that on the growing Corn doth fland
Then when the Fields are in their best array.

And to Antilochus repli'd agen, Antilochus I angry am no more,

I fee you were by Youth transported then.
But putting tricks upon your friends give ore,

I not so soon forgiven had another;

But you so much have suffer'd for my sake Together with your Father and your Brother,

That I can easie satisfaction take:

And now to shew I got it not by might,

Take you the Prize, although it be my share:
This faid, he took t'himself the Caldron bright;

And yielding to Antilochus the Mare,

Unto Noëmon gave her to fet up

(Noemon was Antilochus his man)

One Prize remain'd, which was the double Cup.

Achilles rifing then to Neftor went,

And unto him the double Cup he gave.
This Prize, faid he, keep for a Monument

Of my Patroclus lying in his Grave,

You shall not for it arm your fifts with Lead, Nor with young men at cast of Spears engage,

Nor shall you on the Foot-race need to tread:
Of all such work you are excus'd by age.

This faid, the Cup into his hand he laid,
Which joyfully he took and thus repli'd.
Sweet Son, you nothing but the truth have faids

My strength is past, it cannot be deni'd. My hands I scarce can to my shoulders raise,

And heavily my feet both rife and fall.

Oh, that I were as young as in those days

When I law Amaryncens Funeral

The

Set forth most nobly in Buphrasion.

There many Prizes were, and many a man; But like to me amongst them there was none.

Epeian, Pyllian, nor Atolian.

At Fifts the Prize from Clytomed I won; And wraftling with Anceus I him threw,

And Iphiclus, Iwift as he was, outrun; And with the Spears I Polydore out-threw,

And at the Horse-race only was outstript By th'envie of the Sons of After two.

For fitting on the Charret they both whipt, And from me won the Prize with much ado.

Such then I was. But now to younger men
That work I leave. Old age I must obey:

But such if was amongst the Argives then.
And now, Achilles, here no longer stay.

Proceed with other Games your friendsto grace.
Your Gift I take, and great content I find
In that you shewn have in this publick place

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Amongst the Greeks you have me in your mind.

Achilles having heard these Praises all

Of Nestor, brought into the place a Mule, A Prize from him that won at Fift and Ball,

A Mule of fix years old, and hard to rule.

As for the vanquilht, he affign'd to him

A leffer Prize which was a filver Cup,
That crooks and wryed was about the brim,
Achilles then amongst the Greeks stood up.

Atrides, and you Argives all, faid he, Let two men fight for these at Fist and Ball.

The lufty Mule shall for the Victor be;
The Cup for him that in the fight shall fall.

This said, Epeius a huge man flood up,

And that had at this kind of fight great skill,

And feiz'd the Mule, and faid, as for the Cup, Let any one against me rife that will.

The Mule is mine, at this game I am best.

Is't not enough that th' Argivis value me

In Fight but as a mean man like the reft?

For no man can the beft at all things be:

But let him know, whoere with him contends. I'll break his bones. Which being to him known. He may about him ready have his friends.

To take him up when I have knockt him down:

This faid. Meceftes Son Eurgalus.

That won the Prize from the Cadmaans all

At Thehes upon the death of Oedipus When celebrated was his Funeral

Presents himself. About him busie was

Tydides wishing him the Victory.

And gave him of ffrong Leather well-wrought Lace Wherewith the Balls unto his wrifts to tie.

The Champions up their fifts together have,

Which when they met so quick and mingled were.

That which was which a man could not perceive. But how they ratled at their heads might hear.

Euryalus then chanc'd to look afide. At which Everys fuch a blow him hit

Upon the cheek, that he was stopisi'd,

And could no longer fland upon his feet.

As when the Sea is curl'd by Zepbyrus,

A little Fish leaps up and falls agen; So flarted at the ftroak Euryalus

And fainted. To him went Epeius then

And took him up. His friends that by him flood Led him away trailing his feet behind,

His Neck afide hanging, and spitting blood; And wandring out of order was his mind.

Achilles other Prizes then brought forth

For Wraftlers; and for him that did the beft.

A mighty three-foot Pot effeemed worth

By th'company twelve Oxen at the least.

And for the vanguished a leffer Prize,

A Woman that in many works had skill;

And to the Argives speaking faid, arise

You that contend for the great Tripod will;

Then up role diax, up aly ffes role,

And having girt themselves stood on the place, And presently extend their arms, and close;

And one another with twin'd arms embrace.

As when a Carpenter to keep the wind Out of a house the Timber bows and pleats, So were their arms with one another twin'd.

And each of them keeps fast his hold, and sweap, And squeez'd until their sides were black and blew.

And weary were the Grates with looking on

When neither Ajas yet wiffes threw, Nor he the mighty Son of Telamon.

And Ajax then unto utyffes fald,

Let's lift each other; and withal him lifts, And hop'd upon the ground to have him laid, But he then not forgetful of his fhifts,

Struck with his right foot Ajax on the ham
So that to turn him Ajax firength did lack.
Then both together to the ground they came,

One on his Breast, the other on his back.

And now siyffes to lift Ajax is.

And from the ground he heav'd him, but not high

And in he clapt one knee between both his, Then both upon the ground again they lie.

Agen they rife, and had not fo giv'n ore, But that Achilles to them goes, and fays,

You both are beft; torment your felves no more; But equal Prizes take and go your ways,

That other Greeks for other Prizes may

Their vertue flew. This faid, they him obey'd, And from their bodies wipt the dust away,

And with their Coats themselves again array'd.

And then Achilles brought new Prizes in, A filver Temperer that fix Gallons held,

And by Sidonian workmen made had been; And all that ere they made before excell'd,

And by Phenicians into Greece was brought And giv'n to Theas, and from him it came

T'Euneus Jasons Son. Euneus bought Lycaon of Patroclus with the same.

This was the Prize for him that swiftest ran-

A great fat Ox the fecond was to take ; And half a Talent, Gold the hindmost man.

And then Achilles to the Argives spake,

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Arise, said he, that for this Prize will run.

Then Ajax rose Son of Oileus

The leffer Ajax. And then Neftor's Son

(The swiftest of the Youth) Antilochus.

Arow they stand. Achilles to them shows

The Gole about the which they were to run.
Together then they start; and foremost goes

The nimble footed Ajax Oileus Son.

But next him and so neer uly ses-is,

As from a womans Diffaff comes the thread,

And on his steps tred ere the dust aris,

And breathed all the way upon his head.

The Greeks upon him called all the way
To do his best, and wish him Victorie.

Then to Athena did ulyffes pray.

O help me my good Goddess now, said he.

And when almost they ended had the Race,
Then chanced Ajax in the Dung to fall

Of Cattle which had kill'd been on the place

B'Achilles for Patroclus Funeral.

and fill'd with Cow-dung was his mouth and nofe.

Wyfes on the Temp'rer laid his hands.

And Ajax spitting Dung again arose,

And with his Ox before the Argives stands.

Oh, oh, said he, 'ris Pallas hath done this,
Who as a careful Mother of her Child.

Upon uly fes always waiting is.

And when he that had faid th' Acheans smil'd.

milechus th'half Talent took of Gold,

And smil'd, and to the Argives said, You see

he Gods still give most honour to the Old,

diax in age a little passeth me.

en ulyffes older is than he.

and younger men with these cannot contend

running of a Race, except it be

Atbilles. Whom he finely did commend.

tilles of that commendation glad

Unto Antilochus repli'd again;

rife

your half Talent I'll another add.

That word of yours shall not be said in vain.

R

Achilles

Achilles then brought forth the Shield and Spear And Helmet of Sarpedon (for till he

Was killed by Patroclus his they were)

And faid unto the Greeks, Now let me see Two valiant men well-arm'd contend for these; And he that first draws blood shall bear away

This Thracian Sword won from Asteropaus.

The Arms in common they shall both enjoy, And at my Tent they both shall feasted be.

Up then great Ajax, up Tydides rose,

And came forth armed from the Company,

And looking grimly one to th'other goes, And thrice to one another fiercely leapt,

And Ajax Spear pass'd through Tydides Shield;
But by the Breast-plate from his flesh was kept.
Good was his Breast-plate, and not apt to yield;

But ftill at Ajax neck Tydides aim'd,

Above his Shield still pushing with his Spear; At which the people standing by exclaim'd;

For then of Ajax life they flood in fear, And to Achilles cri'd to part the Fray

Betime, and let them equal Prizes have,

And by Achilles then dismis'd were they; But yet the Sword he to Tydides gave.

And then of Iron he brought out a Sough
Such as at first it from the Fornace came,
The which Eetion was wont to through,

Among whose Goods Achilles found the same, And to his Ship he brought it with the rest.

And faid to th' Argives, He this Prize shall gain, That lets us see he throw it can the best.

It will his Plough with Iron five years maintain,

He needs not to the Town for Iron go.
Then Polypætes and Leontes rife,

And Ajax, and together stand arow;
And last of all unto them comes Epeius:

First threw Epeius, and well laught at was.

And next to him Leantes threw the same.

Then Asax threw and did them both surpass.

But when to Polypætes hand it came,

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As far as doth a Shepherd throw his Hook Seeing his Sheep stand still or straggle out, The Prize his friends then took So far threw he. And bare it to his Tent. The people shout.

Achilles then brought other Prizes in,

Ten double, and ten fingle Axes keen, The which the two best Bow-men were to win,

And faid, Now let your Archerie be feen. And on the Sands erects a Ship-malt high, And at the top he ti'd a Dove unto't

With slender thread, and said, Your skill now try. For he that dead the tender Dove shall shoot,

Shall have the double Axes for his Prize;

The fingle he that breaks the thread shall win-

Then Teucer and Meriones arise,

And Lots they cast which of them shall begin,

And to begin to Teucer fell the Lot.

And first he shot. But should have made a Vow

A Hecatomb to Phabus, but forgot.

And therefore Phabus would not him allow To kill the Bird. But yet he brake the thread,

And tow'rds the ground, it hung down from her feet.

The frighted Dove in th'Air hovered,

And mightily the Argives shout to see't.

Marienes then quickly drew his Bow, (For th'Arrow fitted on't already lay)

and prefently to Phabus made a Vow

Of his first Lambs a Hecatomb to pay.

Above his head this way and that way round,
Arrow keen he quickly to her fent, (ground

Which pierc'd her through, and brought her to the he wounded Dove unto a Mast then flies,

And there her Feathers sheds, and hangs her head, having sitten there not long she dies. The argives gazing at it wondered.

The Argives gazing at it wondered.

dthen Meriones away did bear The double Axes. Tencer took the rest

illes then new Prizes fetcht; a Spear, and a new Caldron worth an Ox at leaft.

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To throw the Spear then rose the King Atrides,
And after him stood up Meriones,
Idomeneus his Squire. Then said Pelides,
There shall be no contention for these.
We know how much you are more excellent
At this than any of th' Acheans here.
Take you these Prizes therefore to your Tent,
And give unto Meriones the Spear,
If you think sit. Atrides was content,
And to Meriones he gave the Spear,
And by Talthybius the Caldron sent

Unto the Ships; and all well pleased were.

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LIB. XXIV.

Hus end the Games. The Greeks dispersed are, And ev'ry man returned to his Tent, And bufie was his Supper to prepare; And after they had fupt to bed they went. Achilles all the night flept not a wink, But on Patroclus worth, and company, And on their common fuffrings still did think, And lay upon his bed unquietly. And weeping fometimes laid himself on this, Sometimes on that fide, fometimes on his face, And fometimes on his back, and fometimes ris, And walkt upon the fhore from place to place. And foon as ere he faw the morning come, He Hellor to his Charret ti'd again; And drag'd him thrice about Patroclus Tomb. And then went in, and left him on the Plain. With dust all over hidden, but not rent. For Phæbus had him cover'd with his Shield, That torn his body was not as they vent. The Gods mean while fat looking on the F. Id, And griev'd to fee Athilles fhew fuch ipight. And some of them advised Mercurie To fleal away the body from his fight. To this the other Gods did all agree, But Neptune, Juno, Pallas angry were With Priam and with Troy, for Parts fake, For that he Venus did so much preferre, And of the others small account did make. Thus passed it then. But twelve days after came Apollo to the Gods in Counsel set. And faid, Ye Gods unjust, you are to blame, What Sacrifice did Heftor ere forget,

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That

That to his Father, Mother, Wife, and Son-That for his death lament, he must not come, And buri'd be, since he is dead and gone, And have a Funeral in Ilium?

But to Achilles fury you give way,

Whose breast is void of all Humanity.

As Lions on mens Cattle love to prey;
Savage and proud on men so falleth he

Asham'd of nothing. Though another man That had a loving Brother lost, or Son,

When he has wept a while give over can, And bear the ill that cannot be undone.

But he with Hellor's death is not content, But drags his body at his Chariot.

Not caring how we may the same resent.

He'll find at last 'twere better he had not
Upon the senseless Earth have shown such spight.

To this in anger Juno then repli'd,

If equal they had been, you had faid right, But that they equal are it is deni'd.

For Heller was a mortal womans Son;
Achilles Mother a great Goddess is

Thetis, that nurst was and brought up by none
But by my self. The Gods can witness this,

Who, when I made her noble Pelens Bride, Came to the Wedding all, and you too then

Were with your Fiddle there well fatisfi'd, Perfidious God, companion of mean men.

Then Jupiter to Juno spake and said, Look not so angerly upon the Gods, Nor for Achilles honour be asraid,

'I wixt him and Heffor I know well the ods, But Heffor we of Mortals love the beft,

I do at least, of all the men of Troy. He never is behind-hand with my Feast,

But Flesh and Wine pays duely at my day. But we'll not Hetter from Achilles steal;

Nor can, fince Thitis for him is awake.

Call Thitis hither; for with her I'll deal

To make him for his body Ranfome take.

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This faid, into the Sea leapt Iris Araight Between the Isles of Imbros and of Same. The water roar'd and flarted at her weight; And she to th'bottom like a Plummet came. Where in a hollow Cave the Goddess sate,

Her Sea-nymphs all about her fitting round, She in the midst bewailing her Sons fate, That was to perish on the Trolan ground.

And going to her neer, Thetis, faid fhe, Jove calls you to him. She repli'd, Why fo?

What has that mighty God to fay to me? I am not fit amongst the Gods to go.

I go. I dare not disobey. But well.

And on her head then throws she a black hood. Then up they went, and Iris led the way.

(To let them pass the Sea divided stood) And being landed leapt up to the Sky,

When Jous in Counsel and the Gods were met;

Where Thetis was received lovingly.

And next himself by Funiter was set. There Juno Nectar, Pallas gave her place.

And fove unto her spake. Thetis, said he, Iknow your grief, but fuch is now the case, You could not from th'Affembly spared be.

Nine days amongst our selves we disagree

Concerning Heliors body what to do. The most would have him stoln by Mercury;

But for your fake I would not yield thereto. But go you, Thetis, to your Son and fay

The Gods are angry and I most of all, That Hellor's body at the Ships doth flay Umansom'd and without a Funeral;

that he release it may for fear of me. Mean while to Priam Iris shall be sent

To bid him go t'Achilles speedily,

And with fair Presents fetch it from his Tent. This faid, the from Olympus took her flight TAchilles Tent, and found him fitting there, Where he Patroclus still lamenting figh'd,

And with him friends providing Dinner were, B 4

And

And killed had a fat Sheep in his Tent.

Then in the went and far down by his fide: How long, faid the, will you your felf torment?

Be comforted, and for your health provide;

And take delight in womens company, For here you know you are not long to ftay,

And that at hand is now your Destiny.

And hear what I from Jove must to you say.

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From Jupiter I come, who bad me fay
The Gods are angry and he most of all,
They William bedy as the Shire doch (fay

That Hellor's body at the Ship's doth stay. Unransom'd and without a Funeral.

The Ransome therefore take and let him go. To which Achilles a short answer gave.

Let him that will (fince Jove will have it so)
The Ransome bring, the body he shall have.

Whilst Thetis and her Son discoursing were,

To Priam Jove swift Iris sent away. bis, said he, this Message from me bear To Priam, and relate what now I say.

And carry with him other Trojans none
But one old Squire his Charret to look to,

And bring away the body of his Son; And honourable Presents with him bear,

Wherewith Achilles may be well content. And bid him death and danger 10: to fear,

So good a Guardian with him shall be sent,

And being there he needs not fear at all.

Achilles will not kill him, but prevent

The hurt that might from others on him fall. He wants not judgment, care, nor piety,

And pity has for them that to him pray. This faid, flew Iris from Olympus high

To Priam's house, where little was of joy. His Sons about him weeping sat, and he

I'th'midft involved in his Cloak so just,
That one th'impression of his Limbs might see,
His head and needs bedaub'd with dues and de

His head and neck bedawb'd with dung and dust,
Which

Which he himself had thrown upon his head.

His Daughters and his Sons Wives howling went

About, for Brothers and for Husbands that were dead,

And to the Shades by th' Argives had been sent.

Then tris unto Priam coming near

With foft and gentle voice unto him faid, Priam be bold, for no ill news I bear

(For trembling fate he, and was fore afraid)

Jove bids you to Achilles Tent to go

And carry with you other Trojans none But one old Squire your Charret to look to, And bring away the body of your Son; And honourable Prefents with you bear,

Wherewith Achilles may be well content. He bids you neither death nor danger fear, So good a Guardian with you shall be sent.

Homes shall guide you to Achilles Fent.

When you are there, past is the danger all.

Achilles will not kill you but prevent

The harm that may from others to you fall. He wants not judgement, care, nor piety, And pity has on them that to him pray in their diffress, and at his mercy lie.

When Iris this had faid, she went away.

Then Priam faid unto his Sons, arife,

And make a Waggon ready out of hand; And to a Cedar Chamber down he hies,

Where his most precious Houshold-stuff did stand.

And thither call'd his Wife, and to her faid,

Jove's Meffenger t'Achilles bids me go

With Bancome for my Son L'm not afraid.

With Ransome for my Son. I'm not afraid.

But what think you? Is't best to go, or no?

At this aloud she shrikt and said, Ay me,

What now is of the Wit you had become, for which so wise you once were thought to be By men abroad and by your friends at home?

Will you go put your self into the hand Of him that hath your Sons so many slain, man that does not pity understand,

hick

Nor faith? No, no, he'll not from you abstain.

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But

But fince the Fates defigned had before
His birth, to th'Dogs he should be made a prey
By this hard-hearted man, you may deplore
Him here at home, and from Achilles stay.

Oh, that between my teeth I had his heart, That to revenge my Son I might it eat.

It would no little ease be to my smart.
And less the loss of him I should regret.

For Hector only for his Country fought, And of his Enemies was not afraid,

Nor did him wrong, but valiant was and flout. Then Priam to his Wife repli'd and faid,

Nay Wife, fince to him I am bent to go, Diffwade me not, nor ill Bird to me be

Here in my house, and bode me ill. For know, Whatere you say, 'twill not prevail with me,

If now a Priest or Prophet to me came And this had said. I thought it had a lye.

But howsoever, come what will; I am
With Hestor in my arms content to die.

This faid, the Chefts he presently unlocks, And out he lays twelve Robes for womankind,

As many Coats, as many fingle Cloaks, And unto those as many that were lin'd,

And further twelve rich Carpets out he lay'd, And when he that had done, he Gold brought forth,

Whereof he layed by ten Talents weigh'd.

And two great black three-footed Pots much worth.

And unto those he set bright Caldrons sour; And the sine Cup which giv'n him was when he

From Troy to Torace was fent Embaffadour, So long'd he to fet Hellor's body free.

I'th' Porch then standing many Trojans were, That forry for his grief were thither come; To whom he said, Rascals what make you here?

Find you not cause enough of grief at home, That you must hither come to trouble me?

As if too little 'twere to lofe my Son. Hereafter you will eas'lier killed be.

Since Hefter who defended you is gone.

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As for my self, before I see that day,
I hope to be within th'Insernal Gates:
Then with his Staff he drave them all away;
And turning in again his Sons he rates.
Paris and Agathon and Helenus.

Pammon, Polites, and Antiphobus,
Agavas, Deiphobus, Hippothous,

These nine he rated, saying to them thus,
Make hast unworthy Sons. I had been glad
If you in Hestor's stead had all been stain.

Oh how unfortunate am I that had So many and so valiant Sons in vain!

Nestor and Troilus both valiant men,

And Godlike Hestor. Sure I am accurst:
Since Mars of these depriv'd me has agen,
And now I none have left me but the worst,
Domestick Wolves, the bane of Lamb and Kid,
And good for nothing but to dance and lye.

Why stand you still? Were you not by me bid
The Waggon to prepare? Then out they slye,

And speedily the Waggon forth they bring, And Yoak well fitted with an Iron Pin; And fixt it to the Poles-end with a Ring,

And Cord nine Cubits long to keep it in; Which thrice about the Boxen Yoak they wind, And to the Waggon laid the Ransome in;

And to it then the lufty Mules they bind,
Which by the Mysians given him had been.
That done, King Priam's Horses to his Charre

Were by himself and by Ideas ti'd, of which he always taken had such care, That while they fed he stayed by their side.

Then Hicuba came to them with a Cup,
A golden Cup of pleasant Wine, that they
The same to Jupiter might offer up

Before unto their Foes they went away.

Bere, take this Cup, faid the, and pray to fove.

That he will let you fee a lucky flight

of that great Bird which he the most doth love;

That you may be affured by the fight

As

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That fafe you shall agen return to Troy.

For if that favour to you be deni'd

I should advise you by all means to stay.

And Priam then to Hechba repli'd,

This Counsel (Wise) of yours with reason stands.

Jove pleased is when to him men look up.

For water then he call'd and washt his hands,

And from his Wife receiv'd the golden Cup. Then looking up to Heav'n, O Jove, said he,

Of all the Gods most glorious high and great,

Grant me that I may well received be

b' Achilles at his Tent, and well retreat. And that thereof I may be confident,

Now shew me of your Bird a lucky flight. This said, Jove presently an Eagle sent,

Of colour spotted over black and white.

As wide as is a Princes Gate or more,

So wide her Wings the mighty Eagle spreads,

And as it over Ilium did foare,

The people joy'd to see it ore their heads. The old man then went up into his Sear, And through the City to the Plain did pass.

The Waggon wherein lay the treasure great Before him driven by Idaus was.

And fo far went his Sons, and Sons-in-law;

And then return'd agen into the City.

When Jupiter upon the way him faw
In this effate he moved was with pity;

And unto Hernes turn'd his eyes and faid, Since you mens company do most frequent,

And whom you will can quickly hear and aid.

Go and guide Priam to Achilles Tent. But 10 as to be seen by none, until

He thither fafely come. And Mercury No fooner understood his Fathers will

Eut sets himself about it willingly.

And first his Shoes unto his Feet he binds

Ambrosian Shoes that over Sea and Land

Bear him as swift and lightly as the Winds; And then his Rod he took into his hand,

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Wherewith he layeth fleep on Mortal eyes.

And takes it off again when he thinks good:
Then down to Troy and Hellespont he flies

In likeness of a Youth of Royal blood When Down begins t'appear upon his face.

Ideus now and Priam at the brink
Of Xanthus were, and night came on apace.

And there they made their Mules and Horses drink.

Ideus neer them then faw Mercury,

And in great fear to Priam cri'd, I fee A man (O Priam) coming. Let us fly,

Or to him go and fall down at his knee.

And horribly was Priam then afraid,

His hair with fear upon him stood upright. Then Mercury unto him came, and laid

His hand on his, and to him faid, 'tis night;

What makes you be abroad? Do you not fear Your Foes the Greeks? If any of them knew

That you were with fo great a Treasure here,

In what a pitiful effate were you?

For you and he that's with you both are old, And neither of you can himself desend.

But as for any hurt from me, be bold.

I hither come t'affift you as a friend, So like, me thinks, you to my Father are.

And Priam then to Mercury repli'd,
Tis true you say, And yet the Gods a care.
Have of me still that fend me such a Guide

Have of me still that send me such a Guide, So great a man, so comely, and so wise,

That bleffed are the Parents you begar.

And Mercury to him again replies,

Indeed old man, you say the truth in that.
But whither bear you your best goods away?

To fome firange City till the War be done?

Or are the Trojans all now leaving Troy,
Since killed is the best of them, your Son

That might with any of the Greeks compare?

Tell me, faid Priam (pray ye) who are you,

And whence ye come, and who your Parents are,

And how my Son and his hard Fate you knew.

You mean to try me now (faid Mercury)
At th'Argive Ships I Hector frighted faw.
And how he made the Greeks before him fly,
And how he toft them in the Field like straw,
Where we stood by with wonder looking on.

Achilles had forbidden us to fight. His man am I, by Birth a Myrmidon,

And flood amongst the rest to see the fight.

My Father is Polyctor, very rich,

But now an old man is and like to you. And seven Sons he has in all, of which

I am the last: And Lots at home we drew Which of us with Achilles should be sent

To th' War of Troy. The Lot then fell to me.

And with Achilles in his Ship I went.

And hither come the place of fight to fee. The Greeks by break of day will hither come, And try if now the City they can win.

Imparient of their flay at Ilium

They cannot by their Leaders be kept in. Then Priam to him faid again, Since you Achilles Servant are, is Histor yet

At th'Argive Ships, I pray you tell me true, Or cut in joynts thrown to the Dogs to eat?

And Hermes unto this again replies,

Nor Dogs nor Fowl upon him yet have fed, But at the Ships he still neglected lies,

at the Ships he still neglected lies, (dead, And though he have twelve days now there been

Yet is his body uncorrupt, and free

From Worms that breed in other bodies stain.

And though it ev'ry morning dragged be About Patroclus Tomb, doth whole remain

And undefac'd, the bloud all washt away.
You would admire to see him look so fresh,
And cleansed of the fish that on him thy

And cleanfed of the filth that on him fay,
And at his wounds how closed is the flesh,
Though many from the Greeks received he hade
So kind the Gods were after he was dead.

These words of Mercury made Priam glad.

And thus again he to him answered.

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Yes, yes, 'tis good to give the Gods their due, A thing that Heffor never did omit. And therefore to him they this favour fhew, Although his Soul be in th'Internal Pit. But now t'Achilles Tent be you my Guide; And at my hand this handsome Cup receive. Again you try me (Mercury repli'd) I dare not tak't without Achilles leave. For of his anger in great fear I stand. Without a Bribe I'll with you go along To what place you think fit by Sea or Land. Though 'twere to Arges; none shall do you wrong. For fure, fo wretchedly I do not look, But that a man may of me ftand in fear. Then up he leapt, and in his hand he took The Whip and Reyns, and ferv'd as Charretier. When they were come to th'Argive Ditch and Wall, The Watch that placed was the Gate to keep, Their Supper to provide were bufie all, And Mercury there laid them allasleep, Took off the Bars, the Gate wide open laid, And in the Charret and the Waggon went With all the Wealth for Helfor to be paid; And forward pass unto Achilles Tent, wilt for him by his Myrmidens, and high, With Fir-trees tall, and cover'd over head To keep it out of danger from the Sky) With the deep vefture of the flowry Mead, and to it had a great Court pal'd about, And in the Pale a high two valved door or Chars and Waggons to go in and out, And one great Bar of Fir-tree and no more, great that it requir'd three common men Upon the lofty Gate to fet it on, od three such men to take it off agen. None but Achilles shut it could alone. Gate then Hermes open to him laid, And with the Char and Waggon in he came,

en leaping to the ground to Priam laid, Old Father, La God Immortal am

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Hermes, and hisher sent to be your Guide, From Heav'n on purpose by my Father Jove. But by Achilles I'll not here be spi'd.

Gods must not shew to men such open love.

But go you to Achilles in, and try

What favour from him at his knees you'll find, And put him of his Son in memory,

And Father. That will work upon his mind.

This faid, t'Olympus Hermes went his way.

Then to the ground leapt Priam from his Charre;

And going in he bad Idaus stay,

And of the Mules and Horses have a care.

Achilles at his Supper now was set,

And waiting on him flood Automedon And Alimus, the Table standing yet,

But sup'd he had and Appetite had none. His other friends at distance from him sat.

And Priam to them then came in unfeen, And kift the hands there of Achilles, that

Of many of his Sons the death had been.

As when a man that kill'd another has, And to another Prince for lafety flies, Men athim stare; so he amazed was

When he faw Priam stand before his eyes.

The rest admir'd the comely man to see, And both on him and one another look.

But Priam then upon Achilles knee

Laid both his hands, and thus unto him spoke.

Godlike Achilles take into your thought

Your Father that an old man is as I, And into trouble by his Neighbours brought, And has no friend on whom he may rely.

Yet he has many Intervals of joy,

And thinking on his Son is comforted With hope to fee him back return from Bay-Undone am I; for all my hopes are fled.

when th'Army of th'Acheans landed here, I by the Gods with fifty Sons was bleft;

Whereof fixteen my Wife did to me bear, And other Women in my house the rest. Th Ye

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nt in this War the most of them are lost.

And now by Mars reduced are to sew.

And Hetter which of all I loved most,

Is lately, O Achilles, slain by you.

His body to redeem I hither come

With precious Gifrs, and fall before your knee,

That I may bury it in Ilium.

Upon your Father think, and pity me.

For what calamity can greater be

Than th'hands that have my Children kill'd to kis?
This faid, Achilles wept. And from his knee,

With his, the hands of Priam gently mov'd, And then aloud they both lamented. He

For Peleus, and Patroclus whom he lov'd,

And Priam for his own calamitie,

And through the house were heard to figh and groan.

Achilles, when his fit of tears was laid,

And eased was his heart, came from his Throne,
And rai'd th' old man that on his knees yet staid.

And to him spake. Alas, old man, said he,

You much have fuffer'd, and your pain I feel.

But how alone durft you to come to me,
That flew your Sons, unless your heart be flee!?

Butcome, fit down. In vain lamenting is-

The hurt that's done tears cannot take away, since so 'tis order'd by the Gods in bliss,

That men shall live in pain, and they in joy.

Two Barrels in his Cellar Fove has ftill

Of Gifts to be bestow'd on mortal Wights, besull of Good, and the other full of Ill,

And usually to mingle them delights.

or they that only ill receive from Jove

Exposed always are to enjurie, and begging up and down the World shall rove,

And both by Gods and Men despised be.

Peleus at the first receiv'd much good,

And did in wealth his Neighbours all surpass, with his Subjects in great honour stood,

And joyn'd in Wedlock to a Goddess was.

But after this the III unto him came
To leave no Child behind him to succeed;
But only me that so short lived am,

And from him live to vex you and your feed.

And you, O Priam, once were rich, they fay,

And all that was in Lesbos did injoy, And over all the Hellespont did sway, And that all Phyrgia did you obey,

And with great flore of Children bleft you were.

But now you only fights and flaughter see, And patiently you Hestor's death must bear. He cannot with your tears revived be;

Much sooner you may suffer greater ill.

T'Achilles Priam then again replies,

O Thetis Son, to fit I have no will

Whilft at the Ships my Son unburi'd lies. But bring him forth that I my Son may see, And you the Presents I have brought enjoy.

And fafely I again return to Troy.

Achilles angry then, Old man, faid he, Provoke me not. I'll put into your hand

The body of your Son, because to me.
From Fove my Mother came with that command,

And very well I know you Priam are,

And that you hither had a God for Guide.
What mortal to the Army come would dare?

Or could have pass'd the Watch and not been spill?

Or open to you could the Gates have set?

Therefore take heed, and anger me no more, Lest the command of Jove I should forget, And without Hetter send you out adoor.

This said, old Priam was afraid and sat.
Out went Achilles with Automedon

And Alcimus, his two good Servants, that He lov'd the moft, Patrolcus being gone.

And they the Horses and the Mules unti'd, And from the Waggon in the Gods they brought,

Only (wherewith the body dead to hide)
They left behind a handsome Robe and Coat.

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Achilles then his drudging Maids appointed To bear the body to some Chamber meet, And see the same well washt and well anointed, So fecretly that Priam might not fee't, Left grieved he should something do or fay, That might fo far Achilles anger move, That in his passion he should Priam slay Forgetting the Commandement of Jove. And being washt, anointed, and array'd, Achilles laid the body on a bed, Which his two Servants in the Waggon laid. This done, he to Patroclus spake and said, 0 my Patroclus if you hear in Hell That Heffor's body I have fent to Troy, Forgive me, fince I for it paid am well With Gifts, whereof what's fit to you I'll pay. This faid, Achilles to his Tent retir'd, And fat upon the Seat from whence herris, Your Son, said he, is freed as you defir'd, And on a Bed laid in your Waggon is-To morrow with him go by break of day. But let us not our Supper now forget ; or Niobe twelve Children loft, they fay ; Yet did fhe not for that refuse to eat. In lufty Sons, fix Daughters fair they were, And killed all, only for faying this, lite but two, and the did many bear N! By Phabas they, and these by Artemis, he Goddess, Leto's Daughter and her Son, Nine days and nights they lay unburied; or fove had chang'd the people into Stone. And then the Gods with Earth them covered: a Niobe when the had weeping done, Received food; and now doth somewhere lie Woolds of Sepylus, and turn'd to ftone The hurt done by the Gods take patiently: methen old man and lay your grief away, and for the present think upon your meat, 6 weep for Hector when you come to Troy, For true it is your loss of him is great.

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This faid, forth goes Achilles, and appoints A Sheep for supper to be kill'd and flay'd; Which straight was done, and cut out into joynts, And pierc'd with Spits unto the fire was laid, And, when it was well roafted, taken up. Automedon o'th' Table laid the bread." Achilles made the Messes. Then they sup, And on the meat they laid their hands and fed. But when of food they had no more defire, Priam admir'd Achilles form and face. Achilles Priam did no less admire. In his aspect and speech there was such grace. When on each other they had lookt enough, Priam began, and to Achilles ipake. Dismis me if you please (Achilles) now, That I a little fleep at last may take. For fince my Son was flain, I never flept, But rolling on the foiled grass have li'n Perpetually, and for him figh'd and wept, Nor until now touch'd either Meat or Wine. Achilles then to th'women gave command I'th' Porch without to fer him up a bed, With handsome Coverleds of Purple, and With fine foft Blankets fee it covered. The women quickly his command obeyd, And two Beds ready made i'th' Porch without Achilles smiling then to Priam faid, Old man I from my Tent must turn you out 3 Left some man should from Agamemnon sent With counsel come and chance to see you here, And let him know that you are at my Tent, And the Redemption of your Son deferre. But ere you go, old man, pray tell me right What time is needful for his Obsequies, That I fo long may keep the Greeks from fight. Then Priam to Achilles thus replies.

You know Ashilles very well how farre
The Hills and Woods are diftant from the Tows,
And how afraid to go the Trojans are.

We need nine days to fetch the fewel down.

The tenth he shall be burnt and buried. Th'eleventh a Mount upon him shall be laid. The twelvth we'll fight again if there be need. Tothis Achilles answered and faid, old man, the time you asked granted is. Solong th' Acheans shall from fight forbear. This faid, in Priam's hand he layed his. That of his faith he might not stand in fear. There in the Porch flept Priam and Ideus. And then unto his bed Achilles went. And there he flept, and with him fair Brifeis Within an Inner Chamber of his Tent. The other Gods and Men slept all the night. But fleep approached not to Hermes eyes. But thinking lay on Priam, how he might Conduct him fafely from his Enemies. Then up he rose, and went to Priam's head And to him faid, Ho, Priam sleep you here ? Since you redeem'd have Hettor's body dead. You think you nothing farther have to fear. Although you for him paid a lufty price, Yet if alive Atrides find you here, Your Sons and friends shall pay that value thrice. This faid, he fuddenly awakt with fear. And calling to Ideus made him rife. Then Hermes to the Waggon and the Charre Himself the lab'ring Mules and Horses ties. And now into their Seats they mounted are, and through the Argive Camp then Herme's drove Unfeen till paft Scamander ford they were. hen Hermes left them and return'd to Jove. And now the morning was display'd and clear. hen fighing on they went to Ilium, But were by neither man nor woman fpi'd, Mup into the Tow'r of Pergamam caffandra went, and thence the them discri'd, Yemen and women all of Ilium,

Run to the Gates; I fee him hither come.

Then

Then, man nor women left was in the Town. But Heffer to behold went to the Gate. First came his loving Wife and Mother down. And in the Waggon by him weeping fate. The people in a throng about him staid Lamenting and lamented had all day, But Priam from his Char unto them faid. Troians, unto the body dead give way; And when within the house I have it laid, Then for him weep till you be fatisfi'd: When this was faid, the people him obey'd, And to make way, themselves they then divide. Then to the house they brought the body in, And plac'd it on a bed. Then Singers by They fet, the lamentation to begin, Their Song they fung; to which the women figh, Then to lament Andremache began. O my dear Husband you have loft your life Unhappily, that were but a young man, And made a wretched Widow of your Wife. And with me left behind a render Son To evil fate begot by you and me.

To evil fate begot by you and me.
To fee him grow a man I hope have none;
This City first I fear destroy'd will be,
Since you are gone that was our sole desence.

T'Achaia now the Wives of Troy must go, And with them I. And you my Child must hence, And in vile work employ'd be by the Fo. Or you may by some spightful man or other

Be from the Wall or some high Tower thrown
For Hettor's sake, that killed has his Brother,
Or Faeher, or his Son before the Town.
For many of the Greeks has Hettor slain.
He went not to the Battle bashfully.

For which the Trojans now are in great pain, And I your loving Wife especially.

O that you thus flould in the dust be laid;
And not give me your hand before you di'd
Without a word upon your Death-bed said
For me to think on. Then the women sigh'd.

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and Hecuba began. Heffer, faid fhe. Of all my Sons to me you were most dear. And when arrived was, your Destinie, You by the Gods, though dead, beloved were, My other Sons, when any taken by Achilles were, beyond Sea carri'd were And fold, and made to fuffer flavery At Samos, Imbros, Lemnos, or elsewhere; But when of life he had deprived you Because his friend Patroclusyou had flain. About his Monument he oft you drew, Though that could not bring him to life again. But now he fent it to me has again As fresh and as well colour'd as if by Apollo's gentle Shafts he had been flain. This faid, agen the people fob and figh,

Apollo's gentle Shafts he had been flain,
This faid, agen the people fob and figh,
Then Heles took her turn. Hellor, faid fhe,
Whom best I lov'd of all my Brother-laws
(For you were fo, fince Paris marri'd me,
Though when I marri'd him accurst I was)
Now twenty years 'tis fince I came to Troy,
And never did an ill word from you hear;
And when your Kindred of me ill did fay,
You took my part, and made them to forbear.

In took my part, and made them to forbear.

Sneeyou are gone my joy is at an end,
And in your death I moan my own estate
That now amongst the Trojans have no friend,
Who hate me as the Author of their Fate.
This said with tears, provokt the peoples pity;
But Priam then unto them spake, and said,
so tojans now and setch Wood to the City,
You need not of the Argives be asraid.

Abilles when I parted from his Tent
Eleven days allow'd my Son t'inter
and setch down Wood without impediment;
So long the Argives should from sight forbear.
This said, to th'Hills with Oxen and with Wains
And Mules they went, and busic were about
his work nine days together and took pains,

Upon the tenth the body was brought our,

And

And on the top of the great wood-pile laid, And fire put to't; and all day long it burn'd And all the night. When moning was displai'd, Again the Trojans to the Pile return'd, And th'Embers with black Wine extinguished. His bones then by his Brothers and his Kin Were from the ground together gathered, And by them to an Urn of Gold laid in. The Urn with Purple Robes then cover'd over Into a Grave (which foon was made) they laid. The Grave with many and great stones they cover: And laft of all (because they were afraid Before their work were done the Greeks would come) They fent out Scouts on ev'ry fide to fpy. And ore his Grave in haft they raise a Tomb. This done, away they went, and by and by To Priam's house they came again, and there He made a splendid Supper for them all. Then home they went well pleased with their chean Thus ended noble Heltor's Funeral.

FINIS.

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HOMER'S Odysses.

Translated out of Greek,
By THO. HOBBES

Of Malmsbury.



The Third Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for W. Crook, at the green Dragon without Temple-Bar.

Licensed,
Roger L'Estrange.

The Final The All The In

To Be Gr All fa To And p Till Reptum

HOM. ODYSS.

LIB. I.

Ell me.O Muse, th'Adventures of the Man. That having fack'd the facred Town of Troy. Wandred fo long at Seaswhat course he ran By winds and temperts driven from his way: That faw the Cities and the fashions knew Of many men, but fuffer'd grievous pain To fave his own life and bring home his crew. Though for his Crew, all he could do was vain. They loft themselves by their own insolence. Feeding, like fools, on the Sun's facred Kine, Which did the splendid Deity incense, To their dire fate. Begin, O Muse divine. The Greeks from Troy were all returned home, All that the War and winds had fpar'd, except The discontent ulysses onely, whom In hollow Caves the Nymph calypso kept. but when the years and days were come about Wherein was woven his return by fate To Bhaca, (but neither there without Great pain) the Gods then pitied his estate, All faving Neptune, who did never cease To hinder him from reaching his own shore, and persecute him still upon the Seas Till he got home. Then troubled him no more, Meptane was now far off in Black-moore-land (The Black-moors are the utmost of Mankind, As far as East and West asunder stand, So far the Black-moors borders are disjoin'd.)

B 2

Invited there to feaft on Ram and Bull.

There fat he merry. Th' other Gods were then

Met on Olympus in a Synod ful,

In th'house of Jove, Father of Gods and Men. And first spake Jove, whose thoughts were now upon

Agistus death, which he but then first knew,

By th'hand of Agamemnon's valiant Son,

Who to revenge his Fathers blood, him flew. Ha! How dare mortals tax the Gods, and fay,

Their harms do all proceed from our Decree, And by our fetting; when by their Crimes they

Against our wills make their own destiny?

As now Ægistus did Atrides kill,

Newly come home, and married his wife; Although he knew it was against my will,

And that it would coft him one day his life: Sent we not Hermes to him to forbid

The murder, and the marriage of the wife,

And tell him, if the contrary he did, Orestes should revenge it on his life? All this said Hermes, as we had him. But

Ægiftus, for all this, was not afraid

His luft in execution to put,

And therefore now is dearly for it paid.

Then Pallas moved on ulyffes part,

And fald, O Father Jove, the King of Kings, Agistus fate was fit for his defert,

So let them perith all that do such things.

"Tis for ulyffes that I live in pain,

Poor man, long ablent from his friends, forlors; In a small Isle, the Centre of the Main; (mourn Kept from his home doth nought but grieve and

The Isle is beautifi'd with goodly trees,

And in it dwell's a Nymph; her Fathers name Atlas, that all the depths of th'Ocean sees,

And beareth up the Pillars of the same,

And Heaven and Earth to boot. His Daughter its
That with fair words and gentle courtefie

Detains ulysses. And her meaning is
For ever there to have his company.

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Whilfthe, alass! even dies for very grief.

To fee the Smoak of Ithaca he wifnes,

And would take that for some, though small relief.

And yet you are not moved. Were not ulysses,

His Sacrifices on the Trojan shore,

Both free and bountiful? They were, you know; In th' Argive Camp, I dare say, no mans more.

Why therefore, Father, should you hate him so?

To her the mighty Fove made this reply :

Child, what a word is this that you let fall?

Do I neglect ulyffes, or do I

ulyffes have, that amongst mortals all

For wildom and for Piery excels?

Meptune that backs and shakes the Earth, 'tis he, Whose breast with anger and revenge still swells

Against him, for his Sons calamity. The Godlike Polypheme, Cyclops the great,

Whom on Thoofa, Phorcy's Daughter brave,

Notane the King of Waters did beget,

Embracing her within a hollow cave;

And him wyffes has depriv'd of fight.

For which, though Neptune do not him destroy, 3

He croffes him with dangers day and night, And drives him up and down out of his way.

but well, let us that are affembled now

Bethink as how to bring him home 'Tis odds.

Twill cool his rage. He has not strength enough Toppose the power of all the other Gods.

Then Pallas said, O Jove, of Kingsthe King,

Since the bleftGods have thought, good and decreed

liffes to his native foil to bring,

urs.

Let's Hermes fend unto the Nymph with speed,

Inth'ise Ogygia, to let her know

Our sentence, that she may the same obey!

And I to Ithaca mean while will go.

And cause his Son to call without delay The Common Councel; and to make him bold,

To warn his Mothers Suiters to he gone, and feast no longer on his Herd and Fold,

As they before had infolently done.

To

To Sparta too, I'll fend him, and to Pyli,
T'enquire about his Father's Navigation,
That in the world by travel for a while,
He may acquire a greater reputation.
This faid, upon her feet her shoots she binds,
Ambrosian golden shoots that do her bear
On land and water swiftly as the winds.

And takes in hand her brazen-headed Spear; A heavy, massie, and strong Spear, the same Wherewith when angry, she the armed bands

Of mighty men of War does eas'ly tame.

That was the Spear she carried in her hands.
Then from the high Olympus leapt she down
T'ulysses house, and stood in the Hall-door,
I'th' shape of Mentes that possess the Crown

O'th' Taphian people, whom he reigned o'er, And thence beheld the fuiters in the Court

Sitting upon the hides of beeves, which they Themselves had kill'd, and wanting other sport, Playing at Chess they pass'd their time away. Mean while their Officers and Serving-men

Were busic mingling water with the wine; Others the meat divide, others make clean, Set up and rub the Tables till they shine.

Telemachus now with the Suiters fate,

Fancying, in case his Father should appear;
Brought home by th'Gods, or by some lucky sate,
How then these knaves would slink away for sate;
And he again recover his estate,

And in his own land rule without a Peer.
He was the first that spy'd the Goddes, and
Then presently he hast'ned to the door;
Receive her Spear and takes her by the hast

And both go in, the after, he before.

You shall (said he) stranger, be welcome here: But first let's sup, and afterwards we'll find Sufficient sime both for me to inquire,

when they were come into the stately Hall,
Her Spear within a case he sets upright

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You

T'a Pillar, in which case the Spears were all,
His father lest behind going to fight;
Then led her to a Chair which stood upon
A dainty Carpet curiously wrought,

And put t'her feet a stool to rest upon,

And for himself a handsome stool he brought:

Then did a Maid in a fine golden Ewer

Bring water for their hands, and pours it on ,

Over a Bason large of silver pure,

And fet a Table to them, for both one.

From others feats remoter than to fear

Their rudeness might offend her, or that they

Might peradventure liftening overhear What he and she did of mlysses say.

Another fets on bread and other things

To ear, fuch as in her charge were at home.

But flesh of many forts the carver brings,

And the cup-bearers often go and come.

Then came the Suiters in, and took their places

All on a row. To each a Table stands,

And golden bowl, one way look all their faces.

The waiters bring in water for their hands; The Maids in Baskets bring both bread and meat,

On which they lay their hands with great good will.

And heartily and haftily they ear,

And to the brim their cups the Servants fill.

When they of hunger had pluck't out the fting;

The lufty Suiters thoughts converted were To dancing, and to hear the minstril fing,

Sports that are confecrated to good chear.

To Phemius the minstrel that was by,

· Unwillingly forc'd by th'unruly throng, They brought a Cittern, and he presently

Began to play, and then to fing a Song.

But to the Goddess Pallar in her ear

Telemachus began to ipeak his mind,

Not being willing any else should hear, Excuse me, friend, that I say what I find.

You fee the care of these men what it is,

Singing and dancing. And no wonder, fince

B 4

That

That which they spend is not their own, but his Whose bones lie somewhere naked far from hence

Unburied, it may be on the ground,

There rotting as he lies i'th' dew and rain,
Or else at Sea, perhaps, if he be drown'd,
The waves his body roll upon the main
If him at home the best of them should meet
Safely arriv'd in these, he would

Safely arriv'd in Ithaca, he would Much rather wish, I think, for nimble feet, Than to be rich in garment or in gold.

But, Oh! He's dead, and of some cruel death;
And though some tell us he is coming home,
'Tis comfortless, for he's bereav'd of breath;

To Ithaca I ne'er shall see him come.

But let this pass, and tell me truly now Your own, your Fathers, and your Countries name.

And further I defire you'll let me know,

Whence are the Mariners that with you came Unto this Town? and tell me this likewife,

Where rideth the good ship that brought you to't?

For verily I can no way device

How you should come on Horseback or on Foot.

And tell me were you never here before,
Nor faw my Father whilft he here abode?
For strangers came to visit him good store,

As having much converst with men abroad, I'll clearly speak (said Pallas) t'every thing:

My Father was Anchialus, and I Mentes, my City Taphos, and I King;

My people to the Oar themselves apply ;

At present bound I am to Temisa

For Brass; and Iron I carry with me thither.

Under mount Neion, not near Ithaca

My Ship at Reithrus rideth safe from weather. As for your Father, we were mutual Guests

(Ask the old Lord Laertes) from our youth.
With one old Maid alone his meat to dress,

He lives at's Country-house, he'll tell youtruth.

There creeps he in his Vineyard up and down, And I came hither now, 'cause I was told

By

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By fome, his Son ulyffes was in Town. But 'tis not fo. The Gods do him withold From his dear wife, and native Country still, Within an Island, where the Savage men By force detain him much against his will: But all in vain, he shall return agen : For I presage, and come it shall to pass, That am no Prophet, nor Birds understand; Though he were tyed there with Chains of brass, He shall get loose and see his narive land. But fay, are you indeed, that are so grown, His Son? Your heads and eyes are like (I mark) For we were well to one another known, But 'twas before he did for Troy imbark With other Princes of the Argive youth ; But never faw him fince. That I'm his Son-(Said he) My Mother fays. But who in truth Knoweth who 'twas that got him? I think none. If I might chuse my Father, I would be His Son that groweth old on's own estate. But whom they tell me is my father, he, Of all men, is the most unfortunate. Then faid the Goddess, Howsoe'er that be, The Gods will never nameless leave your kind; That are the Son of fair Penelope, And so well fram'd in body and in mind.

But fay, What Feast is this, and who these be:

You have no cause to feast. Their conversation Pleases me not. 'Tis rude, unmannerly :

What is't a Wedding, or is't a Collation? Friend, fince you ask (faid he) take the whole flory;

This House was rich, my father being here, But th'unkind Gods have taken hence that glory:

For where he is, a word we cannot hear. Less had I griev'd, if he his life had loft

With other Argive Lords under Troy wall, Or (the War done) 'monft those that love him most; Then had he had a noble Funeral,

At which th' Achean Princes would have been, And th'honour had redounded to his Son.

But

But now alas! devour'd by Harpies keen, Unheard of and unask'd for he is gone, Leaving me here behind to figh and grone.

Befides the Gods have giv'n me other care Bitter enough. 'Tis not for him alone

My heart is sent. There other michies are, How many Lords within these Mes do sway

Same, Dulichium, Ithaca, and Zant. 14 . . .

So many Suitors duely every day

For Marriage with my mother the house haunt.
Whilst she can none put off, and will none marry,
They spend my corn and wine, and eattle kill,

And eating here and drinking still they tarry, and me perhaps at last they murder will. Then Pallas said, Is't so? 'Tis time indeed

Your Father hither were come back agen,

Having to long been absent hence, with speed
To lay his hands upon these shameless men.

Oh! that just now within the Gates he stood Of th'outerCourt, I would desire no more, Arm'd with two Spears, Buckler, and Helmet good,

Arm'd with two Spears, Buckler, and Helmes god Such now as I have seen him heretofore. From Ephyré he took our house in's way,

Where first I saw him merry drinking wine. For he had been with Mus, him to pray

To give him for his shafts a Medicine, Wherewith to make them all they wound to kill.

But he refus'd, fearing the Powers above.

And 'twas my Father give't him for good will:

For why, he did him very dearly love.

If such as then, ulyffes should appear

They'd be, and have but bitter wedding chear.

Eut when he shall come home, Gods only know,

Or whether you shall fee him any more.

Mean while confider by what means you may Get the unruly Suiters out of door,

That so oppress you, and your House annoy. And first observe what I shall you advise,

Convoke the people to the Market-place;

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Protest the Gods against their injuries,

And let the whole affembly know your cafe.

say, if they needs will wed her, let her go

Back to her Father, who the match should make,

And offer for her what is fir; and fo

Which of them the likes best him let her take.

And for your felf, I think it your best way,

in a good Bark of twenty Oars abroad,

T'enquire what men can of your Father fay, Or what some lucky sign from fous may bode.

Go first to Pyle, enquire of Nester; Then

To Sparta. Ask of Menelaus, whom,

Of all which had at Troy commanded men, The Gods t' Achaia brought the latest home.

If of his fafery and return you hear,

How much foever they wast your estate,

Indure their riot yet another year.

If dead, come back, and fairly celebrate

His Rites, and give your Mother whom the will for Husband. Then bethink you, how you may

By open force, or howfoever kill

These shameless Suiters that your means destroy.

Be fool'd no more. You're now at mans estate.

Agifus flew Orestes Father. He

Who does not this relate with honour to Oreftes memory?

And you, my friend, you are a goodly man.

Take heart. Gain honour. I must now be gone ;-

My crew with parience no longer can

Stay for me, therefore think what's to be done.

Your Counsel (said Telemachus) is such

As might become a Father to his Son.

Ill not forget it. Though your haft be much,

Stay yet a while; be not so quickly gone.

Wash and take food, and then go merrily; And with you a fair present from metake,

Whereby to keep me in your memory ;-

Such as kind friends to one another make.

As for your present I will not deny it.

tef

Bara

But take it at my coming back this way,

How much foe'er you mean t'oblige me by it.

This faid, fhe mounted from him to the Sky,

In likeness of an Eagle, to his wonder,

Who thought it was some God, and grew thereby Bolder, and on his Father more did ponder.

And streightway to the Suiters went, who were Now come again into the House, and seated.

A Song which Phemius then fung to hear, Containing how the Grecians retreated

Unfortunately from the Trojan shore

By Pallas doings whom they had offended.

Penelape that heard it, and was more

Concerned than they all, ftreightway descended. She entred not, but in the Door did stand,

Vail'd with a Scarf which on her head she wore,

Having a Waiting-woman on each hand,
And to the Singer thus faid, weeping fore.

Plemius y'have better Songs, why fing you then This fad one? Fitter 'twere the deeds to tell Of mighty Gods, and mighty deeds of men,

Which fure would please the Company as well.

Sing one of those, and let them hear and drink.
Give over this. You touch my Interest,

And wound my heart in forcing me to think Upon my Husband, of all Greeks the best.

Then faid Telemachus, Good Mother why .
Should not the Singer chuse what Song to fing,

Whose part it is so please the Company?

It is not he that does the evil bring.

'Tis mone of Phemius fault, but th'act of Jove
Who deals to all men, all things as he please.
Should he not sag the Songs that men most love,

The new'ft? The Greeks (ad passage o'er the Seas?

Ee patient many more belides ulysses, Come short from Troy by one face or another,

No are you th'only wite her Husband miffes. Many men else are lost. Therefore, Good Mother,

Go to you work again above, and fee Your Maids do theirs, leave censuring of Songs

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In.

Unto us men, and specially to me,

To whom the greatest Power here belongs. Then to her Chamber up she went again

With her two Maids, and there began to weep,

with her two Maids, and there began to weep,

Being for her dear Husband in great pain,

And wept till Pallas clot'd her eyes with fleep.

Mean while the Suiters into clufters ran,

And one t'another his thoughts uttered

With noise enough. But there was not a man, That did not wish to have her in his bed.

Then to them spake Telemachus; D'ye hear

Proud Suiters of my Mother, let's I pray Give ear unto the Singer, and forbear

Clamour. To morrow is the Council day,

There I shall warn you publickly, no more

To haunt my house, but each man home to go,

And there to feaft by turns on your own ftore;

And if you be not willing to do fo,

But your own means to spare, shall think it best To feast your selves on one mans substance all,

And ruin his estate, go on and feast

While I upon the Gods for Vengeance call.

Othat the mighty fove would fo ordain,

That all men's actions might be repaid

As they deserve! Then should you all be slain.
Within my Doors. After he this had said,

The Suiters bit their lips, and filent mused
At the strange boldness of Telemachus,

And at the language which the Young man used.

To which none answer'd but Antinous.

The Gods (quo:h he) have taught you a high firain

Of Language, and undaunted Oratory.

But if their meaning were that you should reign Here, o'er us all, I should be very forry.

Telemachus reply'd, Think what you will;

If Jove confent, why, flould not I be King?

What harm is it with wealth my House to fill; Besides the honour it will with it bring?

In Ithaca there many Princes be,

nto

You'll fay, would be as glad to rule as I.

No matter, whosoe'r be King, not he, But I am King in my own Family.

Who (faid Eurymachus) shall have the hap to reign in Ithaca is hard to gues,

It lies yet folded up within Jove's lap.
None shall, Telemachus, you disposses

Of house, or land, or goods, by violence, As long as there in Ithaca be men.

But tell me who that was, that now went hence?

Where he was born, and where he dwells, and then His errand, whether bufiness of his own.

Or some news from ulysses brought perchance,

And went so soon away t'avoid being known.
He was no mean man by his countenance.

Then faid Telemachus, My Father's dead, We never shall again see one another.

With Messengers I trouble not my head,

Nor Southfayers that do but footh my Mother.

The man my Fathers old acquaintance was,

Mentes Anchialides, and his Town
Tabbos, and he thereof the ruling has.

His people for their Trade by Sea well known.

Thus faid he, though he doubted not at all

But 'twas some God. Mean while the Suiters staying For th'evenings coming on, to dancing fall,

Or liften to the minstrel's Song and playing.
The evening came, the Suiters went away.

Telemachus went also to his bed

In a warm stately Chamber, where he lay Ranging the many cares he had in's head;

Euryclea a Torch before him bore,

Daughter of Ops, now old, but at the time

For twenty Oxen, the was in her prime.

He honour'd her as if sh'had been his wise; But from her bed perpetually forbore,

T'avoid suspicion, and domestick strife.'
Sh'had nurst Telemachus, and lov'd him more
Than did the other Maids, and now she stands

To light him. He unlocks the door, goes in,

Takes

Takes off his Coat, puts it into her hands,
She foldeth, brusheth, hangs it on a pin.
Then forth she went, and by a filver Ring
Pulls to the Door. And their all night he lay
Remembring Pallas words, and pondering
Upon the business of the following day.

LIB. II.

Con as the Rosy Morning did appear; Telemachus himselfarray'd and shod, Puts on his Sword, and takes in hand his Spear, And out he went, appearing like a God. And streight unto the Cryers gave comand, To call the People to the Publick place. The People mer. And then with Spear in hand He to them takes his way; and followed was By two white Dogs. Then takes his Fathers Throne ; His Elders gave him way; all on him gaze. For why, the Goddess Pallas of her own Had fet Authority upon his face. The first that spake was old Agyptius, Stooping with age, of great experience : One Son of his whose name was Antiphus. Went to the Siege of Trey, but coming thence He died in the Savage Cyclops jaws, When with uly fes he was in his den. Luronymus one of the Suiters was ; The others with their Fathers dwelled then. But still he grieved was for Antiphus. The tears ran down his Cheeks, and weeping he Rose up, and said unto th'Assembly thus; Ye men of Bbasa, I pray hear me: Since

Since we to Troyaly ses sent with Ships,
We ne'er convoked were to Parliament.
What need have young or old men of our Lips?

And who is he that now doth us convent?

And unto us the fame would first report?

Or on some other Publick great occasion

Would give us Counfel? The Gods bles him for's.

Telemachus then presen ly up stands,

Though well contented with his Fathers praise,

The Cryer puts the Scepter in his hands.
And to Agyptius first he speaks, and says,

Heream I, that the people have convok'd,

Nor do I any news or counsel bring, But by my private suffrings am provok'd. Which here I offer r'your considering.

Is it not grief enough, my Fathers loss, That ruled like a Father to us all,

But that I must yet bear a greater cross,

To see his house to utter ruin fall?

My Mothers house the Suiters daily fill,
And of the best of you they Children are.

She wedded must be with her Fathers will; But to her Father go they do not dare.

But in my house continually they flay, And Sacrifice my Beeves, and Goats, and Sheep,

My wine exhaust and much they cast away:

For why, ulysses lost is on the deep.

And I my felf unable to defend.

But shall I so be still, or once be able
To bring upon these men unjust their end,
Whose injuries no more are tolerable?

Take it to heart. Think how 'twill taken be

By other States. Fear from the Gods some change.

That are not pleased with such iniquity, And may in closer order make you range.

By Jove I you adjure, and Themis, who Gonvokes Assemblies, and revokes again.

Forbear these evil deeds your selves to do,...
And of your Sons the liberty restrain.

Leave

Leave me to fuffer mifery alone.

Hurt none but me. Unless my Father have.

In hatred of you, some great evil done,

And for revenge these men such power you gave.

But better 'twere for me, that you than they

Should spend my Treasure and my comings in.

For if among fo many men it lay,

Begging I might from them the value win.

But for my case no help can now be found.

So faid Telemachus in choler high,

And from him threw the Scepter to the ground. Nor could forbear to let fall tears and figh.

The people piti'd him, but filent fat.

None but Antinous durft answer make. Telemachus, faid he, too passionate

You are, and too much liberty you take.

The Peoples hatred you would very fain

Draw to the Suiters, and procure them shame.

But from your Mother cometh all your pain: And therefore her, not us you ought to blame.

Three years are gone and past, the fourth is this, Since the her Suiters baffled has with Art.

Patting each one in hopes by Messages,

And promises that he had gain'd her heart!

Moreover, fetting up a Beam to weave,

Suiter (faid she) fince dead uly ses is. Stay yet a little while, and give me leave

To make an end but of one bufiness:

Imust for old Laertes make a Cloth.

Which in his Sepulchre he is to wear.

T'offend the Wives of Greece I should be loath, For to accuse me they will not forbear;

But fay I very hafty was to wed,

If I go hence and not provide a shroud

Wherein Laertes may be buried.

Out of such wealth, that might have been allow'd.

Her Suiters all were well content. And then All day she wove, but e're she went to bed,

What she had wov'n she ravelled out agen. Three years her Suiters thus the frustrated, In the fourth year her woman her betraid, And in we came, whilft she the web undid.

And then to end it she could not avoid.

Since now her purpose could no more be hid, To your complaint the Suiters answer thus,

(Take notice of it you and all the rest)

Send back your Mother to Icarius.

There let her marry whom they both think beft

But if the think to vex us longer yet,

Caring for nothing but for Pakas Gifts,

To have the reputation for wit,

And skilfulness in curious work and shifts,

Wherein th' Achean wives fhe doth exeel,

Both old and young, Tire, Alemen', Micen', Although with us she hath not dealed well.

But if to use us so she longer mean,

So much the longer with you we shall eat, Which to Penelope will be a glory.

But we confume shall so much of your meat,

If long we stay there, that you will be sorry. For so long as the dodges with us thus,

No whither from your House will we depart.

Then to him answered Telemachus,

Antinous, I ne'r shall have the heart.
To send my Mother hence against her will:

Abroad my Father is, alive or dead. That I her Father should repay, were ill,

For forcing her to leave her Husbands bed.

And from the Furies I shall suffer worse.

For if I force her from my house to go
Whether she will or not, she will me curse,

And men will of me be revenged too. If it displease you that she stayeth here,

You have your remedy; you may go home, And, eve'ry one make all the reft good chear.

By turns, and into my house never come.
But if you needs will feed on me alone,

I can but to the Gods for vengeance call,

And reparation for what is done,

Which may enough be to destroy you all.

This

This said, two Eagles coming were in fight,
And when they were the Market place just o'er,
Th'assembled heads surveying, stopt their slight,
And on their broad and levell'd wings they soar.

Then having torn themselves both neck and cheek,
They to their right wing rise and fly away.

What this should mean th'Assembly was to seek,
And to them thus did Alitherses say:

Hear me, ye men of Rhaca, (faid he)

And you the Suiters that are most concern'd;

Destruction is rowling toward ye,

Although it be not by your felves difcern'd.

Mysses from his Friends will not be long; And now from Ithaca far off is not,

Seeing what daily done is in the throng, And how to kill the Suiters lays his plot: Nay many more befides the Suiters may

Of their misfortune chance to have their part

If they defift not foon and come away.

I speak not this at random but on Art.
For all must come to pass I told him them,

When with the Argive Lords he went to Trass

Return with pain, his men all caft away. Then faid Eurymachus, Old man go home,

And there to your own Children prophehe, Left to them any harm hereafter come,

A better Prophet for these things am I. Under the Sun be many Birds that fly,

And yet not all of them do formes sell.

I know not where. I would thou wert as well,

For then you would give over to inflame-Telemachus who but too angry is;

In hope to get some present for the same,
If he will give it. But I tell you this,

If any old man with his wisdom dare

To fet against usany young man here, He shall be sure himself the worse to fare.

And when 'tis done he shall be ne'r the near.

We'll fet a Fine upon your head so wife, Which you to pay will not be well content.

I my self will Telemachus advise

His Mother may be to her Father sent, To make the Match, and on the Dower agree,

Such as becomes him to his Daughter dear-Till that be done no hope at all I see

The Sulters should defist. For they not fear

Telemachus, as haughty as he is,

And full of words; and much less do they care

For fuch deceitful Prophecies as this,

For which you only the more hated are. Mean while Telemachus, his Goods decay,

And he shall never make them up again While she persists her Suiters to delay,

And makes us all exped her love in vain.

And 'tis her vertue makes us thus to firive

Amongst our selves who should her favour win.

For many other Ladies we could wive, And be sufficiently delighted in.

Then faid Telemachus, No more will I

This matter to you press, or to the Woo'rs.

You and the Gods know all, I do not lie; But I demand a Bark of twenty Oars:

For I intend to travel for a while,

To hear what men can of my Father fay.

To Lacedamon I will go and Pyle,

Or feek from Jove some notice of his way.

And if alive he be and coming home,

Though to my coft, I'll flay another year;

If dead he be, then back again I'll come, And Rites of burial will give him here

Splendid and well becoming his estate, And let my Mother her own liking take.

Having thus spoken, down again he sate.

And then ulysses old friend Mentor spake.

With whom ulyffes left his house in trust.

Hear me, ye Ithacefians, faid he: Let no King ever be hereafter just,

Nor to his people foft and gentle be,

Since you uly fis have fo foon forgot,
That ever rul'd us like a Father kind.

But I the Suiters fo much accuse not,

Although on force and fraud they fet their mind

(For 'gainst uly ses goods which they devour

They stake their heads in hope he'll ne'er come And you that many are, and have the pow'r [home]

To check them, fit as if you all were dumb.

And then rose up Leocritus and spake:
Mentor, said he, more busic much than wise,

That would about a Supper quarrel make.

ulyffes were he here I'd not advise

To feek by force the Suiters to remove.

For though he much be wish'd for by his wife,

She would not of his coming well approve;
But he the fooner be depriv'd of life,

And you the people now may hence retire.

Mentor and Alitherses will provide A Bark for what place ever he'll defire.

And if at Ithaca he mean t'abide,

No news he will hear of him a great while.

But never t'Ithacu shall come agen,

If he to Lacedamon go or Pyle,

This faid, difmis'd and scatter'd were the men.

And to uly fes house the Suiters went, Telemachus to the Sea-side and pray'd,

O God that gaveft me Commandement

To pais the Seas, canft not now be obey'd. I am both by the Town and Woo'rs delay'd.

Then in the form of Menter, Pallas came,

And standing by Telemachus, she said

With such a voice as Mentor's seem'd the same,

If in you you retain the Spirit brave

Your Father had to make his word his deed,

Then also the affurance I shall have

To tell you in your Voyage you shall speed.

But if ulyffes Son you be not right,

For ought I know you may this Labour spare, Few Sons exceed or reach their Fathers might, But commonly inseriour they are.

But fince in you I fee your Fathers Wir,
I hope your Voyage shall have good success.
Therefore no more with th' Woo'rs in Council sit,
Expect from Fools to have no more redress,

That fee not their own end that is fo nigh.

Nor shall you long be forced here to stay; For with a good Ship surnish you will I,

And with you will my felf go all the way. Mean while go you into your house agen,

And put up ftore of wine and of cold mear, And good bread, which the marrow is of men,

I'll for you Mariners together get. In Ithaca are good Ships old and new

Good flore, of which I will go chuse you one,

The best of all that come within my view, And make it ready that we may be gone. This said, to th'house return'd Telemashus.

The Woo'rs in killing Cattle were imploy'd,

And Areigh cunto him went Antinous,

And laughing, took him by the hand and said, Telemachus, bold and brave Orator

Fear from us neither evil word nor deed.

Ear and drink merrily as heretofore,

We'll see you furnished with what you need Both Ship and men, and see you soon convey'd To Pyle, that of your Father you may hear.

Telemachus then answered and said, Antinous, can I be merry here?

D'ye think that yet too little was the wrong The Suiters did me, my estate to waste,

When I perceiv'd it not, as being young?

But fince I grown am, and my childhood past,

And somewhat know, and more hear others say,
I'll do my best to bring them to their end,

Whether I go to Pyle or here do ftay.
And yet to go to Pyle I do intend,

And think my passage will not be in vain.

For I go like a Merchant not a Guest,

As if to me no ship did appertain,
It must be so. The Suiters think it best.

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This faid, his hand from his hand he fnatch'd out: And then the Suiters that were in the Court, Some give him evil words, and others flout,

And one another with him make good sport.

He'll come from Pyle with succours, God knows what (Said one) or Sparta, which shall on us fall.

Or poyson bring from Ephyre; and that Put in the Temperer shall kill us all.

Who knows (then faid another) if he go, But he his Fathers fate may also have,

Whilft feeking him he wanders to and fro; Which would to us no little trouble fave.

His goods amongst us we should soon divide, And to his Mother leave his houses free,

And him the chuses to Iye by her fide.

Thus they derided him. Then down went he

Into a large and high rooft room where lay

In Chefts packt up grear flore of cloth of Gold, And Garments very many rich and gay,

And many Barrels of (weet wine and old,

Which for ulysses were preserved there When he returned to his native soil.

In the same room many brass Vessels were, And many Barrels of sweet smelling Oil.

And double were the Locks upon the Door,
Whereof the Nurse Euryclea had the Key.

Whereof the Nurie Euryclea had the Key Telemachus call'd for her, and fays to her,

Come Nurse, this night I am to go away, Fill me of wine twelve Pirchers of the best,

Next to that which you for my Father fave, And fine flour twenty measures at the least,

In good thick leather fatchels let me have Quickly. For when my Mother is a-bed

To Lacedemon and to Pyle I go, That of my Father, if alive or dead

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There any news be, I the fame may know?

Enyclea then wept and fob'd, and faid,
Dear Child, why will you go from hence fo far

Alone? Your Mother you will make afraid,
Of whom so dearly you beloved are.

Your

Your Father far off is already dead,
And by the way the Suiters feek to kill you,
And share your goods amongst them by the head.
I pray stay here and do not go. Why will you?

Nurse, said Telemachus, be of good chear.

Tis by the counfel of a God I go. And I require you folemnly to swear

You'll not my going let my Mother know.

Telemachus to th'Suiters went agen,

And Pallas in his likeness to the Town,
For his transporting to procure him men,
From house to house she goeth up and down.

And of Noemon borrowed a Bark,

Who not unwillingly it to him lent.

And now the Sun was down, the Streets were dark,

And down to the Seafide the Goddess went.

And the good ship into the Sea they hale; And in it stow all that was needful for't.

The Mariners were there together all,
And ti'd the hip at far end of the Port.

Mean while the Suiters merrily caronic, And Pallas then their Fancies to confound, From the Sea-fide went back into the House.

And from their hands the cups threw to the ground, and with the love of fleep possess their Eyes,

And made them nod and let their Eye-lids down.

And not long after from their feats they rife,
And for that night took lodging in the Town.

Then like to Menter both in Form and Voice, Telemachus he called out of doors.

Your men are ready at the Port, she says, There they expecting you sit with their Oars.

Then out they went and Pallas led the way, And found the Rowers ready on the Beach.

Telemachus then said, Come back I pray, To th'house with me, our Victual thence to fetch,

Which well put up I there have ready laid. But nothing of it does my Mother know,

Nor any else but I and one old Maid.

Then with Telemachus to th'house they go,

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And to the ship at once bring all away. And flow it as Telemachus thought fit. Pallas and he embark without delay, And at the Stern they both together fit. And now the Mariners their Tackle ply. First in the midst they set the Mast upright, And it unto the ship with strong ropes tie, And then their Sails they hoise up to their height. Which Pallas with a lufty gale from West Kept full all night. The Ship the Sea then gores, The water swiftly running from her breft, By both her fides wounded and broken roars. And then unto the Gods they offer wine, And to them all were praying for a while, But specially unto their Guide Divine, Then fail'd all night, and were next morn at Pyle!

LIB. III.

To hold the light up before Gods and menale members with all his Company
Unto the Town of Pyle arrived then.
Then Nestor had a Sacrifice in hand
To Neptune, and upon the Sea-fide stood,
And with him store of people on the sand.
Black Bulls he eighty one had to him vow'd.
Nine seats there were, five hundred to each seat,
And to the same nine Bulls appointed were.
The Entrails broil'd upon the coals they eat,
The Thighs to Neptune burnt to ashes were.
Theship then came within the Port to land,
And disembarqu'd, upon the shore they staid

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With furled Sails the Ship did by them fland. Then Pallas to Telemachus thus faid,

Telemachus, by no means bashful be.

For wherefore did you undertake this task,

But of your Father to hear certainty?

To Nestor then directly go and ask,
If of ulysses any thing he know.

He'll tell you truly. He's too wife to lie.

Mentor (faid he) I'm young, and know not how

With one fo old to answer and reply.

Telemachus (said Pallas) do not fear, You'll somewhat prompted be by your own breast,

(You never by the Gods neglected were)
The God that loves you will supply the rest.

Then up to Nefter they directly went,

And Pallas foremost. All about him there

They found upon the Sacrifice intent,

(His Sons and Lords) to haften the good chear, Some broaching, and some roasting were of meat-

And presently about the Strangers come, And with their hands salute them, and intreat

To fit. And then Pisistratus went to'em,

Saluted them, and took them both by th'hands, And for them (fince there was no empty lear)

Laid Sheepskins with the wool upon the fands; And of the Entrails gave them part to eat:

And to her hand held up a cup of Wine.

To Neptune (faid he) offer up your vow, For heexpressly is the Pow'r Divine,

That we to worship be affembled now. And having drunk, give it to this mans hand,

That he may also give the Gods their due, For all men of the Gods in need do stand,

And I thought fic to give it first to you, 'Cause you are th'elder, th'other young as I.

Tien Pallas from his hand receiv'd the Cup, And pleased was to see his Equity.

And then to Neptune sent her Prayers up.
Neptune (said she) have to my Prayer regard.
First Neber and his Sons with Honour bles,

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And of his people th'Hecatomb reward.

And give Telemachus and me success,

Thus prayed she, and gave for what she pray'd,

And to Telemachus then gave the Cup.

And he to Neptune the same Prayer said.

The meat being ready now and taken up,

And into Messes cut, themselves they feast.

And when of hunger extinct was the force,
Then to his Guests Nester his speech addrest.

Friends, said he, now we time have to discourse. Tell me, who are you, whence d'ye cross the Main?

Is it for Traffick? Or d'ye pleasure take,
As Pirates walk at Sea, to and again,

As Pirates walk at Sea, to and again,
Others to spoil to set your lives at stake?
To this Telemachus with confidence

(Which into him the Goddess did inspire,

The better to obtain Intelligence,

And reputation to himself acquire)

Answer'd : O Nestor Neleiades,

The glory of the Greeks, we hither came From Ithaca on no State-business,

But of my Father to feek news from Fame

Unblest uly ses who at Ilium

Together with you fought before the Town.

Of th'other Chiefs we hear what is become.

But where ulyffes di'd is ftill unknown.

Whether at Land he flain were by the Foe, Or by the Sea devoured he hath been.

But at your knees we hither come to know, What you fince then have heard of him or feen.

Wandring about, born to calamity. Let no respect nor pity mitigate

Your Story, howfoever fad it be.

Nothing but naked truth to me relate. And I beseech you for my Fathers sake,

If he before the Town of Troy did well, Perform the Service he did undertake,

That nothing but the very truth you tell.

O Friend, faid Neftor, fince you bring again

To memory our miseries at Troy,

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Under

Under Achilles first by Sea, what pain We suffer'd then; and after when we lay

And fought before King Priam's Royal Seat What we endured, what great men we loft.

The doughty Ajax, and Achilles great, That were the Chief of all the Argive hoft.

The valiant Patroclus, and my Son Antilochus, both valiant in fight,

And if an enemy were put to run

Before him, he could hardly scape by flight. But numberless were our sad chances there;

No morral man can count them one by one.

And if you five or fix years should stay here.

And if you five or fix years should stay here, You'ld weary be of asking, and be gone.

Nine years we plots contriv'd to take the Town, Which Jove made prosperous with much ado.

sulffes had for plotting the renown.

For none compar'd himself your Father to.

If it be true you are ulyffes Son;

And I confess, hearing you speak your mind,

And fledfaftly your person looking on, Much respect for you in my self I find,

While we together were at Troy, we never In Council or Assembly disagreed.

But what was for the Argives good we ever Endeavour'd what we could to get decreed.

But when of Troy we had deftroy'd the Town, And back unto our ships again were come,

Then Fove upon the Greeks began to frown, Intending to them ill returning home.

For few there were amongst them just or wise, But on themselves they drew down their own fate,

Which made the Goddess Pallas to devise

To fet the two Atrides at debate.

Then of the People they a meeting call

At almost Sun-set, and the people came
(Having their heads with wine disorder'd all)

Th' Atrides told them why they call'd the fame,

Where Menelaus votes to cross the Seas, And each man to his Country to repass. But this advice his Brother did not please,... To stay there yet a while his counsel was,...

And first a Hecatomb to Sacrifice,

The Goddess Pallas anger to appeale.

But Agamemnon therein was not wife,

Men cannot change the will o'th'Gods with eafe.

While they contending were with words unmeet,
One part arose resolv'd to flay all night,

And in the morn to go aboard the Fleet,

And each one tow'rds his home to take his flight,

And shipt our Captive Women and our Prey.

One half we were, and came to Tenedus.

The other half with Agamemnon stay.

And Pallas then again divided us, And one part back to Agamemnon went,

But I with all my own ships homeward fled,

(Knowing that Jove to the Greeks evil meant) So did the Son of Tideus Diomed.

At Lesbos to us Menelans came,

Where we which way to go consulting staid

Chius within, or else without the same,
And for direction to the Gods we pray'd.

O'er the wide Sea t'Eubea they did fail,

That we in safety be the sooner might,

And fent us therewithal a lufty gale
Which brought us to Gerestus when 'twas night,

And there to Neptune we burnt many Thighs.

On the fourth day the Ships of Diomed
To Argos came. The same Wind staid i'th'Skies.

Till I at Pyle was fafe delivered.

So came I home, Sweet Child, and cannot tell

Which of the Greeks came fafe home, and which But what has fince been told me I know well [not-

(And fo far as is reason you shall know't.)

The Myrmidons, they say, came safely home,

Conducted by flour Neoptolemus.

And Philostetes very well did come Unto his Fathers house Pallantins.

Idemeneus to Creet brought all his men That were not flain at Ilium in fight, Was butchered, I need not to recite. Nor how he came, nor of Agystus plot,

Nor yet how bitterly be smarted for'ts Tis good, you see, to have a Son begot,

And you, my friend, that tall are and well made, Be valiant, and get 'mongst men good same.

Telemachus then answered and said,

O Nester, but my case is not the same. Sharp the revenge was of Atrides Son,

And far and wide will matter be for Songs, But from the Gods such power I have none

To be revenged of the Suiters wrongs.

O Friend (faid Nefter) fince I have been told,

That many who your Mother feek to marry,
Without your leave do with your house make bold,
And spending of your substance daily tarry,

Is it because you are therewith content?

Or are you fore't to bear such injury

Because your people are against you bent,

Provok'r thereto by some Divinity?

But who knows but at last they may be paid

For all the Injuries which they have done,

And insolence, by the Acheans aid, Or peradventure by your self alone?

For if of you Pallas as careful were, As carefully she did your Father guide

As carefully the did your Father guide At Thoy (a God to man ne'er did appear So plainly as the there flood by his fide.)

If Pallas were so kind to you, you'ld see
The Suiters quickly would forger to wooe.

Then said Telemachus, 'Twill never be,
Although the Gods should give consent thereto.

Telemachus, said Pallas, what a word

Have you let fall? A man may be with ease Though far off to his native Soil restor'd By any of the Gods, if so he please.

And I at home had rather lose my life Fighting than fitting as Atrides di'd,

Slain

Stain by Agystus and his own bad wife, Basely by them in whom he did conside.

And yet the Gods unable are to fave

A man from death, although he be a friend, Whose end the cruel Fates determin'd have.

Then faid Telemachus, Let's make an end

Of this discourse. ulysses latest day Determin'd by the Gods already is,

And I to Neftor fomewhat else will say;
For three mens ages do but equal his.

O Neftor, I would fain informed be

How Agamemnon was of life depriv'd And Menelaus, where mean while was he?

And how Agiftus had the Plot contriv'd?

Was it that Menelaus too long stai'd,

Agystus ventur'd on a better wight? Pil tell you all the truth (then Nestor said)

And yet what you your felf have gues'd is right,

For why, if Menelaus coming home

Agystus in the house alive had found, He never had at Argos had a Tomb.

But eaten been by Dogs above the ground, And Fowls of prey. Nor had he had the pity.

Of th' Argive women, nor lamented been, But lien had i'th'fields far from the City.

For why, a viler act was never feen.
For when at Troy we ended had the firife.

For when at Troy we ended had the firife, Long time it was before we came away.

Then Siege laid he to Agamemnon's wife,

And secretly hidden in Argos lay, And she at first resus'd, and counsel took

Of a Learn'd man, whom Agamemnon left Going to Troy his wife to overlook,

But foon Agystus him of life bereft.

For in a defert Island he him kill'd, And left him for a booty to the ites,

And then unto Agyfus she did yield,
And richly were perform'd the wedding Rites.

Then on the Alters many Thighs they burn,

And with them rich mens baubles, and gold ftuff

For.

For why, for so unhop't-for a good turn,

They thought they could not thank the Gods eNow coming Menelaus was and I,

[nough,

And were as far come as to Sunium,

When Phrontis, his good Steers-man, chanc'd to die, The best that in a storm e'er ship brought home,

And hindrance of his coming this was some To bury him. But when he put to Sea,

And was with all his ships in safety come Under the windy Mountain of Malea,

Then an ill passage for them Jove provided; The wind then whistled, and the water danced,

And into two parts was the fleet divided;

And one part to the Coast of Creet advanced, Where Cydons dwell, near Fardan Rivers mouth;

There in the Sea standeth a stone upright
That breaks the water when it rolls from South,
So that it comes to Phassus without might;

And there the men came in and fav'd their lives, But all the ships upon the Rock were split.

The other part the wind to Agypt drives With Menelaus. Five ships were in it.

Whilst Menelaus did in Agypt stay,
And visit Princes, and their gifts receiv'd,

Agystus made the Argives him obey, And Agamemnon of his life bereav'd.

And sev'n years in Mycene reigned he.
But then Orestes came, whom they not knew,

From Athens to them unexpectedly,

And there the flayer of his Father flew. And feafted th' Argives at the Funeral

Of him and her. That very day did come

King Menelaus, his ships laden all

From Agypt with his costly Presents home.

And you, my friend, take heed you do not stay.

Too long abroad, leaving your goods among.

So many Knaves that wast them ev'ry day, And will consume them utterly ere long.

But go to Menelaus who came laft,

And wandring has among much people been.

A Bird could hardly so much Sea have past In a years time, as wandring he has seen. Therefore to Sparta go with ship and Crew; Or if by Land, my Coach is ready for ye.

Also my Son shall go along with you

And ask of Menelaus all his Story.

He's wife. Befides the truth he'll nothing fay !
This faid, the Sun was down, and dark the Sky.

Nestor, said Pallas, you before us lay

That to which we have nothing to reply.

Now flit the Tongues, and let wine temper'd be.

That we may offer to th'Immortals all.

The light is some, and need of fleep have we.

The light is gone, and need of fleep have we.

So Pallas faid, and they to offering fall.

The Waiters then brought water for their hands, And young men to them all brought temper'd

The Tongues lay on the fire, each one up stands (wines.

And offers wine unto the Powers divine.

And when the Offering was at an end Telemachus and Pallas were about

To go aboard, and there the night to spend.

But Nestor on the other side cry'd out,

The Gods forbid that you should lie aboard,

As if I were a man so rude or poor As not good bedding for a friend t'afford.

Since then I have of Rugs and Bedding flore,

And many Sons alive with me at home, That able are my friends to entertain,

And 'tis taly fee Son that's to me come,

Surely this night he shall with me remain.

O. Neffer, then faid Pallas, that is right,
And at your house to lodge for him 'tis beft.

But at the fhip I needs must lie this night, His purpose to make known to all the rest,

Amongst them there no old man is but I, The company t'encourage that expect

The company texcourage that expect Themachus. Not with Authority,

But my advice they'll follow for respect.

The next day with the Cancons I must be

Cis .

And

And then that he may Menetaus fee, With ftrong swift horses on his way him set. This said, the Goddess Pallas went away

In likeness of an Eagle to the skies.

The people flar'd, and knew not what to fay, And Nefter wondring faw it with his eyes.

And rook Telemachus by th'hand, and faid, A good man you will be, Telemachus,

And valiant, that are by a God convoy'd: And this same God that guided you to us,

Is none but Pallas, daughter of great Fove, That did at Troy your Father always guide. Let me and mine, O Goddess, have your love,

And amongst men a Noble Fame and wide.

A Heifer on your Altar shall be laid

That ne'er bare Yoke, a Yearling from the field; And gilt shall be her horns. So Nestor pray'd.

And Pallas hearing, to his Pray'r did yield. And Neftor to his house then led them all,

Both Sons and Sons-in-law, and being there,

They fat on Chairs and Couches in the Hall, Then Nestor bids one fill the Temperer

With Wine that aged was eleven year, From out a Vessel first uncover'd then.

And when the Wine and Water mixed were, Then Neftor pray'd and offered. And when

The Offrings to the Goddess ended were, The rest unto their lodgings went away.

Telemachus by Nestor stay'd was there, And in a foft and coffly bed he lay.

And near unto him lay Pififtratus,

Who of the Sons of Neffor was the last, And Neftor in the inmost part of th'house,

Where, by the Queen his wife, his bed was plack Soon as Aurora did the day restore,

The old Knight Neftor role up from his bed, And fat upon the Bench before the door,

Of marble white and smooth that glistered. His Father used to fit there before,

King Neleus, but that since he was dead,

And

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And that King Nestor now the Scepter bore
There sat he now, and to him gathered
Were all his Sons. Echephron, Stratius,
Perseus, Aretus, Godlike Thrasymed,
Pissinguage (Dead was Antilochus.)

Pifffratus. (Dead was Antilochus.)
Along with them Memachus they led.

Then to his Children Neftor spake and faid;

Do quickly, Sons, what you shall from me hear

A Vow I made to Pallas must be paid, Who did to me so visibly appear.

Let one of you unto the Pastures hie

And bid a Herdiman bring a Heifer home;

One to Telemachus his ship quickly;

And bid his mates, fave two, all hither come.

Another bid the Gilder hither come,

To gild the Sacred Heifers horns with speed.

The rest stay here to look to things at home,

That all things may be ready that we need. Seats, dry wood, and fair warer. So faid he-

Then bufie were they all. The Heifer came,

And all Telemachus his Company.

The Gilder came, Laurtes was his name, And every tool that to his Art belongs,

And necessary is, had in his hands;

His Anvil, and his Hammer, and his Tongs.

And Pallas also now amongst them stands.

Then fell the man to work on Nefter's Gold,

And so elaborate it was when done, That it might please the Goddess to behold.

Then came in Stratius and Echephron,

And by the horns they led the Heifer in.

The Bason and the Ewre, and Barly white:

the Balon and the Ewre, and Barry white the Brought; and with an Axe full keen Stood Thrasymed ready the Beast to smite.

Then Neftor pray'd, and from the Heifers head.

Then pray'd the rest; and Barly sprinkled ... Upon the fire, and Thrasymed then slew

The Heifer with his Axe, and cut in twain

The tendons of the neck, and down the fell 3,

Andi

And Neftor's Wife and Daughters shout amain To see the facted act performed well.

Pilifratus then cuts the Victims throat.

And up they held it to let out the blood Into a Pail which Perseus thither brought, And to that purpose ready with it stood.

The life together with the bloud outflies,

Then from the Body they the Bowels draw, And next cut off the Shoulders and the Thighs. As is of Sacrifice the Ritual Law.

And them flit into two parts they display, And cover them all over with sweet far.

Shoulder on Shoulder, Thigh on Thigh they lay,

And Nefter on the Altar burneth that.

And with it on the fire black wine he poured. By him a spit was ready with five points.

The fire the Thighs, the men th'Entrails devoured.

The rest divided was in smaller joynts To roast on spits. Telemachus the while Into the Bath retired, and was there

Well bathed, and anointed with sweet Oyl.

By Polycaste Nestor's Daughter dear, And in a Robe and Coat clad glorioufly, And came as if no mortal he had been

Into the Hall, and fat down Nestor by. The meat now ready straightway was brought in-

Then in the young men came to fill them wine. When they with flesh and wine were satisfied,

Then to his Sons, faid Neftor, Children mine The Horses to the Coach see quickly ti'd.

Away they go, and to the Coach they fet The Horses swift: and in it bread and wine

A Maid laid in; and with it choisest meat, Which none but God-fed Kings eat when they dine.

Up to the Seat then went Telemachus

(The Seat was large and capable of two)

And after him wen up Pififtratus,

And Whip and Reins he took his hands into. Toucht with the Whip, the Horses take the way, And all the day long made their Harness shake.

The

The Sun went down, dark were the fireets. Then they
At Phere were. And there their rest they take.
There Diocles, Orfilochus his Son,
Son of Alpheus them did entertain,
And with fair Gists presented them each one.

But foon as morning did appear again, Their Horses to the Coach again they tie,

And from the Porch drive them into the way. Toucht with the Whip again away they fly. The Sun now down, and ended was the day.

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. Nd then to Lacedemon come were they. And drove up to the House of Menelaus. At home they found him: For there on that day A double Wedding celebrated was, One, of his Daughter, fair Hermione Whom he before at Troy had promised. Of Neoptolemus the wife should be, And on this day the same accomplished. And her he fent unto the Myrmidons Where reigned he. To Pthia she was brought, And then the second Wedding was his Son's. Whom on a Woman bond he had begot, And Megapenthes nam'd, (For Helen's bed Fruitless was after fair Hermione) And he Alector's daughter married. Of Lacedamon Cirizen was he. And now they merry fat that bidden were, Making good chear, and hearing Voice and Fiddle, And wondring at two Tumblers that were there, That moving to the time stood in the middle.

Mean while by th'Horses th'utter Gate without Telemachus stood and Pisistratus.

Then Eteoneus by chance came out, A careful Servant of Menelaus.

And having seen them, in he went agen, And being near to where his Master sate,

And being near to where his Mafter late, O King (faid he) there are without two men,

Like Great mens fons with their Coach at the gate,

Shall I take out their Horses? Or shall I

Tell them where they may lodged be elsewhere?

At this Atrides grieved, made reply, Eteoneus, sure once you wifer were.

Have we not oft by strangers heretosore In our necessity relieved been?

And I pray God it may be so no more.

Go, loose the Horses, and the men bring in.

This faid, he went again with Servants more.

Takes out the Horses. Ties them to the Mangers,

And throws before them Provender good ftore.

Sets up the Coach, and then brings in the strangers.

Who at the beauty of the house amaz'd.

(For bright it shined as the Moon or Sun)
And when they had sufficiently gazed,

To where the Bathing-room was walked on.

After they were well washed and anointed,
and clothed with soft nappy Cloak and Coat,

That they should near him fit the King appointed,
And near unto his Throne their Chairs were

A Maid the golden Bason and the Ewre [brought To wash their hands over a Caldron brings,

(The Caldron also was of filver pure)

Another on the Table laid good things.

Another Bread. The Carres also cuts

Another Bread. The Carver also cuts
Of every fort of meat the choicest bits,

And them on Trenchers on the Table puts.

And Menelaus pointing to it fits,

And heartily invites them to fall to.

Eat now, said he, we shall have time enough When you have supp'd to ask you where and who,

Your Ancestors are not obscure I know.

Such

Such Children are not got by wretched men.

And as he spake he took from his own Mess

As much as both his hands could comprehend
Of good Chine-beef, and gave it to these Guests.

And then they laid their hands upon their meat.

But when their hunger and their thirst was gone,

Telemachus that near sat to his seat

Whisper'd Pisistratus, You, Nestor's son, Do you not mark the splendour in this house Of Brass, Gold, Amber, Silver, Ivory?

Such fure the house is of Olympins,

So many and fo glorious things I fee. But Menelaus heard him. Let, said he,

No mortal man with Jupiter compare.

His house decays nor, nor goods wasted be.
What men compare with me I do not care.

For why, my Goods I paid for very dear

With pain and peril in my coming home, And wandring up and down at Sea eight year Before I could into my Country come.

I was in Cyprus and Phanicia,

Came to the Cydons and Erembians,

To Agypt and to Ethiopia,

And to the fertile grounds o'th' Libyans,

Where ev'ry year the Sheep three times do breed, And all the Lambs fall horned from the Dam.

Nor mafter nor his man there flands in need

Of Cheese or Milk, or tender flesh of Lamb. While I my Goods amongst them wandring gor,

I lost my Brother by his wife betray'd, And therefore in my riches glory not. .

And all this to you have your Fathers faid?

Ablent, I loft my house, and much rich stuff: Had I my fellows sav'd I led to Troy,

I'd been content with the third part thereof.
So all to all I've little cause of joy.

For all my friends at Troy lost griev'd was I, And sometimes wept, yet sometimes also not.

For quick of tears is the fatiety.

But one there is, when he is in my thought

I neither food nor fleep defire to take.

For all the while we were befieging Troy,
None fuffer'd fo much for the Argives fake

As did wyffes, nor so oft did pray;

And more herhaps he is to fuffer yet.

Long stays he, and whether alive or dead

Hebe, I can from no man notice get, Nor from my forrow be delivered.

Mean while as for a Son of life bereft Laertes weeps. So does Penelope.

Telemachus whom young ulysses lest, Spends his best age in pain and misery.

This faid, Telemachus before his eyes

Held up his Purple-Robe, the tears to hide,

Drawn from him by his Fathers Miseries.

And Menelaus when he that espi'd

Confider'd whether best it were or no
To tell him first what he had heard or seen

About his Father, or what he would know To let him ask. But Helen then came in

Like to Diana in great Majesty.

Adreste came in with her with a Chair :

Alcippe a fost Carpet layed nigh:
Her Basket brought in was by Phylo fair.

At Thebes in Agypt it was given her By Polybus his wife Alcandre, when

King Menelaus travelling was there,
And Polybus gave to him Talents ren

Of Gold, and Lavers two of Silver fine, And two three footed Caldrons of good Brass.

Then by Alcandret' Helena Divine
A filver brim gilt Basket given was

With fine and curiously-spun thred prest full, With Distaff on it more thred yet to spin,

Ready invested with fost Purple Wool.

This was the Basket Phylo then brought in-

Then Helen fat, and by her Husband told What hitherto had past: I know, said she,

King Menelaus, now I them behold,

The Guests that are come to you, who they be;

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But shall I tell you what I think or no?
I'll tell you true. I never yet saw one

So like another as this man is to Telemachus, ulysses onely Son.

Whom when with other Greeks to Ilium
He went to fetch away this Monky me

By bloody War, he left a Child at home. Then Menelaus spake. Since you, said he,

Have put it in my mind, I think so too.

His Eyes, his feet, his hands, his head, his hair

Are like uly fes his, who I'd tell you now What mifery for me he suffer'd there,

But that it makes him weep and hide his eyes.

Then to Atrides faid Pifistratus,

The truth to you, O King, I'll not disguise, This is ulysses Son, Telemachus.

But jealous of his Tongue and fearful is

Before a man experienced and wife, Left he should fay something at first amis,

And lay his weakness open to your Eyes.
Nefter sent me along with him for guide,

Because he so much longed you to see, And hear what of his Father was betide,

And by you holpen and instructed be-Unhappy is the Child whose Father's gone, And this is now Telemachus his case,

For of ulyffes news he can hear none,

Who to defend him left none in his place.
How, How! then faid Atrides, I have here
The Son of one that I aftermed most

The Son of one that I efteemed most, And for my sake suffer'd and did more there

Than any other in the Argive Host.

To whom I meant, had we come safely home,

To shew more kindness than to any one

Of all the Greeks. Affoon as we were come
I had to Argos brought him and his Son;
Built them a Circum made hash have an Greeks.

Built them a City; made both but one state,
And laid the Cities round about us waste;

And often there with one another fate; And only death our Friendship had displac'd.

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But by the Gods these thoughts are rendred vain.
They have ulysses from his Country kepr.
This said, they could from tears no more abstain.

Joves Daughter Argive Helena then wept,

And Menelaus and Telemachus.

Nor could Pififratus his tears restrain, But on his Brother thought Antilochus,

That by the fair Aurora's Son was flain.

And him remembring, to Atrides spake,

Atrides, of have I heard Nefter tell, (As of as we did of you mention make)

That you 'mongst men in wisdom do excel.

I pray you think not I take any pleasure
To act at Supper-time the rices of mourning.
For that another time we shall have leisure,

Unless we look no more to see the Morning.

Not that I weeping for the dead condemn, Or cutting off of hair. It is a debt

We owe to our dead friends. And one of them My Brother is, whom I cannot forget.

He was not of the Greeks the meaneft man; For swift he was of foot and bold in fight (Which you than I much better wines can)

To kill his Foe in battle or in fight.

Dear friend, Atrides answer'd, you have said
What might an older man have well beseemed
To say and do; and Nestor's stock bewray'd.

To fay and do; and Neftor's flock bewray'd, Whose wisdom is of all mens most estemed.

'Tis easie to discern the race of one

To whom a happy life the Gods shall grant,

As unto noble Nestor they have done, Long life, and Sons discreet and valiant,

Let's put off for the present tales of sorrow, And to our meat again our minds apply.

Bring water for our hands. Betimes to morrow We'll talk of this, Telemachus and I.

This faid, Asphalion came in with water.

They wash'd, and on the meat their hands they laid.

But in the mean time Helena, Jove's Daughter, An Antidote into the wine convey'd. An Antidote that virtue had to keep
The man that drank it mixed with his wine

So as for all that day he should not weep,

Nor for whatever should befal him whine.

No though his Father or his Mother dy'd,

Or Friend or Brother flain were in his fight

By cruel Enemies that them envy'd.

Such was of Helens Medicine the might,

Which t'her in Agypt Thon's wife given had, Where many Drugs of wondrous virtue grow,

Some here, some there, and some good, and some bad.

For all men there the Art of Physick know.

For why, from Pean sprung are all those men. The Antidote put in, she bad the wine

Be born about. And then she said agen,

King Menelaus offspring of Gods divine,

Descended from the Gods are also these.

And Jove good fortune gives fometimes to one,

And fometimes to another, as he please.

For he can do whatever can be done.

Feaft then, and merrily together fit;

And please your selves with stories. I'll tell one,

And which as to the time, is not unfit,

Of what at Troy was by ulyffes done.

I will not tell you all the pranks he plaid, But only how he came into the Town,

With canvas Mantle o'er his shoulders laid,

Bloody with firipes, from no hand but his own

And by the name of Decles there did pass,

And as a flave went freely up and down,

When such man in the Fleet at all none was.

And was to every one but me unknown.

I question'd him, and he at first was shy.

But when I bath'd him and anointed had,

And cloth'd, and tane an Oath of secrefie,

He told me what defign the Argives had.

Then having gotten much Intelligence,

And many of the Trojan people flain. He fafely to the fleet departed thence,

Leaving their Wives lamenting there in vain.

but

But I was glad. For changed was my mind, And griev'd by Venus t'have been made so mad,

To leave my Child Hermione behind,

And my good Husband when no cause I had. Then Menelaus said, Your Story, Wife,

Is to the purpose. Countries I have seen.
Many; and oft with Heroes in my life

In Councels fitten; but was never in .
The place where any like ulyffes fat.

I'th'Wooden Horse, I'll tell you what he did.

(No man did ever such a thing as that)
The Princes of the Army there lay hid

Death and destruction bearing into Troy.

Some Damon then that was no friend to us,

Made you come fourth our Counfel to destroy.

And with you also came Desphobas.

And thrice about the Wooden Horse you went, And called to us every man by name,

And our Wives voices so did represent, As not to be discerned from the same.

I'th'midst ulysses, Diemed, and I
Heard well your call as we together fat,

And ready were to go forth, or reply :.
But by telyffis hindred were of that.

But Anticlus had answered certainly, Had not uly ses when he heard her call,

Laid hand upon his Mouth immediately,
And held, till you were gone. That fav'd usall-

Twas much (then faid Telemachus) but this Was not enough the man alive to keep,

Though made of fleel, whose end determin'd is.
But now, O King, the time is come for sleep.

Then Helen to her women order gave

To see their Beds made ready, and lay on Fair Purple Rugs, and under them to have Soft Blankets, and fine Coverlids upon.

Before the house in Chamber o'er the Gate.

But in the inmost of the Palace lay

King Menelaus with his Royal Mate,
And role again together with the day.

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nd when he had himself attir'd and shod, And hung his trufty fword hard by his fide, out of his Chamber came he like a God, And to Telemachus himself apply'd. tlemachus, faid he, what bringeth you To Lacedamon o'er the Sea fo wide ? publick or private bus'ness? Tell me true. Telemachus unto him then reply'd. To you, King Menelaus, I am come T'enquire what of my Father is betide. My house is full of Enemies at home, That me consume; and there resolve t'abide. Th'fields they fruitle's make my husbandry. My flock they eat; and would my Mother wed. This made me come to know the certainty Whether my Father be alive or dead. Whether you faw him after he left Tray Wandring abroad, (for he was born to woe.) Or of him any thing heard others fay. Let tenderness hide nothing that you know. fin the Argive Hoff he useful were In Counsel or in Battle, when need was, Tell me the truth be't never so severe. To this, much grieved, answer'd Menelaus : is, yes (faid he) there many enter'd be Into a strong mans house while he's away. And are in hope to dwell there constantly, Though not so valiant, as he, be they. swhen a Stag and Hind entring the Den Of th'absent Lion Iulls his Whelps with tales of Hills and Dales, the Lion comes agen And tears them into pieces with his nails; ohall uly Tes all those Suiters slay. Othat the Gods, Apollo, Pallas, Jove, mongst the Suiters set him would one day; Such as when with Philomelid he ftrove, and threw him flat, and made the Argives glad. If such as then uly ses should be there, hort would their lives be and their wedding bad. But to the matter whereof you would hear,

I can fay nothing upon certainty,

And my own knowledge. But what I was told

By Proteus. And tell I will no lie,

Nor any thing of what he said with-hold.

Before the Land of Agypt Pharos lies,

An Island, and therein a Haven good

Against whatever wind shall chance to rise.

And ready to depart my ships there stood.

A days fail distant stands it in the Main; But 'cause the Hecatomb I offer'd not,

The Gods a long time did me there detain. For they are angry when they are forgot.

There twenty days together we were pent, Though fain we would have put again to Seas

And our Provision had quite been spent; But that I then met with Idothoë.

She daughter is of Proteus. And he

A Herdsman old of Neptune is, and has The charge his Sea-calves kept and sed to see.

His daughter met me when alone I was. My Company their dinner to provide,

With Angle-rods were fishing on the strand. Then said she to me standing by my fide,

Why flay you here and nothing take in hand

To help your felf, as if a Child you were, Or negligent, or loved milery,

Suffring your felf to be fo long pent here?

Or can you no way find to be fet free; What God you be foever (answer'd I)

Thus much unto you I must plainly say,

That in this Isle I stay unwillingly,

And for my freedom to the Gods I pray.
But tell me you (for Gods know every thing)
What God is it that to this place manifely

What God is it that to this place me ti'd; And what it is that must me from it bring.

I'll tell you then, said she, and nothing hide.
By an old Sea-god haunted is this sse.

Call'd Proteus, that nothing says untrue, Servant to Neptune. Whom if by some wile

You could but catch and hold, he'd answer you

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To all you ask. And he my Father is.

He'll tell you how to get your ships to Sea;

And how you shall get home. He knows all this,

And what's there done. So said Idothoe.

But how (said I) is't possible for man

Upon a God Immortal to lay hold,

When he foreseeing it avoid it can,

If how to do't he be not by you told?

I'll tell you (faid she) how it may be done.
Hidden in the Curls of the Sea each day
Brought in by Zephyrus, he lands at noon,

And on the Sand himself to sleep will lay.

About him will his footless Sea-calves lie,

And of the Brine abominably smell.

And thither bring you in the morn will I,

And how to place your felves inftruct you well.

For three more must come with you lusty men,

Theold Sea-god his flock will number then,
And having done, i'th' midft of them will lie,

Just as a Shepherd lies amongst his sheep.

Now waver not, but bold and constant be.

Affoon as you shall see he is asleep,
Lay hold on him, and keep it constantly,
For he in divers shapes will with you struggle.

He will be any Serpent that he please. Himself he'll into Fire or Water juggle.

Therefore hold fast, left he your hands diffeize.

When of himfelf he shall contented be In his first form the matter to debate;

Take off your hands, and fet the old God free.
Then of your business him interrogate,

What God it is that hath your hurt contrived.
How you shall put to Sea. Which way go home.

This faid, into the Sea again she dived.

Then full of thoughts back to my Ships I come, And supp'd. And when we supped had 'twas night.

Then slep we by our ships upon the sand.

But when Aurora had brought back the light,
Then went I with my three men to the ftrand,

And

And prayed to the Gods; my men I chose, Such men as for the purpose fit I thought. Idothoë then from the Sea arose,

And in her hand four Sea-calves skins the brought

All raw, her Father thereby to betray.

And with those skins upon us on the shore Scrap'd hollow by her, like Sea-calves we lay. And there our lodging had been very sore,

(For so abominably do they stink,

That no man near them can endure to lie. Is it good lying with a Whale d'ye think;)

But that she for it had a remedy.

Ambrofia she with her brought, and laid The same unto our noses one by one,

Which the ill favour of the Fish allay'd.

And thus we lay expecting till 'twas Noon.

Then all at once the Sea-calves came ashore.

And there themselves they bedded orderly.

At noon came Proteus and counts them o'er,

And first were counted my three men and I.

Then lay he also down. And by and by

He fell afleep. Then we unto him ran, And laid hands on him with a hideous cry,

And he to shew his wondrous art began.

A flaggy Lion first he seem'd to be;

And then a Dragon; then a Leopard; And then a Boar; then Water; then a Tree. But fill we kept our hold, and prest him hard.

He weary was at laft, and then he faid,

Atrides, how came you by so much skill
To hold me thus? What God has me betray'd?
What needed you to vex me? What's your will?

What need, faid I, have you from me to hear,

That bound am to this Isle, and know not how To put to Sea, nor what God holds me here,

When you can tell me (for Gods all things know.)
Then back, faid he, to Greece you cannot come,

Till you to Agypt do return again, And pay to all the Gods a Hecatomb.

That done, you shall pass safely o'er the Main.

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Thus Proteus said. But that I must go first
Back into Agypt, an ill and long way,
My Heart to hear it ready was to burst.

'Tis hard, said I, but I'll do all you say.
But tell me of the Argives first, if they

With their good ships came all in safety home,

That I and Nestor left behind at Troy.

How many by the way they loft, and whom. Some of them scap'd, said he, and some are loft.

But of the Princes loft are only twain In their return (upon the Trajan Coast

You know who di'd.) And one the Gods details.

First Ajax ships by winds are laid aground

At Gyra, Rocks that on the Deep look down, And 'gainst the Sea protection there had found,

However Pallas did upon him frown, But that a high provoking word he spake.

I'll pass, said he, although the Gods say no.

And Neptune then the Rock he sat on brake.

Both he and it into the water go,

Where, when he had drunk brine enough, he dy'd.

Your Brother also safely past the Sea, And came to Argos, (Juno was his guide.)

And when he was come near to Mount Malea,

Forc'd by foul weather he disbarked, where Toyeftes formerly his age had spent,

But now his Son Ægystus dwelled there. [went. The Gods then chang'd the wind, and homeward

Full glad he was, and kift the ground for joy,

And from him fell the tears abundantly.

Had plac'd a man on purpose to descry Th'arrival of the Fleet; whom he had hired

To watch upon a Hill a year together,

For Talents ten of Gold that he required, [ther. And tell him when the Fleet from Troy came this

The Watchman faw them, and t'Agyfus went

And gave him notice of their coming in.

Chole twenty lufty men, and them within

An

An Inner-room he placed out of fight ;

And a great Supper bids his men provide,

Then down went Agamemnon to invite,

With Horses and with Coaches to th'Seaside, And brought him up to Supper in great state. Then rose the Traytors that in ambush lay,

And kill'd him as he at Supper fate.

Not any man alive went thence away That with Atrides or with him took part.

When of his flory he had made an end, To break with pity ready was my heart.

In streams down on my cheeks the tears descend.

I wished never more to see the Sun,

And weeping on the fand my felf I roll'd.

But when my Lamentation was done,

Then Proteus said again, Your weeping hold. Tears are no remedy. But make haste home. Their lives Agystus, or if he be lain

Already by Orestes, you will come

To his Interment. This chear'd me again.

And then I asked further of him this, Since you have told me what's become of two,

Tell me, the third that flays abroad, who 'cis, Alive or dead; though that will grieve me too.

It is (faid he) wlyffes. Whom I faw

In th'Island where Calypso dwells, o'th'shoar

Weeping, who fain would come to Ithaca, But with him neither has a ship or Oar.

And you, O Menelaus, shall not dye In Argos (for 'tis otherwise decreed)

But be convey'd t' Elyzium. For why, Of Jupiter you wedded have the Seed.

There humanes lead their lives in greatest ease.

No Snow nor Frost there is. Resreshed there They are by Zephyr's rising from the Seas.

And Jove's Son Rhadamanthus dwelleth there.

This faid, into the Sea be went agen.
But I with thoughts confused in my head

Returned back unto my ships and men, And soon as we had supp'd the night was spread.

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Then back again into the Nyle we go, And offer'd to the Gods a Hecatomb; When we their anger had appealed fo,

When we their anger had appealed to,

For Agamemnon there we rais'd a Tomb.

When this was done, for Argos we fet fail, And quickly to our native foil we came.

Th'Immortal Gods gave us a lufty gale, And all the way continued the same.

And all the way continued the lame.

Themachus, you've heard all I can fay,

But must not therefore streightway take your leave;

Until th'eleventh or twelfth day you must stay,

The Presents I intend you to receive.

A Chariot you shall have and Horses three, And a fair Cup emboss'd to offer wine,

That in your Vows you may remember me.

Then faid Telemachus, I here have li'n Long time already. And my men at Pyle

Are weary of expeding me. Else I

Could stay a year, and never all that while My mind have on my house, or Family,

So much I raken am with your discourse.

But let my Present be some Monument.

To Ithaca I'll never carry horse,

They for the Plains are more convenient. Large Plains, which you have here in many places,

And where store is of Wheat, and Rice, and Lote.

In Rhaca there is no ground for races, Nor Pastures good enough to feed a Goat.

inth'Illes about it, gallop can no Horse. Inth'Ille it self, nor gallop, nor be sed.

When he had made an end of his discourse,

Atrides smiling on him stroak'd his head.

Is spoken, said he, like a gallant man, and that descended is of Noble bloud.

Il give you other Presents (for I can)

in place of these, that shall be full as good.

Monument kept in my Treasury,

Of mattie filver, a fair Temperer,

hen

he work of Vulcan, which was given me Ar Sidon, by the King, when Iwas there

D 2

Whila

Whilst they together thus discoursing staid,

The bidden Guests, fat sheep, rich wine bringin, And bread their Wives upon the Tables laid,

And about Supper busie were within.

And now the Suiters at ulyffes hou'e

Were throwing of the Stone and Darts. And by Antinous fate and Eurymachus

Chief of the Woo'rs. Then came Noemon nigh :

Unto Antionous he spake, and said,

When will Telemachus return from Pyle?
My ship I lent him, and am now afraid,
I shall have need of her my self the while.

For over into Elis I must pass.

Twelve Mares of mine there go, and with the same Twelve unbroke Mules, with all their Foals, at grass, And some of them I would fetch home and tame.

At this they star'd. For never dreamed they That in good earnest he would go to Pyle,

But in the fields would with some Herdsman stay,
And there from us conceal himself a while.

Antinous then askt, When parted he?

What company went with him hence? His own Servants and Husbandmen (for that might be) Or youngmen of the best account i'th'Town?

And tell me further, was it willingly

You lent your ship? or were you forc'd thereto?

To this Noemon did again reply,

I lent it willingly. What should I do?
Who would not yield to such a mans request
(When he has need and asks) as well as I?

And Mentor chief of all the company.

If he it were not, 'twas fome Deity.

For (which is strange) I saw him yesterday

Before the Sun was mounted half the sky; Yet went the ship the night before away.

This faid, he went his way. Antinous

And th'other fate there yet, and wondered.

The Suiters left their sport fat down, and thus

entinous the Case then opened,

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And in an angry tone, with fiery eye,
'Tis true, faid he, Telemachus has done

A work to us of great indignity.

We thought he never could that way have gone:

We many are, and men. Yet he a Boy

Has got a ship, and of our men the best.

But may Jove him, before he us deftroy,

Give me a good ship, e'er we be oppress; And twenty able men. And in the Strait

'Twixt Ithaca and Same I will lies.

And for their coming back from Pylus wait,

And entertain him with hot coming by.

The Suiters all were pleased with the Plot,
And then they 'rose together and went in.

But Medon had heard all. Which they knew not.

For he without the Court was, they within.

And to inform Penelops he went,

And when the law him coming in a door,

Medon, said she, what are you hither sent

To bid my Maids trouble themselves no more,

With how the Suiters they shall entertain;

But only for themselves make ready meat?

Lest when they hither come to sup again,

It prove the last that they shall ever eat. Themachus his wealth you wasted have,

As if your Fathers never told you how

wyffes with them did himfelf behave,

That never did unkindness to them shew

In Deed or Word. Although a liberty

Kings often take, one man to love or hate

Above another, without telling why.

But he cause of offence to no man gave.

But of good turns received heretofore

Your nature altogether senseless is.

O Queen, said Medon, would it were no more.

But I must tell you somewhat worse than this:

The Suiters have conspir'd to kill your Son

(Which Jove avert) as he is coming home. For he to Pylus is and Sparta gone,

T'enquire what of his Father is become.

D 3

This

This said, Penelope was stricken dumb, And filled were with tears her eyes. But when

Her voice at last again was to her come,

She spake to Medon, and him asked then:
Medon, said she, why went my Son away?
What need had he upon the Sea to ride?
Meant he is name amongst men to destroy?
And Medon to her then gain reply'd,

I cannot tell. Perhaps encouraged

By some o'th'Gods, or Presage of his own T'enquire about his Father whether dead,

Or on what Coast he is by fortune thrown, This said, her tears she could no longer hold, And lets her self fink down upon the Sill.

Then came her Maids about her, young and old. Did ever Gods, faid she, bear such ill will

To any woman as they bear to me?

Why deal they with me worse than with the rest?

O my dear Husband! What a man was he?

All manly vertues lodged in his breaft.

Through Hellas and through Argos known was he. Of him the Gods unkind me first bereft.

And now away my Child must taken be That to sustain the House at home was left,

Sluts that you are, and of his going knew, Why was it not to me discovered;

For had I of it been inform'd by you,

I had him stay'd, or he had left me dead.

To Dolius let one or other go

(The Servant which my Father gave to me,

And of my Garden has the cuftody)

And tell him what the Suiters are about.

That he may to Laertes tell the same;

And them against these wicked men inflame.

Then spake Euryclea. Dear Child, said she, Kill me, or let me live as you think best; No longer shall the truth concealed be,

I knew all this. So did none of the reft.

I furnish'd him with all that he commanded, Sweet Wine and Flour. But first he made me swear

I would not tell you till it was demanded,

Or that the same by others told you were; For sear lest with much weeping hurt you take.

For fear left with much weeping hurt you take.

But wash, put on clean Garments and up go

Into your Chamber, and your Prayers make To Pallas, who your Son to fave knows how.

The griev'd old man, why should you further grieve?

Hated is not Arcessus his seed.

By all the Gods. For I cannot believe

But some of them will help them in their need,

And both their Houses and their Lands protect.

This Ropp'd her sobbing, and her weeping staid.

Then went the up, her self she washt and deckt, And to the Goddess Pallas thus she pray'd.

O Goddess, if you well accepted have.
The Victims by ulysses sacrificed.

Upon your Altar here, his Son now fave,

And bring to nought what th'Wooers have deviled.

Her Prayer-granted was. Then shouted they.
The Suiters heard it in the Hall, and one.

Tanother faid, 'Tis for her Wedding-day. She knows not we intend to kill her Son.

Thus faid they, but upon no ground at all.

Alcinous then spake. Madmen, faid he,

Such words as these what mean you to let fall?

What if within they should reported be?

Come, rife, thus, gently, and the work effect,

To which we all have given our confent.

Then did he twenty able men elect,

And down unto the water-fide they went,

And first of all they laid their ship afloat,

And in it with white Sails the Mast they laid, And fit their Oars. Then in their Arms were brought.

The Mast then rear'd was, and the Sails displaid.

Then went they t'Anchor in the open Sea, And staid till night. And then aboard they eat,

Then to her Chamber went Penelope

Grieving, and tafting neither drink nor n ear,

D:4

Cafting

Casting about whether more likely 'twere Her Son should scape the Suiters hands, or die.

Just as a Lion that enclosed were

With Toils about, would cast which way to fly. When her sad reck'ning sleep had blotted out,

Diffolv'd her strength, and closed had her eyes,

Pallas another bus'ness went about.

She made an Idol in a womans guise,

Like to the Daughter of Icarius

Wife of Eumelus (at Phere dwelled he)

And fent the same unto uly ffes house, T'allay the forrow of Penelope.

In at the Key-hole then the Idol goes

Into her Chamber, and stood at her head.

Penelope, said ir, amidst such woes

How ean you fleep? But now be comforted.

You must no longer weep nor grieved be;

For from the Gods you no such cause shall have. For of your Son the fafe return you'll fee.

To this Penelope then answer gave :

Sifter, said she, 'cis strange to see you here.

You come but seldom. For far off you dwell. And now you bid me weeping to forbear,

When how much cause I have you cannot tell.

A good and noble Husband I have loft That had a Lions heart within his breft.

Hellas and Argos of his valour boaft.

What vertue is there that he not possest?

And now my Child at Sea is in a Tub, And has no skill in Fight or Parlament.

I fear extremely left he meet fomerub:

For him more then for th'other I lament. What may befal him on the Sea I dread;

And what at Land, if e'er to Land he come. For many Foes he hath that wish him dead,

And wait to kill him as he cometh home.

To this again repli'd the Idol dim. Take courage, be not frighted for your Son, He has a guide that taketh care of him :

A better would be wished for by none.

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To

Tis Pallas. For of you she pity takes; And what I faid, I faid by her Command. Penelope again this answer makes, Who ere you be, answer one more demand, Is my poor Husband yet alive, or no? Then said the Idol, That I do not find. Nor will I tell you what I do not know. Then through the Key-hole went, and turn'd to (wind-Then wak'd Penelope, and joyful was T'have had a dream so evident and clear. Then o'er the humid Plain the Suiters pass, Destruction to Telemachus to bear. 'Iwixt Ithaca and Same, middle way, There lies an Island, and but small it is, Yet hath it on each fide a good fafe Bay. There watch'd the Wooers. 'Tis call'd Afteris. .

LIB. V.

Prose Aurora from Tithonus bed,
Before the Gods and men to bear her light.
The Gods were then to Counsel gathered,
And Fove amongst them, of the greatest might.
And there before them Pallas open laid
The painful life ulysses did endure.
O fove, and all ye blessed Gods (she said)
Henceforth his people let no King enure
To gentle Government, but keep them down,
And to their honessy no longer trust,
That of ulysses are forgetful grown,
Whose Government so gentle was and just.
And now he pent up licth in an Isle
Where dwells Calypso; and to come away

Has neither Ship nor men, and all the while Weeping for forrow forc'd he is to stay.

The Suiters also seek to kill his Son,

And lie to meet him in his coming home.

For why, to Pyle and Sparta he is gone,

To hear what of his Father is become. Why Child (faid Fove) why fay you this to me?

Why Child (faid Jove) why fay you this to me? Twas you that fent Telemachus away.

And you confenting were to our decree,
ulysses should come back and th'Wooers slay.

Go you and bring Telemachus from Pyle, And fend the Suiters home that lie in's way.

And Mercury ((aid he) go you the while
And tell the Nymph Calypso what I say.

The Gods in Councel fitting order'd have, ulysses shall return to Ithaca.

And first upon a Raft himself shall save, Without a Convoy in Pheacia

In twenty days; and there be honoured, And to his Country richly fent away,

With Brass and Gold, and Garments surnished, More than his share had mounted to at Troy,

Though he had brought it thence all safely home. For why, by destiny ordain'd it is,

That to his friends he honourably come. No fooner Jupiter had spoken this,

But that his shooes upon his feet he binds,

Ambrofian, Golden shooes, wherewith he flies On Land or Water, swifter than the winds.

Then takes the Rod wherewith upon the eyes

Of Mortals, he lays on or takes off steep, And with his rod in hand jumpt down to th'Hill

Pierius, and thence into the Deep,

And over the wide Sea he passed, till At last he was arrived at the Isle

Where was the Nymph calypfo refident,

And like a Cormorane was all this while That hunts the Fishes. Then ashore he went,

And coming to her Rock found her within.

Mpon the hearth a fire was of sweet wood.

There

There did she fing, and as she sung did spin:

About the Cave many fair Trees there shood;

Reach Poplar, and the Cypress of sweet small;

Beech, Poplar, and the Cypress of sweet smell; And many Birds, Hawks, and Sea-crows and Owls

Within their branches used were to dwell;

And (fuch as haunt Sea-water) other Fowls.

The Rock it self with Vines was covered,

And Grapes abundance hanging were thereon. Four Springs arow four ways clear water spread.

Sweet Meadows were about it many a one

Stuck full of Violers and flowers gay,

Which though a God, he saw with admiration,

And for a little while he there did ftay

Pleas'd with the beauty of the habitation, And then into the spacious Cave he goes.

At the first fight Calypso knew him well.

For perfectly one God another knows, How far foever they afunder dwell.

uly fes now was gone out to the shore,

To look upon the Sea that kept him in,

To figh and weep as he had done before.

At-Hermes coming he was not within.

To Hermes seated in a glistering Chair

The Goddess fair Calypso then begun. .
Tell me beloved Hermes your affair.

If it be possible it shall be done.

Come nearer, and with food your felf reftore.

Then fers she him a Table, and lays on

Of Nectar and Ambrofia good store.

Then Hermes took his food, and having done,

Goddess (said he) fince me (a God) you ask, You may be sure, I tell you shall no lie.

Jove sent me 'gainst my will. For such a rask

Who undertake would, think you, willingly?

For first a horrible long journey'tis;

And then no Town to bair at by the way

On Hecatomb or leffer Sacrifice.

But what God is there dares Jovedisobey?

There is, faid Jove, a man that staid is here of the Argives that besieged limm

The .:

The most unhappy. There they staid nine year.

The tenth they took it, and were coming home.

But by the way they Pallas had offended,

And the against them raised stormy weather, In which ulvsses Mates their lives all ended.

But he himself by storms was driven hither:

Him Jupiter would have you send away.

For he is destin'd not to die from home, Nor any longer from his friends to stay,

But back unto his house and Country come.

Calypso troubled at it, answered,

Malicious ye Gods, and jealous are,

That think much Goddeffes should Mortals wed.

See but how hardly did Orion fare, After Aurora was become his wife.

How argry at him, O ye Gods, were you,

Until Diana took away his life,

With Shafts invisible before 'twas due,

And so when Ceres with Lifton

Themselves delighted with the gift of love, How soon it was by th'other Gods made known, And with a Thunder-bolt he slain by fove!

And now they angry are with me. And why?

Who in the Sea had perish'd, had not I

Receiv'd him in my house and cherished. For when his ship with Thunder Jove had splie,

And all his company away were cast, Him on the Mast unto the Rudder knit,

The wind and waves brought hither at the last.

And here I him receiv'd and loved well, And meant to give him Immortality.

But fince fore will not let him with me dwell,

And I cannot refist him, Farewel he. But o'er the Sea I shall not him convoy:

For in my power I have no Ship, nor men

That have the art to walk in liquid way.

Prompt him I will how to get home agen.
Tis well, faid Mercury, fend him now hence:
The manner how, is left unto your will.

Be wife, and do not Jupiter incense,

Left he upon you bring a greater ill.

This said, away went Mercury. And she

Unto ulysses went to the Sea-side.

Himself lamenting sitting there was he.

And when she came his eyes were not yet dry'd.

For now he lov'd the Nymph less than before, And lay with her a-nights unwillingly.

A-days he weeping fat upon the fhore,

And on th'unbounded Sea oft cast his eye. Then to him said the Nymph, Poor man, alass, No longer weep, but fall your work unto.

For on a Rast you are the Sea to pass,

And I will tell you what you are to do. Gut down great trees, and them together joyn

With bands of brass, and on them make a Deck

And on it I will lay both Bread and Wine

And water fresh, hunger and thirst to check.
And Garments I will give you and a Wind,

That you may fafe go home and speedily; Unless the Gods be of another mind.

For stronger they and wifer are than I.

At this ulyffes troubled was and faid,
I looked for a Convoy me to waft.

For on this Sea a man would be afraid
Though in a Ship; much more upon a Raft.

I will not therefore pass upon a Rast

Unless to do me no more hurr you swear.

And when he had said that, Calyos laugh'd,

And of his head the ftrosked down the hair, You are (faid the) a true bird of the neft,

As by your answer very well I see.

By Heaven and by Earth I do protest, And Styx, which is the greatest Oath can be,

I'll never any thing hereafter do

That shall procure your hurr in any case.

And what at present I advise you to,

I would my self do, were I in your place.

For why, the Fates I also must obey,
And in my breast no Iron heart I bear.

This faid, the turn'd and homeward took her way, And on her steps uly see follow'd her.

When they were come together in the Cave, She made him fit where Hermes fat before.

And meat and wine the best that Mortals have The Maids upon the Table laid good store.

Before Calypso they laid other meat,

Ambrofia and Nectar, food divine.

There face to face they fit, and drink and eat.
When she refresht him had with meat and wine,

Noble ulyffes (faid she) that long so

To fee your House and Wife without delay, If what you were to suffer you did know

Before you there arrived, you would flay And live with me here, and Immortal be.

Nor than that Wife for whom you take fuch care

Less fairer or less wise can you think me. Women with Goddesses cannot compare.

Goddess (said he again) I know all this.

Penelope I not compare with you

In form or flature. For the mortal is,

And you-Immortal. Yet (though this be true)

I cannot chuse but wish my self at home.

And though I were to perish in the Deep
By th'anger of the Gods, and never come,

I'd rather suffer that, than always weep.
For patience long fince I learned have
Sufficiently in tempest and in fight.

This faid, they both in one part of the Cave
To fleep went, where in Love they took delight.

And when the morning was again display'd ulysses cloath'd himself with Cloak and Coat.

The Nymph her self in a great Robe array'd Of dainty stuff with Gold over wrought,

Which on her loins a golden Girdle ty'd, And cover'd with a golden Scarf her head.

And how ulyffes o'er the Sea so wide
Should safely pass, she there considered.
Then puts a Plainer and an Axe in's hand

Two-edged, with a Haft of Olive-tree,

Then

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Then shew'd him where the greatest Trees did stand;
And all the way before him walked she.

And when they were arrived at the Wood,

Beeches they find, Poplars, and Fir-trees high

Already dry, that lie light on the Flood, calypso to her Cavern back did hie.

Mean while ulyffestwenty Trees brought low,

And hewed them, and plain'd them skilfully, And laid them on the ground all in a row,

At corners square, and of one length they lie.

And then with Wimbles back Calypso came.

Then pierced them, and fet them one to one, And with strong joynts and nails fast bound the same.

And by the time that all this he had done,

As a good ship, as broad it was and long.

Then for his Decks he placed stoops upright

On every fide, and many to be firong;

And laid upon them Planks at equal height.

Then made his Maft, and fet it up on end, His Rudder, and a place to fit and guide,

And laid on boughs from waves it to defend,
And all his Cordage made of good Cow-hide.

And then with Levers fer his Raft affoat.

Four days in making of the Raft he speat.

When he had done, and all his work had wrought, Upon the fifth the Nymph away him fent.

But first she barh'd him, and with cloths array'd Fine and perfum'd. Then wine of pleasant tast

One Goat-skin full upon the Raft the laid,

And one of water, greater, by it plac'd.

And sweet-meats, and good flesh of ev'ry kind.

And after ho his Sails had hoift and spread, She fill'd them with a warm and chearful wind.

Then he aftern fate down and governed.

And on Bootes look'd and Plesades,

And on the Bear, which people call the Wain,

Which dogs Orion rifing from the Seas.

But the her felf ne'er dives into the Main. This Bear the bad him leave on the left hand.

Then seventeen days he fail'd, on th'eighteenth day

He came in fight of the Pheacian Land, In that part where it nearest to him lay, Which looked as 'twere upon the Sea askin. But now by Neptane, who returning was,

ulyffes Raft from Solymi, was feen.

For o'er those Mountains Neptune was to pass. Who wounded at the fight, with anger keen, Thus said unto himself, What, what, I find

While I in Ethiopia have been

The Gods about this man have chang'd their mind.

The Isle Phaacia is near at hand;

In which he destin'd is himself to save.

But yet, I think, before he be on Land

He struggle shall with many a lusty Wave.

Then with his trident he the Sea enraged, And made a night of Clouds the Sea upon,

And 'gainst ulysses all the Winds engaged,

And from their Quarters they came out each one; Eurus, and Notus, Zephyr, Boreas,

Each one a mighty wave against him roll'd.

And then ulysses heart near broken was,

And with himself, himself he thus condol'd.

Ay me, what will become of me at last?

I sear the Nymph Calypso all this knew,

Who told me then that as I homeward past
I should meet danger. Now I find it true,

With what thick Clouds Fove cover'd has the sky!
In what a Tumult is the Sea! And how

On ev'ry fide the Winds the Water ply
And ftorm! My death (I sec) is certain now.

Thrice, four times (Argives) happy were you, who For Agamemnon's fake were flain. Would I

At Troy in Battle my life loft had too, I'th'show'r of Spears about Achilles Body:

Then had I had a noble Funeral,

And great among the Greeks had been my Fame. But now a wretched death will me befal.

For ever will unheard of be my name.

This said he dash'd was 'gainst a point of Land, Which with great sorce whirl'd the Rast about.

And

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And then the Rudder flew out of his hand; And he into the water was cast out.

Of divers Winds then follow'd one great blaft, And Sail and Tackle o'er-board far off bears,

And in the middle breaks in two the Mast, While he was in the Sea o'er head and ears:

At last he raised his head above the pickle
(His heavy Cloths a while had hindred him)

Then from his hair into his mouth did trickle
The brine, which he spits out, and falls to swim.

And when he had his Raft recovered,

And plac'd himself i'th'midft; then both together

The wind uncertainly them carried

From place to place, now hither and now thither, Just as the wind in Harvest blows Pease-straw

Upon the plain field whilft it holds together;

Soon the Sea without a certain Law ulyffes Raft was driven by the weather.

In this diffress by Ine he was feen,

A Sea-nymph and Immortal she was then, Though Woman (Cadmus Daughter) she had been,

And now in figure of a Water-hen, She fat upon the Raft and to him spake:

What meaneth Neptune that he hates you so?
Do what he can your life he shall not take;

Do what I bid you. Off your Garments throw,

And quit the Raft. And to Pheacia

Swim with your hands. And there you shall find For so it is ordained by fatal Law. (rest.

Here take this Scarf: Apply it to your breaft,
And fear not death. But when you come to Land

Throw't in the Sea as far off as you can. Then turn. This faid, she put it in his hand,

And diving there alone she left the man.

Wiffes grieving to himself then says.

What is it now I am advis d unto!

Ay me! Some other God now me betrays

For fince my refuge is so near at hand, Such Counsel I will not too soon obey? But do what does with greatest reason stand. Upon my Rast I mean so long to stay

As it shall hold together and be one.

But when the wind has broken it in pieces I'll fwim; fince better counsel I have none.

While with himself consulting was uly ses, Neptune with wind the water sets upright

Into a high and formidable wave.

And threw it on the Raft with all his might, Which all the parts thereof afunder drave.

Just as the wind scatters a cock of hay, So scatter'd was ulysses Rast of Trees.

Whilst he on one of them astride did stay, And of his Garments there himself he frees.

Then Ino's Scarf applies he to his breaft, And on the troubled Sea himself he laid

With open arms. To swim he now thought best,
Which Neptune seeing, thus unto him said,

Go wander now upon the Sea in woe,

And do not make account that this is all.

This faid, away to Age did he go,

Where many men that need him, on him call.
When he was gone Pallas the Winds did lay

All but a lufty gale of Boreas,

And broke the waves before him all the way, That to Phaacia he might fafely pass.

Two nights and days perpetual he (wam,

And was of drowning all the while afraid. But when the morning of the third day came, The air was calm, and all the winds allay'd.

And now unto the Isle he was so nigh,

That from a high Wave he could fee the shore.

And glad he was. As when about to die Li'n has a man long time by fickness fore,

Is by the Gods recover'd suddenly, Glad are his Children; so ulyffes was

To see the so-much wish'd-for Land so nigh,
And thither made what hast he could to pass.

When he has gotten so near to the shore, That one might hear another when he calls,

Tom

Torn by the Rocks he heard the water rore.

(Loud is the Sea when on hard Rocks it falls.)

There neither Haven was nor place to land,

But upright Banks and Cliffs, and brows of ftone.

And every where too deep it was to fland.

And now again quite was his courage gone, And speaking to himself he said, Ay me,

This is the Island. Jove has brought me to't,

That what must help me only I might see.
But not upon it ever set my foot.

There is no landing here. Rocks high and steep,
And unaccessible are all about.

The Sea below fo rugged is and deep,

That from it there will be no getting out.

If I should try, some mighty wave, I fear,
Against some rugged Rock 'cwill carry me,

And make me find but woful landing there Amongst so many sharp stones as there be.

But if I swim along the Coast to find

Some Port or Beach though flormy to land on,

Ifcar I shall again by some great wind

Far off from shore into the Sea be blown;
And there by some great fish devoured be
(For many such are fed by Amphitrite)

Which Neptune may command to (wallow me, For well Iam acquainted with his spite.

While he thus doubted, came a mighty Wave

That cast him to the Bank amongst sharp stones.

But for the Counsel Pallas to him gave,

He torn his skin and broken had his bones.

A Rocher with his arms he then imbrac't And held it till the Wave roll'd back again;

And thought the danger of it now was past,

But then the same Wave bore him to the Main.

As looks a Polypus when he is dragg'd

From out his hole, fluck full of stone and fands;

So, when ulyffes left his hold, were shag'd With broken skin all over both his hands.

And now, had not Athena giv'n him wit He perisht had. For up his head he puts

Above

Above the briny Sea, and having spir, He with his fire ched arms the water cuts, And swam along the shore; but kept his eye

Continually upon the Land, to see If any landing place he could espy.

At last before a Rivers mouth came he;
And knew it was a Rivers Mouth. For there
Within the Land smooth water might be seen,
And 'twixt the Rocks a pause there did appear,

And here ulysses thought fit to go in .

And in his mind unto the River spake:

Hear me, O King, from Neptune's rage I fly,

And of a man diffress'd some pity take,

That at your Knee and stream here prostrate lie.
Th'Immortal Gods their Suppliants respect,

When they before them humbly lay their want : What ere your name be, do not me neglect

That am afflicted, and your Suppliant.

This faid, the fiream flood fill and fav'd the man.

But weary were his knees and arms. And brine

Abundance from his Mouth and Nostrils ran.

And all his body swell'd was. And in fine

Speechless and breathless was he like one dead, But when he came unto himself again

The Scarf he to the Stream delivered.
Which carried it again into the Main.

And Ine took it then into her hand.

Then on a Bulrush-bed himself he laid, And glad he had escaped, kift the Land.

But fearing still unto himself he said, Ay me, what will become of me at length! For in the River if I spend the night,

So much already wasted is my strength, With frost and dew I shall be killed quite.

If up the Hill I go into the Wood,

And in some Thicket there lie warm and sleep,

I fear 1 shall for Beasts and Fowls be food.

And last concludes into some Wood to creep.

A Wood there was unto the River nigh; Two Thickets in it were; of Olive one,

The

1

The other was of Phylia close by.

So twin'd they were together that nor Sun,

Nor Wind, nor Rain to th'ground could find a way.

Between them of dry leaves a bed made be, And over head and ears there close he lay.

For leaves there were enough for two or three,

To keep them warm although cold weather 'twere

As when a man takes up a brand of fire

In Country-house, few neighbours dwelling near,

To warm himself withal if need require;

So buried in dry leaves ulyffes lay

And then Athena closed up his eyes

With found and gentle fleep to take away
Sad thoughts fuggefted by his mileries.

LIB. VI.

Here flept ulyffes. But Athena went Unto the people of Pheacia, Who once dwelt near a Nation infolent, The great Cyclopfes in Hyperia, And by the odds of ftrength were there oppreft! But by Naufithous transplanted were To Scheria t' at they might live at rest, Who built them houses, and a City there; And fortifi'd the same with strong walls round, And Temples built, and gave them shares of land: But he departed was, and under ground. And now Alcinous had the Command. His house it was the Goddess went unto; And int'a Chamber gay (where lay abed A Godlike Maid afleep) with less ado Than could a gentle wind have entered.

This the Kings Daughter was Nanficaa.

Within the door shut close, on each side one,
Two of her Waiting maids asleep she saw,

And as the Graces fair to look upon.

Then standing at Naussicaa's Beds-head, In form of Dymas Daughter, there she stay'd,

Who of her age was, and most favoured, And to Nausicaa she spake, and said,

Careless Nausicaa, what do you mean, When to your wedding-day you are so near,

To let so many Garments lie unclean?

You would be glad your felf fair cloths to wear,

And give to them that are to lead you out.

For even such things as these procure good same

Amongst the people that dwell round about. Your Parents also take joy in the same,

Come therefore, to the River let's be gone
By break of day; For I will with you go,

And help, that you the sooner May have done.
I'm sure your Wedding is not far off now.

For fought you are in marri'ge by the best

Of all the Town where you were born and bred.

Go early to your Father and request,

You may with Mules and Coach be furnished. That Aprons, Gowns, and Mantles you may bear

Unto the walking place. For far 'tis to't,

And for your person so 'ris comlier Than to be seen to go so far on foot,

This faid, the Goddels up to heaven went, Where is the dwelling of the Gods in blifs.

A pure and undecaying Firmament

Which by no wind moved or shaken is, Nor wet nor slabber'd is with shower of Rain,

Nor clouded, nor approacht unto by Snow; But bright and shining always doth remain.

Here dwell th'Immortals, and no forrow know-

Thither went Pallas. Then Nauficaa

- Awak'd, and through the house went to relate
Unto her Parents what a Dream she saw.

Her Mother by the fire-fide spinning fate

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With distaff laden with fine purple-wool. Her Father going out, fhe met i'th'Hall, Call'd by the Lords fitting in Councel full. And waiting for him to confult withal. And to him said, Pray Father shall not I Allowed be a Coach your Cloths to bear (Which in the house fulli'd and spooted lie) Unto the River-fide to wash them there? For you your felf when you to Councel go Would gladly have your Garments clean and sweet. Your five Sons, whereof two be wedded now, Would fain with clean cloths at the Dancings meet. So faid Nausicaa. But to her Father Totalk of Wedding fhe forbore for fhame. Yet what fhe thought on he could eas'ly gather, However she dissembled had the same. Dear Child (then faid her Father) you shall have Both Mules and Coach with handsome covering. Unto his Servants then command he gave To fee it done, and out the Coach they bring, And to it fet the Mules. Then came her Mother, And laid in things to eat, of relish fine, And fuch as eaten are with bread, much other; And in a bag of Goat-skin pleasant wine. When in the Coach the Garments all were plac'd Nauficaa went up into her feat, And with her took (when their toil should be past) Acruse of Oyl to help wash off the sweat. Then out, with whip and reins in hand did drive. And then with strained limbs and clatt'ring feet, The Mules foon at the River-fide arrive, And pasture for them there was very sweet. and there the Mules first they unharnessed, Then pusht them off to graze on the Bank-fide. The Cloths in Pits with water covered They tread, and who shall fastest tread, they vi'd. Then on the Beach the Garments wet they spread

Upon the cast-up Pibbles one by one.

Then washed they and dry'd themselves and fed; And lest the Garments dry'ng in the Sun. And after they with food were fatisfi'd, It came into their minds to play at Ball,

And spend the time so till the cloths were dri'd. The tune Nausicaa sung for them all:

As when upon Mount Erymanthus high, Or on Taygetus Stands Artemis,

And many Rural fair Nymphs playing by; But the than all the rest much taller is;

And the wild boars and Harrs delight to fee, But more her Mother Leda to fee her,

For though they fair were all, yet fairer the; So shew'd Nausicaa and her Maidens there.

And when 'twas time that they should homewards go, And that the Cloths into the Coach were laid,

And Mules fet to, Athens thought on how ulyffes should awake and see the Maid, And be conducted by her to the Town.

Nausicaa then throws the Ball and misses;

The Ball unto the River falleth down.

Then shout the Maids. At that awakt uly ses.

And fitting up unto himself he said,

Ay me, where am I now? 'Mongst men unjust, And fuch as of the Gods are not afraid?

Or good and godly men, whom I may truft? But female are the voices which I hear. (high,

Are they some Nymphs that haunt the Mountains Or keep the Meadows green, or waters clear,

Or are they Mortals whom I am fo nigh? But why go I not out my felf and fee?

Then with strong hand he wringed off a bough

With many leaves upon it from a Tree, To cover what became him not to show.

Then as a Lion confident and bold,

Howe'r it blow or rain with fiery eyes Comes from the Mountain to a Herd or Fold,

And on the flock at last his fortune tries; So came uly ffes boldly from the Wood Stark naked, forc'd to't by necessity,

And in the presence of the Maidens stool. The fight was terrible and made them fly.

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Nauficaa fled not, but hid her eyes. off flood ulyffes with himself to weigh Whether to speak from thence was the more wife, Orelfe himfelf before her feet to lay. Tastay there right at last resolved he, Left the should take his coming near her ill-Then faid, O Queen, I beg upon my knee That you with patience hear my Prayer will. You are a Goddels, or of Humane race; If Goddess, you can then no other be Than Artemis Jove's Daughter, in your face Such beauty is; in height such Majesty. If mortal, and of Humane race you be, Thrice happy are your Parents and your Brothers & How glad in the Processions they will see, How much they are more grac'd by you than o-For such a Branch I ne'er saw with my eyes On mortal flock. To fee't I am amazed. But once a Palm at Delus faw arise In the same manner, and long on it gazed. (For that way went I once well followed, Which the first canse was of my trouble sore) And then, as I do now, I wondered, For I had never feen the like before. Tapproach unto your knees I was afraid; Or shew my felf. But such is my Estate, For twenty days upon the Sea I stray'd, And here in storms was thrown ashore by Fate From th'Isle Ogygia last night, and fear Iam to fuffer yet more mifery, and that the Gods will persecute me here. And fince my landing you the first I see, Now pity me, O Queen, and shew me where The City stands. And thide my nakedness Give me some rag if there be any here. And may Jove you with all you wish for bless, A Husband and a House, and Concord good. For man and wife to live in unity Is the great'ft bleffing can be understood. It joys your Friend, and grieves your Enemy.

You feem to be a good man and difereet, But fove on good and bad such fortune lays, Happy or otherwise as he thinks meet.

And fince diffress is fallen to your share,

You must contented be to suffer it. But seeing to this place arrived you are,

You shall have Rayment, and what elfe is fit.

The City I will shew you, and the name The people of this Isle are called by.

Phaacians they are call'd. And I am
Daughter of him that has th'authority,

Alcinous the King. And then she cri'd

Aloud upto the Maids to make them stav.

Aloud unto the Maids to make them flay. Why (faid fhe) run you so away and hide?

D'ye think the man will carry you away? For why, no Enemy can come in hither,

The Gods so with the Sea have wall'd us in. Nor stranger dwells here. But by evil weather

To come to land this man hath forced been.

Let's do him good. From Jove come Beggars all.

And welcome to them is whate'r they get.

Our givings to him will be very small,

Go therefore fet before him Wine and Meat,

And wash him in the River; in such part
As cover'd is from wind. And then they did
(When they had given one another heart)

Set him in such a place as they were bid.

And gave him th'Oyl to scour his skin withal,

And by him a good Cloak and Coat they laid, And then they bad him to his washing fall.

ulyffes answer'd then, and to them said, Stand further off, I pray sair Maids; for I My body naked am asham'd to show.

Then fland they off, and tell their Miftress why.
(For washing he must have put off his bough!)

Then washed he his head and shoulders wide, [brine, And with his hand from's head stroak'd down the

And with the Clothes that laid were by his fide Array'd bimfelf, that comely were and fine.

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Then Pallas to him came, and made him look
Taller and broader then he was before;
And from his Hair the colour gray she took,

And made it like the Hyaciathine flowers
As one by Vulcan or Athena taught

Gold upon Silver skilfully had spread; So Pallas on ulysses beauty wrought,

And graceful Majesty upon his head.

Then faith on the Sands. Nauficaa

Then faid unto her Maidens, Do you hear,
How poor he look'd the first time we him saw.

And now how like a God he does appear.

And by the Gods, it may be, he was fent
To dwell amongst the people of this place.
With such a Husband I could be content

(If he would flay) and think it no difgrace: Go Maids and fet before him Wine and Meat.

Away they went, and did as she them bad. And he fell to, and heartily did eat.

For long before he nothing eaten had.

Then harnefled the Mules and fet them to.

And folded and put up the Garments all.

Nansical went up with Maidens two.

And then unto uly sed did she call.

Rife, Stranger, to the City let us go,
That I may fend you to my Fathers house,

Where all the best Pheacians you'll know.

But hear you (for I think you cautelous.)

Whilst in the Fields the Coach is on the way,

Amongst my Maidens follow it apace. But when you see it near the City, stay.

And that you may well anderstand the place,

A Tow'r there is, you'll see it, for 'tis high.

There 'twixt two Havens is a narrow way,
You'll see it by the Masts, for Ships there lie.

Near it the people meet o'th' Market-day.

And there a Temple fair of Neptune stands,

Offree-stone from the Quarry hewn and sit.

For the Pheacians imploy their hands On Shipping, and no other art but it.

brine,

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For

For Bows and Arrows they care not a pin,
But for such things as serve to pass the Seas.
Ships, Cordage, Oars they take their pleasure in,
And spend their time and labour upon these.

I am afraid these men will censure me,

And fay (for Cenfurers are many here)
This handfome and rall fellow, who is he,

That's with Nausicaa, from God knows where?
Where did she find him? Must be marry her?
From some far Country he is landed here

Wandring by Fortune, or a Traveller.

For fure I am no fuch man dwelleth near.

May be some God from Heav'n descended is,

And to live with her always hither come,

So, then to wed a Stranger better 'tis,

Since the thinks none is good enough at home. For many feek her, and the best men here.

So will they fay, and 'twill be to my shame.

For if another that had done it 'twere,

I should my self condemn her for the same,

For 'tis unfeemly a fair Maid to fee,

That subject is t'her Parents Government,

Convetse with any man, unless she be First married, or their Parents give consent.

And therefore, Stranger, If you mean to be Convoyed by my Father to your home,

Do as I tell you. Near the way you'll fee

A Grove of Poplars. When you thither come You'll find my Father's Vineyard, from the Town As far as one that Holla's heard can be,

And when you thither come, there fit you down Till at my Fathers house you think are we.

Then to the City go; ask where does dwell

Alcinous. For you shall meet with none,

Though but a Child, but can inform you well:
So well his house is known to every one.

And there go in, and on, until you find

My Mother. Whom you'll by the fire fide fee Spinning; and Maids at the same work beh n.1 The Pillar under which fits working the. My Fathers Chair by the same Pillar stands; Where, when he drinketh, like a God he is. Pass by it to my Mother, and your hands, If you mean to gethome, lay on her knees. If once her favour you can but obtain, You need not fear, but you your friends shall see, And to your house and Country come again. This faid, her Whip upon the Mules laid she. The Mules flart swiftly from the River fide, For nimble was the motion of their feet. But the for those who went afoot, did guide The swiftness of their pace as she thought meet. When they were come t'Athena's facred Grove, The Sun went down; and there uly fes staid And to the Goddels, Daughter of great fove, That he might good reception find, he pray'd. Hear me Jove's Virgin Daughter, hear me nows. Since still you did refuse to help me then, When Negtune Sought at Sea my overthrow. Grant that I may be welcome to these men. Thus pray'd he, and was by Athena heard, Though to him face to face she would not come,

LIB. VII.

That ne'er forgave him till he was at home.

But of her Unkle Neptune was afear'd

Whilst there he pray'd, Nansicaa went on,
And staid her Coach the utter gate without,
And like to Gods her Brothers came each one,
From out the house, and her stood round about.
The Mules they freed th'apparel they took in.
Nansicaa streight to her Chamber went;

My

Eurymedusa made a fire therein;
Who ta'ne by Rovers on the Continent

Was given to the King Alcinous,

That like a God was honour'd by the Nation]

Of the Pheacians at home. And thus She of Nausicaa had the education.

A fire the made her, and her Supper brought.

ulysses then into the City went.

Pallas of air had made him such a Coat, As he could not be seen; lest insolent

And stordy Towns-men should him mock and jear, Or ask him Questions, who, what, or why.

But when he was unto the Gate come near, Pallas appeared to him openly,

Like a young Maid with Pail upon her head.

telysses then spake to her, and said thus:

Sweet pretty Girl, will you be pleas'd to lead Me to the house of King Alcinous?

For I a Stranger come and no man know, Nor ever in my life was here before.

Yes (then faid Pallas) I will-you it show,
For 'tis the next unto my Fathers door.
Go (offly thus, and I will lead the way.

Go foftly, thus, and I will lead the way, For our folk strangers do not well indure. But in good Ships their honour wholly lay,

And the wide Sea to pass themselves enure. For Neptune given to them has this gift,

That their good ships fly like to thought or wind.

This faid, the Goddess led with motion swift;
And on her steps he creading went behind.
And through the people so he past unseen.

For why, the Godde's Pallas, for good will,

A wondrous mist of Air had wrapt him in.

Then looking at the house he there stood still.

The Havens and the ships he wondred at; The Market-place, and Walls so thick and high.

Then Pallas said, Alcinous house is that.

There sup the King and Queen now merrily.

Though you a stranger be, sear not, go in;

The bold than searful always better speed.

And

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All

And first of all the House you'll find the Queen. Arete is her name. Both from one feed

Descended are she and Alcinous,

In Peribaca Child of Eurimedon.

The God o'th' Seas begot Nausithous

Who two Sons had; Alcinous was one. The other was Rexenor, who no Son

But one fair Daughter only left behind.

Arete was her name. Besides her none. Alcinous and she in Wedlock joyn'd.

And he to her fo much respect doth bear,

As no man living to a wife bears more. And honour'd is by all her Children dear.

The People like a Goddess her adore,

And blefs her when the comes into the ftreet. And loving to them all is also she.

For a wife woman is the and different,

When they fall out the makes them to agree.

If you her favour can but once obtain,

You need not fear but you your friends shall fee,

And fafely to your Country come again.

And when the this had faid, away went the

O'er Sea, to Marathon in Attica

T' Erectbeus house. And he now was to enter Into the House. But long he laid the Law

Unto himself before he would adventure.

Entring he faw the Walls lin'd round with brass. And fring'd about with colour of the sky :

The door within golden all over was,

And all appear'd like Heaven to the eye.

The Door-posts Silver glorious to behold,

The Lintle-tree upon them filver too. The Sill was brais, the Ring to pull it, Gold.

And by the Door great Dogs were standing two :

Offilver one, the other was of Gold,

As watch before the Royal Gate to flay,

Immortal Dogs that never can grow old. And round about them all, Thrones every way,

All cover'd with a dainty Stuff and fine,

The work of Womens hands, There us'd to eat

E.4.

The

The Kings and Lords, and drink and make good chea, His Riches was a never-dying. Teat.

About the Altar were fet Boys of Gold,

That to the Guests, assoon as it was night, With burning Torches they the Light might hold, For now the San had born away his light.

Fifty Maid-servants were at work within,

Some at the Mill were grinding wheat for bread, And others with their Distaves sate to spin,

And others Cloth were weaving with the thread.

Like to the leaves of a high Afpen-tree

Their fingers went. So much they did excel In all the works, that taught by Pallas be,

The Women that in other places dwell;

As do these men all other men surpass
In all things that belong to Navigation.
For Wit and Art more Pallas given has

To them, than Women of another Nation.

Close by the House a dainty Orchard is

Four-square and senc'd with hedge and pail about,

Of Pear, Pomegranate, Apple, Olive-trees, And Fig-trees For the season ne'er goes out

Summer nor Winter, for by Zephyrs some Are made put forth, and others ripened;

Pears after Pears, apples to apples come; Grapes are by Grapes, Figs by figs followed.

And in it was the Vineyard of the King.

Grapes in some places by the Sun were dry'd,

In others staid till Vintage ripening.

Upon some Vines no flower yet was spy'd.
And Grapes on some to blacken now began.

And through it from two Springs the water ran, And to, and fro the one did winding glide.

The other to the house his stream did bear, And under ground was to the Town convey'd,

And role a Fountain for the people there.

And when ulyffes had all this furvey'd,

Then went he in, and found them in the Hall Sitting at supper, and to Mercury

There

Thereoffring up of Wine. Which laft of all At Bed-time men do offer ufually.

And on he went up to the King and Queen, And both his hands upon her knee did lay."

Pallas had kept him in the Mift unfeen.

But thither come the Mift streight fell away. Amaz'd they were when first they saw the man.

And like to men that had been stricken dumber

Wyffes then t' Arete thus began.

O Queen Arite, to your knee I come, And to the King and those that with you fit.

May the Gods grant you all much happineis, Long life, and your Possessions to transinit

T'your Children, and your Honours still posses;

And may you me fend prefently away

Unto my House. Long absent I have been. This faid, he fat down by the fire. And they

Said nothing, such amazement they were in: .

At last old Echineus spake, that knew

Both what in former times and now was fit.

O King Alcinous is't good think you

To let the ftranger in the Alhes fit ? We filent fat to fee what was your will.

Pray make him rife, and to a Chair him bring.

And bid the Squire to temper wine and fill,

That we to Fove may make our Offering. Who with poor Strangers keepeth company.

And bid the Maid before him fet fuch meat

As the within has in her custody.

This faid, Alcinous role from his feat, T'ulysses went, and took him by the hand,

And to a Chair him led where fat his Son :

Laodamas, to whom he gave Command

To give him place, although he loved none

So dearly as he lov'd Landamas.

Who next unto him used to fit at meat. Then by a Maid brought in a Bason was

And Ewer of Gold, to wash ere he did ear.

Another Maid before him laid Bread, And other good things on his Table laid,

E. 5

And

And heartily thereon uly fies fed.

Alcinous then to the Squire said,

Temper the Wine, Pontonous, that we
Wine Offering to Fove may offer up.

Wine Offering to Jove may offer up, In whose protection all Suppliants be,

And round about presented be the Cup.
Then went about the Wine from one to one.

And when the Sacred Offering was over, Then said Alcinous, Since we have done,

Let's go to bed, and foon as we discover

And make unto the Gods a Sacrifice,

And this our Stranger farther entertain, And how to fend him to his house advise,

That fafely he may go, and joyfully,

And fwiftly to the place where he would be;

How far soever hence his dwelling lie, Nor on the Sea delay or trouble see Until his native Country he be at.

But what his Fare is after he is there, Be't good or evil he must suffer that.

But if it be some God that sitteth here, 'Tis only our Devotion t'approve.

For to that end Gods let themselves be spy'd, To sit with men at Holy Feasts they love,

And not themselves in Caves like Giants hide.

To this ulyffes faid, O King, lay by

That thought of yours. With Gods I'll not compare For Body or for mind. Of Mifery

If man can boaft, to boaft 'mong them I dare.

For I more Tokens can produce of Woe

Than any man that shall with me contend, Though all I tell not that I can. Yet so

I fain would of my Supper make an end.
No Creature is to fierce as is the Gut,
And to loud barketh when it is forgot.

That out of mind is never can be put,
But will be heard whether one will or not.

So 'cis with me that am afflicted fore, Yet fill my Belly bids me eat and drink,

And

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And forget all I had endur'd before; And on my misery no more to think. And fo, fince now I hunger to go home, Forget not with a ship, me to supply To morrow. For were I once thither come I could be well contented there to die. When this was faid, he was by all-commended. He speaks discreetly, let him then, said they, A speedy conduct have. When all was ended, The rest unto their Houses went away. Only ulyffes staid, and by him fate The King and Queen. Tables removed were, And all that to the Supper did relate. wear The Queen then mark'd what Garments he did And that the and her Maids had made them, knew. Stranger, faid she, Who are you? Whence; & more. The Garments you have on, of whom had you? Had you them on then when you came ashore? Grievous (said he) O Queen is your Command, That calls again (when past ic is) my pain. Yet will I answer make to his demand. An Island lieth far hence in the Main. Ogygia'tis call'd. Calypso there The Daughter fair of Atlas lives alone, Nor God nor man the has to dwell with her; And I by Fate upon that Ifle was thrown. For Jove my good Ship had with Thunder Split ; My Fellows in the Sea all perished. But I the Rudder had, and held byir. And thus nine days and nights I wandered, And thrown was on that Iffe the tenth at nights. Calypso there received me and fed; And Immortality have had I might,

If Liad with her there inhabited.
But I to that would never give confent.
Yet there by force I flayed feven years,
(For want of Ship and Men) in discontent
Washing the Cloths she gave me with my tears.
The eighth year come, she did my going press.

Whether by Jove's command I cannot say,

Or whether 'twere because she loved me less'
Then on a Rast of Trees I came away.

President and speed William when the Dock the laid.

Bread and sweet Wine upon the Deck she laid,

And Garments gave me fair, and a good Wind.

And good for seventeen days the weather staid.

On th'eighteenth near your Coast my self I find.

And glad I was, though ftill unfortunate.

For more Iswas to suffer by and by.
For Neptune rais'd against me in his hate,

A Storm of Winds with furious Waves and high:

And then I forced was the Raft to quit.

The Trees afunder floated here and there,

The S:orm so broken had and scatter'd it.

Then swam I. 'Gainst the Rocks the Waves me bear.

And falling off, they cast me back again.

Again I fwam, and to the River came.

And there I faw the landing (mooth and plain.

And from the Wind defended was the fame.

There landed I half dead, and now 'twas night.

Then up I went and in a Thicket lay

Cover'd with leaves abundance dry and light,

and slept till almost spent was the next day,

For then the Sun was setting. There I hear
The voice of Women playing by the Brook.
And going out I faw your Daughter there,

That like a Goddess come from heav'n did look.

To her I made my Pray'r in this diffress.
Wisely she answer'd and beyond her age
(For th'younger commonly consider less)

And gave me food my hunger to affwage,

Of her I had the Garments I have on, Nay Stranger (answered Alcinous)

'Twas in my Child an indiscretion,

That fhe not brought you with her to my house.

To this ulyffes answered and said,

'Twas not her fault we came not both together.

She bid me, I would not, but was afraid

What you and they would think that faw me with For jealous and mistrustiul mortal she, (her,:

To this again Alcinous reply'd,

Frem

From such ill thoughts I always have been free.

O Jove, and Pallas make you here abide.

Such are you, and our thoughts so well agree,

Ther you Newford should have for Bride.

That you Nausicaa should have for Bride, If you would with me live here willingly,

And for your house and wealth I would provide.

But 'gainst your will I will not make you stay. (From such iniquity the Gods me keep)

To morrow shall be ready your Convey,

And till then go you to your bed and sleep.

And here be men, that when the Wind Mall fail,

Gan row you on how far foe'er, you'll go. Their hands can do as much as any Sail,

Although beyond Eubaa they must row.

For farther no Pheacian ever went.

But thither once they carried Rhoadamant,

Of Tityus to fee the punishment,

Son of the Earth that terrible-Giant, Yet that long Voyage cost them but a day

Going and coming all the way at ease. But you your self, when you are on the way,

Will see how stou:ly our men plough the Seas. This said, ulysses joyful was, and pray'd,

Make all this good O Father Fove (faid he)
The Glory of the King will be display'd.

And quickly in my Country I shall be.

Whilst they together thus discoursing staid, ... Arete bad the Maids to make his bed,

And see fair purple Rugs upon it laid,

· And under them (oft woolly Blankets spred.

Then went away the Maids into the Porch, And made his Bed, and foon came back ageny.

And stood before uly fes with a Torch.

Come Stranger, faid they, all is ready. Then

ulysses to his bed went willingly.

Aloinous in a room lay far within,

Where formerly he used was to lie,

That was prepared for him by the Queen.

LIB. VIII.

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Lamenting

C Oon as Aurora was again espi'd, The King Alcinous rose from his bed. Up role ulysses and came to his fide, And to the Publick-place the King him led, To fit in Councel with his Princes there, And being there they fat together nigh. Pallas the while that did great favour bear, T'ulysses welfare always had an eye, In likeness of Alcinous his Squire (Who by his Office did the Councel call) Their favour for ulyffes to acquire, Went through the Streets, and there unto them all Said one by one, Make hafte. To Councel go. A Stranger new-come to the King you'll fee That like a God Immortal is in show. This faid, unto the Councel house they flee. And filled was the House, and ev'ry Sear, And of his person all admir'd the Grace. For Pallas made him had more tall and great, -And laid more Majesty upon his face. To make him welcome to those men she meant, And gain him honour at their Exercises When they should put him to experiment. Alcinous unto them then arises. Hear, faid he, Princes of Pheacia, This man (who 'tis, or whence, I cannot fay, Cast here ashore) till then I never saw. Since 'tis our Cuftom, grant him a Convoy. For no man yet unto my house did come By force of weather wandring on the Main,

Lamenting and defiring to go home, That can affirm he fought our help in vain-

Come then, let's launch a good-new Ship, and chuse Out two and fifty lufty Youths to row.

And let them ready have their Oars to use,

And to my house, when that's done, let them go.

And you the Princes thicher come with me, That we may well the stranger entertain.

And let the Singer too fent thither be,

To give us sometimes of his Art a Strain.

This faid, the Princes to his hou'e he led.

The Squire unto the house the Singer sent.

The fifty two as they were ordered

Down to the Haven where the ship lay went.

The Ship they launch, and up they fet the Mast;
And then the Yards and Sails they hoised high;

Their Oars, where they be placed should, they plac'd,
This done they let her in the Water lie.

Then also to the house went these men up,

The Porches, Court, and Rooms with men were fill'd Some old, some young. The King to make them sup,

Two Kine, eight Swine & twice fix fat Sheep kill'd. These fley'd and dress'd, and to the Tables brought.

Came in the Singer, whom the Museskind Had taught to fing divinely. But, could not

Or would not him preferve from being blind.

Pontonous the Squire then led him in,

And fet him by a Pillar in the Hall, And hung his Fiddle o'er him on a Pin,

And how to reach it shewed him withat.

Sets him a Table and a Basket by,

And a great Bowl of Wine before him plac'd

To drink as of en as he should be dry.

And when their thirst and hunger was displac'd

The Singer fung the Song in most request,

How once u'y ses and Achilles great Inhigh and bitter language did conrest

When at a Sacred Feaft they fate at Meat.

And how King Agamemnon pleased was,

ng

To fee the two best of the Greeks fall out.

For Phabus told him so'twould come to pass.

When he at Pythos asked him about
The Issue of the fleet design'd for Troy.

This Song Demodosus fung to them then;

Which to ulyffes was of little joy ;

But he his tears to hide before those men Before his eyes his Cloak of purple drew,

And when the finger ceas'd his eyes he dri'd, And from before his face his Cloak withdrew.

And of the Wine perform'd the Sacrifice.

And when the Lords call'd for the Song anew, (Eor they to hear him took no small delight)

His Cloak again before his eyes he drew, And as before, again he fob'd and figh'd.

Aleinous, none else, observed it,

And well enough could hear him figh and groan;

For he the nearest there did to him fit,

And would not to the Princes make it known

But speaking to them said only this,

Since you with feasting are well satisfi'd, And Musick (which to Feasts annexed is) Let now our mens activity be try'd,

That when the Stranger is where he doth dwell, He to his Friends and Countrymen may tell,

How much we do all other men excel

At wreftling, Buffets, Leaping, Running well.
Then went the King and Princes out adoor;

The Squire then took the Singer by the hand,

And hung the Fiddle where it hung before.

And him led out amongst the rest to stand.

Unto the place they went; and follow'd were

By people numberless the sport to see.

And many lufty Youths amongst them there, Stood out to shew their great ability.

Our flood Elatreus and Acroneus,

Eretmeus, Thoon, Nautes, and Prymneus, Ambasineus and Amphialas,

Proteus, and Ponteus, and Anchialus,

Ocyalus, warlike Euryalus,

And he that of them most their eye did please.

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(Except the first Son of Alcinous) For Countenance and Shape, Naubolides. And then Alcinous his three Sons rife, Laodamas. Halius, Clitoneus.

And first they all contended for the Prize. Of who at Running could his Feet best use.

Then flart they all at once, and swiftly run As if they flew. And here the Victory

The Kings Son Noble Clytoneus won. And paft them all a Lands length very nigh.

Eurvalus at Wreftling was the beft. Amphialus at leaping Victor was.

Elatreus surpassed all the rest

To throw the Stone. At Cuffs Landamas,

When all was done Landamas up flood.

Come Friends, faid he, let us the Stranger try If he at any of these Games be good;

For in his person no defect I spy.

His Thighs, his Knees, his Arms, his Neck are ftrong.

Nor over-aged, yet he feems to me. Only he hath endured the Sea fo long,

As for that cause he may excused be. For than the Sea nothing more potent is

To break a man how firong foe'er he be,

Go, sald Euryalus, 'tis not amis T'invite him to it, and his mind to fee,

Then to ulyffes faid . Laodamas,

Come Stranger, Father, Pray, your vertue flow.

'Tis no dishonour for you in this place

To shew your skill at any Game you know, As long as Feet and Hands continue ftrong. Come try, and cast your careful thoughts away,

Your Convoy ready is, 'Twill not be long Before you shall be set upon your way.

Landamas (then faid ulyffes) why

To these your Games invite you me in scorn,

Upon whose heart so many sorrows lie,

And am to nothing with much hardship worn, and publickly a Suppliant now fit,

And to the King and People grief profes?

Think

Think you that Pastimes for such men are fit. As from their Country wander in diffress? Then spake Euryalus, uncivilly,

No, no, faid he, I do not think you are

Much us'd to Pastimes of activity,

But rather one that of a ship takes care,

That Merchant men from place to place conveys, And mindful of your Fraught are, and can tell Which are to sudden wealth the nearest ways,

What Merchandise will not, and what will tell, And in such boisterous Games has little skill.

ulysses frowning on him then reply'd,

My friend, such words are indiscreet and ill. The Gods their Gifts as they think fit divide.

To one, of Beauty they deny the grace,

But give him Language steddy and discreet, Whereby he honour'd is i'th'Publick Place,

And men gaze on him going in the ffreet. T'another they have giv'n a fair aipect;

Like that o'th'Gods, but have deny'd him wit.

So find I in your person no defect,

Only you want the grace to fay what's fir. Your words have put me into paffion.

In these your Games you say no skill have I. I thought my felf inferiour to none

Whilst on my Youth and hands I could rely. But tamed now my ftrength is with much woe Wandring at Sea and often hurt in fight.

Yet of your Games I'll make a trial, fo

Weak as I am. So much your words me bite,

This said, he took up a much greater stone Than that which the Pheacians had flung, Nor hollow as a Coyr, his Cloak still on,

And when above his head he had it fwung, Swiftly away the Stone flew with a hum,

Which made the brave Pheacian Seamen couch,

As o'er their heads they heard it finging come, And outwent all the other marks by much

For Pallas in the likeness of a man Did fer a mark at where the stone did light,

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And faid the difference be discerned can

By feeling, though a man had loft his fight.

And to ulyffes faid he. Do not fear

That any man i'ch' Town shall out-throw this.

ulyffes very glad was this to hear,

And that amongst them stood one friend of his.

Then of himself began to speak more high.

Come Youths throw first as far as I have done,

And then as far or further throw will I.

And for the other Games come any one Since your sharp words provok'd me have thereto.

Buffers, or Wreftling, or to ran the Race,

And see if you at these can me out-do,

Any of you except Laodanas.

For I to him am come as to a Friend

Of whom I hope for fuccour in my need. Hewere a fool that with him would contend

Without whose help his business cannot speed.

But of the rest not any I refuse;

And will contend with them for Maftery.

For I know all the Games the best men use.

To use the Bow none abler is than I. When many of us had a mind to kill

Some noted Foe, and all at once did shoot,

Though every one of us had the same will,

My Arrow was the first that found him out.

At Hium in cryals of the Bow

None found I better than my felf but one.

Twas Polycletes. Of those that are now

I think my felf inferiour to none.

With those of former time I'll not compare,

As Hercules, or Eurytus that durst

Challenge Apollo. Apollo took a care

That Prize should not be plaid, and kill'd him first.

As far as other men can shoot an Arrow,

80 far I able am to dart a Spear,

But lodging I have had at Sea so narrow
That I may be out-run by some man here.

So faid ulyffes; and all filent fat

Except the King, who thus unto him faid,

Stranger

Stranger, there's no man here offended at
The words you say. For open you have laid
Your Vertue, when you were thereto constrain'd
By the unjust reproaches of this man.

For such it is as by none can be stain'd, But those that nothing say discreetly can. And hear me farther what I have to say,

That t'other Hero's you the same may tell, Who with you and your Wise shall seasting stay, In what from other men we bear the bell.

For Cuffs and Wreftling, not much praise we merk, But our good Ships and Feet are wondrous swift, And these Gifts from our Fathers we inherit.

Dance, Song, Feafts, Biddle, and of Garments skift.

And Baths, and Beds. Dance you that dance the best

Before the Stranger, that his friends among

He may fay how much we exceed the reft

Of men, in ships, in Running, Dance, and Song. Fetch out the Fiddle. Then the Squire went in

To fetch the Fiddle. And the Judges rife, In number sine, who had elected been

By publick vote, of Games to hold affize.

And order took for large room in the middle,

And made it to be plained well and even.

When this was done, then brought out was the Fiddle,
And by the Squire was to the Singer given.

Then came the youngmen that had learnt to dance,
And of their age were yet but in the flower,

And to the middeft of the place advance.

Their Feet play up and down like drops in showing

Such sparkling seet tely see ne'er had seen.

The Singer as he play'd sung the Song

Of Mars and Venus, and what love had been.

And how in Vulcan's house they us'd to meer; And what he gave her; how the prying Sun

As they imbrac'd each other chanc'd to fee't, And told her Husband Vulcan what was done.

How Vulcan to his Forge in anger went, And on his anvil hammer'd out strong Chains,

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which neither could be broken, nor refent. And when he made an end had of his pains, Into the Chamber went where flood his Bed. His Net o'th'Bed-posts, and the Beams he threw Like Spider-webs about a Chamber spread; And then to go to Lemnos made a shew. So subtile were the Chains and finely wrought, They could by none, although a God, be feen. How Mars to watch his going failed nor. When Vulcan was gone out, then Mars went in. How Venus entred in new come from fove, And by him fate. Mars took her by the hand,

And to her faid, Let's go to bed, my love. Pulcan is now at Lemnos gone a land. And how they went to bed and made the Net Fall down upon, and hold them as they lay. And how they knew no way from thence to get, But must till Vulcan came to free them stay.

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How Vulcan from hard by came quickly in. For back he came before he was half way! For by the Sun advertiz'd he had been.

And angerly turn'd back without delay; And roaring to the Gods, he faid, D'ye fee What work is here, and how unfeemly 'cis? and how fove's Daughter does dishonour me

Because my Limbs are maim'd, and whole are his? I grant he's fair, nor doth as I do hault.

Ought the to love him therefore more than me? For that my Parents is, and not my fault.

But come ye Gods all, and their posture see. Thate the fight, yet they must not therefore Hope e'er the sooner for that, to be free. The Net will fuffer them to move no more, How keen foever on their love they be. And till her Father shall the Dow'r repay Which for the Girl although incontinent.

Ipiid him down, 'cause fair she was and gay, There they shall lie. This said, the Gods ffreight To Vulcan's house. Neptune and Mercury,

And with them with his Silver Bow, Apollo,

And

And many others. But (for modefly)

No Goddess could perswaded be to follow.

Asson as they perceived had the craft,

Which standing in the door they had survey'd.

At first aloud they altogether laught.

And by and by to one another faid,

I fee that evil works do ill succeed.

The flow has gotten of the swift the better, Vulcan of Mars the God of greatest speed,

And that by Arts which make his Ransome greats

And how Apollo did the Question put To Mercury, if he content would be

In such strong Chains with Venus to be shut,
While all the Gods are standing by and see?

How Hermes said, O Phabus, that I were In Mars his place, and did with Venus lie,

And thrice as many Chains about us there,
Though all the Gods and Goddesses Rood by,

And how the Gods at this laught out again,
Save Neptune only, who did never cease
Timportune Vulcan and his wrath restrain.

And that he would the God of War release; And that himself would pay him what was due

If Mars did not. How, Vulcan faid agen, If Mars should fly, shall I imprison you?

Unfure the Suretiship is of fled men.
And that again Neptune replying said,

Though Mars should run away, yet I will not,

And how that Vulcan at the last obey'd, And Mars and Venus out of Prison got,

And he to Thrace went, but to Cyprus she; Where she a Temple and an Altar had,

And by the Graces that her Servants be
Bath'd and anointed was and Godlike clad.
These of the merry Song were the Conserva

These of the merry Song were the Contents.

##sffes was well pleased with the same.

And of the rest delighted was the Sense.

*Alcinous then called out by name

Landamas and Halius to dance.

None else for either of them was a match.

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And they into the midff themselves advance; The one to throw a Ball, th'other to catch.

One threw's up high reclining on his hip;

The other of the same the downfal watch'd, And taking from the ground a lusty skip,

His feet above ground, in the air it catch'd. When this was done, they laid afide the Ball,

And dane'd with often changes on the ground,

Applauded much by the Spectators all,

Who with their praises made the place resound.

O King (then faid ulyffes) what you faid

Of how your men pass all the world beside In Noble Dance, can never be gainsaid.

I fee it to my wonder justifi'd.

The King well pleased to the Princes spake:
A worthy man the stranger seems to me;

Let's think upon what Present him to make.

Twelve Princes in Pheacia there be,

And I the thirteenth am Let's every one Bestow on him a handsome Cloak and Coat,

Besides a Talent of pure Gold. That done,

Let it be all together to him brought, That he at Supper may fit chearfully.

And you Euryalus go speak him fair.

For what you faid before was injury.

Go therefore with some Gift your fault repair.
This said to setch the Gifts they sent the Squire.

Then faid Euryalus, O King, fince 'cis,

That also I present him, your desire;

I will for reconcilement give him this

My Sword, with Scabbard all of Ivory,

And filver Hilt. The Present is not poor.
And giving it, O Father though (said he)

Isaid amis, pray think upon't no more.

And may the Gods reftore you to your Land, Since absent from your Friends you live in pain.

why fes took the Sword into his hand,

And to Euryalus thus faid again,

And you my Friend may you still happy be, And of this Sword for ever need have mone,

Which

Which reconciling you have given me.

And as he speaking was he put it on.

The Sun now fer, the King no longer tarry'd,
But with the Lords went to his house to Sup:

Along with them the Squires the Presents carry'd. Unto the Queen Arete to lay up.

Alcinous then faid unto the Queen,

Let a fair Cheft be ftreightway bither brought,

And for the Stranger see there be laid in

A comely and a well-wash'd Cloak and Coat,

And of warm water let a Bath fland by,

That washing he may see the Presents there,

And fit at Supper the more joyfully,

And I will give him this my cop of Gold,

That offring up unto the Gods the Wine,

As often as he doth the Cup behold,

He may both for his own health pray and mine. This faid, the Maids commanded by the Queen,

Set up a Caldron with a triple-foot,

Then make fire under, and pour water in.

Keen was the fire, and soon the water hot.

Mean while the Queen came in, and with her brought

A curious Cheft, and into it laid in

The Gold, and with it every Cloak and Coat, That by the Princes given him had been.

And then unto ulysses said, Take care
You bind it saft, lest you be robb'd by one

Or other, whilft aboard you fleeping are, Left any thing should missing be and gone.

And when the thus had him admonifhed,

ulysses of the Cheft pull'd down the lid, And girt it with a Cord of various thred,

Thereby to know if any it undid.

For that trick he by Circe raught had been.
A Woman then unto alysses said,

There stands your Bath, which way you please go is.

Then went he in, and not a little joy'd.

For after he had left Calypso's house

Warm and fweet water he had never feen,

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But roll'd by Neptune always was in fouse; But had with her carefully treated been. When him the Maids washt and anointed had, Out from the Bath he came amongst the men With a clean Cloak and comely garments clad. Toth'Door the bright Nausicaa came then, And to ulyffes faid, Stranger farewel, And may you fafely at your Land arrive. Remember that into my hand you fell, And owe to me that you were kept alive. O (faid salyffes) Daughter of the King, To you the Ransom of my life is due. And if the Gods me to my Country bring, Asto a Goddess I will pray to you. This faid, he went and fat down by the King. And now the Meat in Messes some divided; Others the lufty Wine were tempering, And by a Squire the Singer in was guided; And ar a Pillar in the midft made fit. uly fes half a Chine of Pork and far Cus off, and in the Squires hands putteth it, And faid unto him, Give the Singer that. Singers through all the world have reputation, And well respected be in ev'ry land. The Muses teach them Song, and love the Nation. Then went the Squire and put it in his hand. Demodecus receiv'd it and was glad. Then fell they to the Meat before them laid. When Thirst and Hunger overcome they had, Unto the Singer then uly fes faid, Demodocus, you all men else excel. The Muses sure did teach you, or it was Phabus himself. For you have sung so well The acts that did 'twixt Greeks and Trojans pass, And all related that they did at Troy,

Or fuffer'd there, or when they homeward came, Asif your felf beheld had their annoy, Orhad from some Spectator heard the same, Sand forth and fing now of the Horse of Wood Made by Epeins, but by Pallas helpt,

But

Stufft by ulyffes full of Warriours good, Which in Troy-Town destruction to it whelpt.

If this you fing in order as 'twas done,

I'll make the World with your just praises ring. Then at the Gods Demodocus begun,

And how the Fleet went off the shore did sing; And how they fir'd their Tents; and how the Lords

Of Greece, i'th Councel of the Trojans fate Inclosed and hidden in the Horse of boards,

That by the Trojans was fetcht in in flate, The Trojans fitting round about debate,

And many a foolish speech they uttered, And on three points they there deliberate,

And voted what the Gods determined. The three points which were more infifted on

Were, whether they should cut the Horse in twin,

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Or throw it down the Rock it flood upon, Or let it, to appeale the Gods, remain. I'th'end they all resolved on the laft.

For by the Fates it was determined.
That Ilium should then be laid waste,

When o'er its Walls a great Horse entered, And in his Belly brought the Enemy.

And how the Argives from the Horse came out,

How divers ways they went and cruelly Killed and burned as they went about, sulyffes then, like Mars, with Menelaus

And for a while there sharp the Battle was; But to uliffes fell the Victory.

This fung Demodocus. And then upon ulviles cheeks the tears ran down apace.

My se cheeks the tears ran down apace. As when in fight a Woman looketh on.

And sees her Husband fallen on the place, That fought had for his Town and Children dear; There sprawleth he, she o'er him salls and cries,

But back and (houlders is well bafted there, And carry'd caprive by the Enemy,

As wofully as then this woman wept, So wofully ulyffer now freds sears. But from the King it was not secret kept,
Who sitting next him all his groaning hears;
And speaking to the Princes sitting by,
Let us, said he, Demodocus release,

His Song not pleaseth all the Company.

And brings some grief or other to his mind.'

Then let him hold; that we and he together

May in this meeting equal pleasure find.

The cause we met here was his coming hither, That we might give him Gifts and send him hence

A Guest is as a Brother to be us'd, As all men know that but pretend to sense. And you my Guest you cannot be excus'd

If you not answer truth to all I ask.

Say what's the name your Parents call you by.
You must no longer now keep on your Mask,

Children new-born not long unnamed-lie.

Tell me your Land and City where it is,

That my good Ship may know where you would be.

For in Pheacia no Steersman is,

Nor Rudder as in other Ships you fee?
Whither men bid them go they understand,
And pass in Clouds concealed o'er the Main,

And where the Havens be in every Land. No fear they have of perishing or pain.

And yet my Father to me once did fay,
That with our Convoys Neptune was offende

That with our Convoys Neptune was offended, And that one day our good Ship to deftroy

Asit returned homewards he intended. And from men hide our City with a Hill.

But whether that shall be performed now;

I cannot tell. It lies in Neptune's will,

And not concerneth you at all to know.
But tell me now what Lands you wandring faw,

What Nations, and what Cities you came to; What kind of people, Civil, or without Law, Civil or kind to Strangers, Godly or no.

When you heard fung the woful Fate of Troy,

Why did you weep? The Gods that built the Town

Decreed thereat much people to destroy,
And that their Fate should be sung up and down.
Lost you some Kinsmen there or near Ally,
Which might in times of danger you bestead?
Or some good friend? A wise friend standing by
Is worth a Kinsman in a time of need.

LIB. IX.

O this uly fes faid, Renowned King Alcinous, methinks delightful 'cis To fit as we do here, and hear one fing, And specially so good a Voice as this. I, for my part, do never more rejoyce, Than when I fee men fitting at their meat Chearful, and liftening to a pleasant voice, And see the Cups go often and retreat, This is a thing that I love best; but you Had rather hear the dangers I have past, Which fright me yer, and do my pain renew. But which shall I tell first? which next; which last! For they be many. First my Name I'll tell, And place, that when foe'er you thither come You may there lodge, although far off I dwell, And am uncertain of my getting home: I am ulyffes Laertiades, And far and wide I am reputed wife Mongst men that love subtile conveyances, And known I am by Fame up to the Skies, My place is Ithaca, in which is flore Of Wooll. Mount Neriton is cloath'd with wood; a goodly Hill, and many Islands more Lie close about it, yeilding flore of food. Dulichis

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That

Dulichium, Same, and the woody Zant, On th'East of Ithaca are situate.

Another Island, which is called Ant, Lies Westward of it, but is low and flat.

Lies Westward of it, but is low and flat. Rocky is Ithaca, and uneven ground;

But breedethable men. Nor have I known

The man that to his own mind ever found

A Country that was better than his own,

From mine Calypso kept me in a Cave

T'have been her Husband; so did Circe too:

But neither of them my confent could have,

So much could love of my own Country do.

For though far off I might have better Land,

Yet should I from my Kindred absent live. But now 'tis time to let you understand

What passage to me fove was pleased to give.

From Troy to Imarus we first were blown

Within an Ifle, Cicons the Natives are;

And foon we plundered and burnt the Town,

And of the Plunder each man had his share. The Wives we Prisoners made, and to the Sword

We put the men: and then without delay

I did command them all to go aboard:

But they, Fools as they were, would not obey:

Por they to kill, ear, drink, themselves apply,

Beeves, sheep, and wine, which they had on the beach.

Cicons mean while to Cicons fo loud cry,

That to the Continent their voices reach,

And presently came others numberless

As leaves in Summer; ftout and men of skill, To fight on Horseback with much readiness,

Or elfe on foot, according as they will.

Jove had decreed us mischief, and the hour

Was come: And just before our ships we fought,

Spears were our Weapons, which with all our power We lanced on both fides with courage flour.

Whilft the Sun mounted we refisted well,

But after Noon hey pressed us so fore,

That with the falling Sun our courage fell;

And then in hafte we thrust our ships from shore.

F. 3.

From

From out of every Ship fix men we loft : And then with heavy hearts our Sails we hoife,

And grieved for our Fellows left the Coast;
But first to ev'ry of them called thrice,
Whom slain by th'Enemy we left behind.

Then Jove with Clouds both Land and Water veils,

And Night came on us with a furious wind

From the North part of Heav'n, and tore our Sails In three's and four's, and all our Ships were toft Hither and thither, fide-ways with their blafts,

And one anothers way hindred and croft.

Then took we in our Sails, and down our Masts, For sear of death, and laid them on the Decks,

And with our Oars rowed our Ships to land; Two Nights and Days we staid, while grief did vex Each mind, and labour tired had each hand.

But when the Morn had led forth the third day,

We then set sail, and left their course to th'wind;
The which (we fitting still) did them convey
According as the Steers-men had design'd.

And I had fafely come to Ithaca,

Had not the North-wind with the tide o'th'fea;

When I was come to th'Cape of Malea, Forc'd us without the Isle of Cythere.

The horrid Winds now found me on the Main,

And toss'd me into one anothers hand: Nine days together I endured this pain,

Upon the tenth they cast me on a Land, Where dwell a people call'd Lotophagi,

That have and live upon a fruit full (weet I'th'Continent. We went ashore; there I Made them take in fresh water for the Fleet.

Then having quickly supp'd, I chose out two Of my Companions to go and see

What men they were; with them I fent also A third, who went as Messenger from me.

They quickly went; but mingled with those men Who meant no harm, but gave them Lote to eat,

Which made them have returning back again, And suddenly their Country to forget:

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And with the people there resolved to stay

Forgetting home for love of Lote. But I

Sent those that quickly setched them away

By force, and under hatches did them tie-

The reft I bad unto their Ships to haft,

Aboard they quickly come, and each one place.

In order, beats the grey Sea with his Oar.

Then to the Land of Cyclopfes we row,

Men proud and lawlefs, that relie for food

Upon the Sky, and neither plant nor plow;
Yet have they Barley, Wheat, Wine very good?

Unplow'd, unfown, fetch'd up by show'rs of Rain.

They have no Courts of Councel, nor of Right.

On huge high Hills themselves they entertain,

And in their rocky bellies pass the night.

Nor do they much for one another care.

Before the Port an Isle lies clad with wood, Not very near, nor from it very far.

Wild Goats in great abundance were therein.

Because there dwelt no men that might them kills

Nor wretched Hunters ever enter in,

To tire themselves running from Hill to Hill.
For the good Ship with the Vermilion Cheeks

The cyclopses have not, nor Art to make All that is needful for a man that seeks

Trade, and to pass the Seas must undertake,

The Island else they quickly might adorn.

The Land is good; to th'Sea sweet Meadows lie,

And plentifully would yield Wine and Gorn,
If it were helped with good Husbandry.

Anchors and Cables in the Port needs none, Nor any Rope to rie the Ship to Land;

And when the Mafter thinks fit to be gone;

With the first Wind they take the Oar in hand.

Within the entrance rifeth a fweet Spring

From out a Cave, shaded with Poplars tall; Thither to shore out Ships we safely bring.

Some God was Guide. Nothing we faw at all.

Dark

F 4

Dark night it was, and nothing to be feen; The Air about us thick, and from the Sky

The Moon could not shine through the Clouds be-Nor Waves, nor Isle appear'd to any eye. · tween,

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Then took we in our Sails, and went to Land, And waited for the coming of the day,

And in the mean time flumbred on the Sand: But when we saw appear the morning gay,

Admiring th'Isle, we walked to and fro,

Whilft the Nymphs (fprunk from Fove Agiochus)

Refreshment on my Souldiers to bestow,

Down from the Mountain brought the Goats to us;

And presently from our our Ships we take

Our Bows and Arrows keen, and came away, And of our Company three Troops we make ;

Then shooting, soon we had a lovely prey. Our Ships were twelve, to which they equally

Divide the Spoil; for every ship had nine, Save only mine had ten: Then merrily

All day we fit and feaft on Flesh and Wine.

For we had Wine enough as yet unspent, Of that we got and brought away with us, Which ev'ry man had into Budgets pent,

Then when we took the Town of Imarus.

Close by we saw the Land of cyclopses,

And smoak, and heard the voice o'th'men, and Sheep And Goats. 'Twas night, and on the Sand o'th'Sea

Our felves till morning we refresht with sleep.

But when the rosie morning 'gan t'appear, My Fellows I together call'd, and spake: You, my Companions, by the Ships stay here;

I with my Ship and Crew will undertake A trial of this people, whether wild,

And proud, and insolent their Nature be, Or whether they be men of nature mild,

Godly, and loving hospitality.

This faid, I went aboard, and bad my Crew Imbark themselves. Aboard they quickly come,

And fitting each man in his order due With stroak of Oar they made the grey Sea foam. Arriv'd,

Arriv'd, we of a Cavern faw the door,

Both high and wide, and sheep and Goats there lay
Abundance sleeping. It was shaded o're

With boughs that downward grew of Lawrel gay.

Before it was a Court well fene'd with ftone And lufty Oaks, and many a Pine-tree high.

Ith'Cave a Giant lodg'd, who us'd alone
His sheep to feed, no other cyclops nigh.

It was a huge and ugly Monster, and

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een,

us;

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Lookt not unlike a rocky Mountains head That does 'mongst other hills asunder stand, With a great Perriwig of Trees o'erspread.

Then bad I my Companions to stay

And guard the Ship, fave that by lot a dozen

Itook of them along with me, and they, [fen.]
By chance, were the same men I would have cho-

Wish me I took a Goat-skin full of Wine, Pleasant and strong, by Maron given me, Evanthes Son, Priest to Phæbus Divine,

At Ismarus, to save his Family,

Fearing the God in whose Grove he did live.

For which sey'n Talents of pure beaten Gold.

And a large Silver-Bowl he did me give

Freely, befides twelve Budgets of Wine old, Pure, pleasant, precious drank it was, which none

Knew of besides himself, his Wife and Maid; of the Men-servants that he kept, not one.

Which when he drank, he usually allaid With water pure, full twenty times as much.

And when a man so temper'd had his Cup

Yes still the fragrant smell thereof was such,

He hardly could forbear to drink it up.

This Goarskin I took with me in a case,

Expeding of some great and gastly man,
That knew nor Law, nor Right to see the face 51

And landing, quickly to the den we ran. We entred in, but did not find him there;

But gaze we did at ev'ry thing with wonder:

Shelves full of Cheese as much as they could beat; Pens full of Sheep and Goars, each fort asunder,

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Old, younger, young'ft; all Veffels to the brim. Pans, Trays, and Milking Pales were full of Whey,

My men defir'd me not to flav for him.

But make what hafte I could to get away. And take some of his Cheeses from the shelves. And sheep from out the Pens, and then to go.

And fetting up our Sails to fave our felves,

But I would not, though't had been better for

But I defir'd to fee the map, and try

If from him some good gift I might obtain;

But they with fear were ready for to die.

And could not think upon him but with pain,

Then kindled we a fire, and kill'd and fed

On Flesh and Cheese, and for his coming staid.

He came, and a great burthen carried

Of whither'd Boughs, which at the door he laid. His Supper with this Wood he meant to drefs.

And threw it down with such a hideous noise.

As frighted us to th'innermost recess

O'th'Cave ; there lay we, and supprest our voice.

Into the Care he comes, he and his Flock, All that was milch; the Males he left without, Rams and He-goats, and the Door with a Rock

Stops up, which two and twenty Carts scarce mought

Bear above ground, and then to milking fell; But first he sets unto each Ewe her Lamb.

In order due, to fee them fuckled well, And each young Goat he puts under her Dam,

Half of the Milk he turn'd to Curds, and put

Them into Wiker-Baskets to fet up :-The other half he-into Tankards put,

For drink to ferve him when he was to fup.

When he had ended all his bufiness

He made a fire, and thereby fpy'd us out. What are you, fays he, whence d'ye crofs the Seas?

Is it on business, or d'ye rove about As Pyrats walk at Sea, to and agen,

And are content to fet their lives at stake.

So they may mischief do to other men? Our hearts dismaid before this language brake.

We fear'd his hollow voice, and body great; But yet I made him answer, and said thus;

We are Acheans, making our retreat

Homewards from Troy, but winds have forced us

Upon this Coast (for Jove would have it so.)
We are a part of Agamemnon's Bands.

Whose glory for his sacking Troy, is now

Renown'd both far and wide throughout all Lands,

And now our felves we proftrate at your feet, Hoping for fome good thing as Vifitants;

Such as all men have commonly thought meet;

Or for the Gods fake, as to Suppliants.
As Suppliants we before you here do lie.

With whom, and Strangers, Jove still goes along;

He is the God of Hospitality,

To punish whosoever does them wrong.

Thus I. But he reply'd with fell intent,

Stranger thou art a fool or com'ft from sar-

That counsel'st me to fear the punishment of Fove, or for the blessed Gods to care.

The cycloples care not at all for fove Agyochus, or any other Gods.

For why, we stronger are than those above;
And if we strength compare, we have the odds.

No, no. 'Tis not the fear of Jupiter

Can me from thee, or these with thee restrain;

Unless I please. But tell me truly where

The Ship that brought you rides, and do not fain.

This was to found me. But I faw his mind, And a deceitful answer did intend.

My Ship was wreckt by Neptune, and by wind

Thrown 'gainst the rocks, at the lands furthest end.

Where all besides my self and these were drown'd.

But fnatching up a couple from the ground, [floor. Knocks out their Brains like Whelps against the

Then cuts them into joynts, and on them fed:

Nor did he flesh, or bone, or entrails leave,

Like hungry Lion on the Mountains bred.

Then weep we, and to Jove our hands up heave

Too

To fee such work, and have no remedy.

When he with humane flesh his Belly deep

Had fill'd, and drunk the milk that stood him by,

He laid himself along amongst his sheep.

And flept. And then I faw I might him flay:
'Twas but to draw my good Sword from my fide,

And gently on his breast my hand to lay, And to the hilts the Sword in's body hide

Upon new thoughts that purpose I gave o're;
For certainly it had destroy'd us quite:

So great the stone was that lay on the door, That to remove it was past all our might.

So there we fighing staid for day: and when The Rosie finger'd Morning did appear,

He made a fire, and milkt his flock agen, And the young Kids and Lambs new tuckled were,

When all his work was at an end, and past, Two more of my Companions he takes,

And on those two he quickly breaks his fast, And for his Flock the way he open makes.

For eafily he took the stone away,

And then again with no less ease he did Set up the same, and in it's right place lay,

Than of a Quiver one would do the Lid. His flock with noise he drives up to the Hills,

And in the Den leaves us to medicate

How to revenge (with Phubus help) our ills.

At last within my breast this counsel sate. Near one o'th'Pens there lay an Olive-Tree,

Straight, and the boughs cut off, which when 'twas
Defigned was a walking flaff to be [dry'd]

Of the great Cycleps; which when we espi'd, Of some good Ship we though might be the Mast,

Or of a Bark of twenty Oars, or more. That Neptune's rugged waters might have raft

With a great burthen safe from shore to shore. Of this a fathom I cut of, and gave it

To my Companions to taper it:
They smooth'd and taper'd it as I would have it:
I sharpted it at point as I thought fit.

Then

Then in the fire the same I hardned well,
And laid it by with Dung all cover'd o'er,
Which in the Cave from so much Cattle sell;

For Sheep and Goats there always were good flore.

From all my Company, who did not fear To help me thrust this Bar into his eye,

I took out four by lot, and such they were As I my self did wish; the fifth was I.

At Ev'ning he returneth with his sheep.

Into the hollow Cave he brings them all:

Without, he neither sheep nor goat did keep, By Presage, or upon some Heav'nly Call.

Then with the ftone the Caves mouth up he dams,

And milks his She-goars and his Ewseach one; And fuckles all his young Kids, and his Lambs.

But after he his work had fully done,

Another couple of my men he took.

Then having in my hand an Ivy Kan

Of good black Wine, I thus unto him spoke:

Cyclops fince you have eaten flesh of man, Here, drink this good black Wine upon't, and see-

What excellent good drink we had aboard, Whereof I've hither brought a tafte to thee,

Hoping you will fome kindness me afford,

And some affishance in our Voyage home.

But so intolerably furious

You are, that no man will dare near you come, Knowing how cruel you have been to us.

When I had faid, the good Wine he drank up,
And was extremely pleased with the same:

And straigthway calling for another Cup,

Tell me (quoth he) right now what is thy name; And I will give thee that shall please thy heart.

We cyclopfes have Vines that yield good Wine,

Which from the Earth by Rain from Heaven ftart = But this fome branch of Nectar is divine.

When he had faid I gave him Wine again.
Three times I fill'd the Can, and he as oft

Drank't off. But when it came up to his brain, Then spake I to him gentle words and soft.

Cyclops

Cyclops, fince you my name defire to know,
I'll tell it you, and on your word rely.

Ny name is Noman; all men call me so,

My Father, Mother, and my Company. To which he foon and fadly made reply,

Noman, I'll eat you last, none shall outlive you

Of all that here are of your Company;

And that's the gift I promifed to give you.

And having faid, he laid himself along

With bended neck, fleeping and vomiting Gobbets of Humane Flesh, and Wine among.

All he before had earen uttering. The Bar with Embers then I covered,

Till (green as 'twas) with heat I made it shine?

And with few words my men encouraged,

Left any should have shrunk from the design.

The Bar now hor, and ready to flame out,

And (though green wood) yet glowing mightily,

To him my Fellows carry'd now frout, And fet the point thereof upon his eye.

But I my selferecting with my hand,

Twirled the Bar about, with motion nimble,

As Joyners with a firing below do fland
To give a piercing motion with a wimble,
So whilft the Brand was entring, I it turn'd.

The blood that down along it ran was hot; And with his Eye the Lids and Brows were burn'd,

And all his Eye-strings with the fire did strut, As when a Smith hath heat his axe or spade,

And quickly quenches it while hot it is, To harden it, it makes a noise; so made.

His great moist Eye the glowing Brand to his.

He roared so as made the Rocks resound,

And from his Eye he pull'd, with both his hands, The burning Brand, and threw it to the ground;

And so a while he there amazed stands.

And thence for more Cyclopses calls; and they

(Who dwelt about in every hollow Cave)

Came in, fome one, and fome another way;

And from without the Den ask'd what he'd have.

What

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What ails thee Polyphemus fo to cry

Indead of night, and make us break our fleep?

Goes any one about to make thee dye,

By force or fraud, or fteal away thy facep ?

Then Poliphemus answered from his Cave,

Friends, Noman killeth me. Why then, faid they,

We have no power from fickness you to fave;

You must unto your Father Neptune pray.

This faid, they parted each one to his own
Dark Cavern: Then within my felf I laught

To think how with my Name the mighty Clown:

I so deceived had, and gull'd by craft.

The cyclops for the stone now group'd about,
Found it, and threw it down, though pained fore;

Thinking o catch us at our coming out,

Suring with Arms extended in the door.
Such Fools he thought us: but I formerly

Had thought upon the course I was to take;

And all my cunning, and my Art to try,

Since no less than our lives was now at stake.

This Counfel, 'twas that in my breaft then fat;
Male-sheep there were within the Cave well fed.

Fair, big, and deeply clad in wool and fat,

And these, with twigs ta'ne from Cyclopahis bed,

Ibound together three and three; each three

One Ram, by far the best of all bore me

Under his breaft, my hands in deep wool wound.

Thus hung we constantly, expecting day.

The morning came, the Males to pasture hie. (The Ewes with strutting Udders bleating stay.)

Their Mafter fitting there in milery,

Liid's hand upon their backs as out they past.

Ne'er thinking of their Bellies we were under. Mine heavy with his wooll and me came laft,

To whom the Cyclops faid, feeming to wonder,

Why, filly Ram, art thou the laft to come.

Out of the Cave, that formerly was ever

The foremost to go our, and to come home, And foremost at the going to the River; But now at last? Is't for thy Masters eye,
Which Noman and his Fellows have put forth?
O couldst thou speak, and tell me where doth lie
Hidden within, that Noman, nothing worth,
I soon would with his brains besmear the floor,
And ease my vexed heart within me so,

And ease my vexed heart within me so, Which Noman hath within me wounded sore. This said, he let the Ram that bore me go.

Got forth a little from the Den and Yard, I left my Ram, and fet my Fellows free Unto my Ships I brought part of the Herd,

That to our Fellow we might welcome be, We that eleapt: But they began to weep

For those we lest behind us dead, till I Commanded them to setch aboard more Sheep,

And after that their Oars again to ply.

They brought in more, and each man takes his feat.

And in due order, with his Oar in hand, The water grey into a foam they bear, And rowed us a little way from land,

As far as one that hollows can be heard;
So far I flood from shore, I hollow'd then;
Cyclops, cyclops, why were you not affaid

To kill and ear, as you have done, my men?
For fince you Strangers do so ill intreat,

And of the Gods themselves no reckining make. You ought to have expected vengeance great,

And that your wicked deeds should you o'retake.

The Cyclops then provoked with this mock,
Threw a great flone at us with all his might;
And first he swing'd round o'er his head the Rock,
Which just behind the Rudder chane'd to light;

And so much stir'd the water falling in,

That what with th'eddy and tide from the Main, Brought back to th'Land, and fure we dead had bin,

But that I quickly thrust it offagin. Then bad I my Companions to row

Still further off, till we were out of fear.

They ply'd their Oars again; and we were now

At twice the distance that before we were.

And

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Cyclo

Then

And I

Se Depr And then again I to the cyclops spoke, (Though my companions would have hindred me)

Why (fay they) will you still the man provoke? How great a stone, how far he throws you see,

How near to Land we were, how near to dy. If he but any one of us hear speak,

A Rock will straightway from him hither fly, And knock our brains out, and our Veffel break.

So faid they; but with me could nothing do.

I was resolv'd to vex him bitterly.

cyclops, quoth I, if any ask thee who, What was his name that robb'd thee of thy eye,

Say 'twas uly fes, Prince of Ithaca

Son to the old Laertes. He it was.

At which the Cyclops howling answered, Ha, I fee old Prophesies are come to pais,

For Telemus Eurimedes that here

Dwelled, and telling Fortunes went about,

Told me I should by name uly ses fear,

As he that one day should my eye put out. But I some strong and mighty man expected

Of Stature great, should come to do that deed,

And never such a little Wretch suspected, Nor ever did of being drunk take heed.

But come uly ses nearer, that I may

Give you a precious Gift as you deserve;

And also to my Father Neptune pray,

That you upon the Seas he would preserve.

For I his Son, and he my Father is,

And to my fight again restore me can;

He, and no other of the Gods in blifs,

Norany Pow'r on earth. So said the man. Cyclops (quoth I) I would I could as well

Send the now down to Pluto's ugly Den

Depriv'd of Life and Soul i'th'deepest Hell,

As I am fure thou ne'er shall see agen. Then held he up his hands to Heav'n and pray'd,

Hear me, O Neptune, if thy Son I be,

And thou my Father truly as 'tis faid, Grant that ulysses never more may see His Native Soil; or if perhaps by Fate It be decreed he shall return again,

Let him return both wretchedly and late, His Ships and men loft, and at home meet pain.

His prayer granted was; and then he threw

A greater stone, first swinged it o'er his head, Which by good chance above the Vessel slew,

But almost to the shore us carried. When we were come into the Isle again

Where all the rest of our Fleet then abode,

Expecting our return, in grievous pain,

And wondring why we were so long abroad;
Then with our sheep we landed on the Beach,
And mongst the Barks divided them with care,

Their just and equal number unto each,

That no ship might be wronged of his share.

On me my Felows over and above

Beftow'd a Ram, which on the Sand there-right

I made a Sacrifice to mighty Jove;

But in my Off rings he took no delight, And was contriving how to make away

My Ship and Fellows, and destroy them quites

There on the shore we fat and spent the day

With Flesh and Wine from morning unto night, All night we slept upon the shore; and when

The morning had again the day reftor'd,

I presently commanded all my men

To loofe the Ropes, and put themselves aboard.

Aboard they go and beat the Sea with Oars, All for their Fellows which were eaten, fad.

And forward to the Main we take our course, For that we had our selves escaped, glad.

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T th' flooting Isle Anlia we landed, Where Aolas the Son of Hippotas Beloved of th'Immortal Gods commanded. His house was wall'd all about with Brass. Th'ascent unto it was all one smooth stone. Twelve were his Children, fix fons and their wives; In Wedlock he had joyn'd them one to one, And with him in his house they led their lives, And made good chear; all day the house they make To ring with mirth, and smoak with boil'd & roaft. At Bight their loyal Wives to Beds they take, Richly fet out with Coverings of great cost. A month he entertain'd me with delight, Askt me of Troy, and th' Argive Fleet, and how The Greeks got home? And him I answer'd right To ev'ry thing as far as I did know. And when I left his house, he was contine T'affift me friendly in my Voyage back With a West-wind, and all winds else he pent Into a tough and strong Neats-leather sack. (For Fove had made him Master of the Winds. To hold their breath, or blow as he thought fit) And with a Silver string the Sack he binds: No Wind could ffir but as I order'd it. But all this did no good for want of Wit. Nine days we fail'd fore-right, and came to near To th'Coast of Ithaca, that we could see't By th'light of Beacons that were fired there. Burthen with weariness I fellasleep; For I had ne'er till now the Helm let go,

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Nor suffer'd any else my place to keep, I long'd to see my Native Country so. Mean while my Fellows to discourse begin,

Thinking much Gold and Silver was i'th'Sack

By Lolus Hippodates put in,

Which now to Ithaca I carry'd back. And, Oh! did one unto another fay,

How much this man is lov'd where e'er he comes!

He brings from Troy a great share of the prey, Though we go empty-handed to our homes.

Now £olus has giv'n him God knows what.

Come quickly let us while we think upon't,

And sleeping he upon the Deck lies flat,

Undo the Sack, and see how much there's on's. This wretched Counsel taken by the Crew,

The Budget they undid, to see my store; And then at once the furious Winds out-stew,

And whistling, snatch our Ship away from shore. My Fellows wept, I study'd which was best,

To fall into the Sea and end my pain, Or patiently to live among the reft.

I chose to live, as better of the twain, And hood wink'd laid me down i'th'Ship. At las

We found our selves upon th' Aolian shore, On which th'unruly Wieds our Ship had cast,

Just at the place where we set forth before.

And there we landed, and short Supper made

With my Companions on the rocky shore.

I one man with me, and a Herald take,

And went up to the Porch before the Door Of th'Hall, where Adus fat banqueting

Amongst his Sons and Daughters. They admir'd. What Wind, said they, did you now hither bring?

We furnisht you for what place you defir'd. Some Devil crost you. Sofily I reply'd.

Of our misfortune other cause was none But my mens folly, who the Bag unty'd

The whilft I flept; you can repair what's done.

Their Father answer'd at another rate; Hence Rascal, hated of the Gods above; Temertain none whom the Gods do hate.

Away, I say, the Gods thee do not love.

Thus fighing we were sent away. And though We were already tired with the Oar,

To Sea we pur, and forward still we row,
Six days and nights intire, ne'er giving o'er.

Upon the seventh day we landed near To Lestrigonia, the Royal seat

Of Lamus and his Race. The Herds-men there, When from the field they bring their Sheep or Neat

Hollow to those at home; then they a-field
Their Cattle drive. To one of little sleep

The fire o'th'place doth double wages yield,
By ten ding one day Cows, another Sheep.
For it is feated just 'twixt day and night.

Into the Port we came, the which within On each fide was befet with Rocks upright, Whereof two made it narrow coming in.

My Fellows with their Ships were in the Port Near to the City. For the Sea was still,

And not a Wind stirring of any fort.

But I kept mine without, suspecting ill, And with a Rope had ti'd it to the Rocks.

Then up a Hill I went to look about, But could no figu espy of Man or Ox.

Then down I came again, and straight sent out

Tenquire what kind of people lived there.
A Herald then and two men more I fent,

Who as they going on the High-way were
That from the woody Hill to th'City went,

Met with the Daughter of Antiphates
That was of Left igonians the King.

She had fetcht water from Artacies; Artacies the name was of a Spring.

They ask'd her of the King and of the People.

Her Fathers house she shews. They thinker hie,

And find the Queen there looking like a Steeple, And ftraight abhorr'd her as a Prodigie.

Then she her Husband from the Market-place

Calls home, who straight intended to dispatch'em,

And

And laid his hands on one; but in that space,
The rest escap'd by flight, he could not catch'em.

But then he raised with a mighty shout

The Town and Country, who in numbers great

Liker to Giants than to men, came out,

And with huge stones of a mans weight they beat My Men and Ships. A woful noise and wild

I heard of dying men, and rearing planks.

When they had flain my men, they them enfil'd,

And carri'd them like Fishes hung in ranks.
While they did this, I had no other hope

My Ship being ti'd to th'Rocks) to cut the Rope, And make what hafte I could to get aboard.

My Crew into the Ship leaprall at once,

And row'd for life, till they got far enough From land, to fland in fear of throwing flones,

And glad they had escaped, onwards row, The rest, both Ships and Men, all perished.

Next at Aea Isle ashore we run,
Where the wise Goddess circe inhabited,
Actes Sister, Daughter of the Sun,

And Perse Daughter of Oceanus.

There in a good fafe Harbour quietly We rest our selves. Some God conducted us.

There full of grief two days and nights we lie, Soon as the Morn had shewn us the third day,

With Spear in hand, and Sword girt at my thigh, Up to a Mountains top I took my way,

Some word of man to hear, or work to fpy. Through the thick Wood I saw a smoke arise

About the place where th'house of circe flood:

Then with my felf I did a while advise

What I should do. At last I thought it good To make my people all to dine, and then Safely with company to go or send.

So back I came unto my Ship and Men.
But by the way (some God was sure my Friend)

A gallant Stag came by, whom heat and thisst Invited had down to the Stream Divine:

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At him I quickly threw my Spear, which pierc't Both his fides thorow, close beneath the Chine. Down dead he falls. On's neck my foot I fer, Pluckt out the Spear, and laid it on the ground. To make a Rope, L Twigs and Rushes get, And his four feet together fast I bound. Within his legs I place my head, and bear 'Twas hard to rife, His body on my neck. Leaning with both my hands upon my Spear. He was too great to take up otherwise. Ithrew him down o'th'fhore and chear'd my Crew. Friends (quoth I) though our present flate be bad, Death shall not come, I hope, before 'cis due. Come, let us eat and drink, and not be fad. This faid, they straightway from the ship descend, And gaze upon't, for 'twas a mighty Beaft : And when their wondering was at an end, They washt their hands, and dreft it for their feat. And all the remnant of the day till night We made good chear with Wine and Ven'son store. After the Sun had born from us his light, We laid us down to fleep upon the shore. But when the Rofie Morn appear'd again, Isald to all my men, who grieved were: Ny Mates, although I have endur'd much pain, I must intreat you patiently to hear. We know not where is West or East, nor where The Sun does rife or fer, nor where we be, To me does little hopes as yet appear: And therefore we must go abroad and see. In a low Island, rifing through the Trees, I faw a smoke when I stood on the Hill. Though I had utter'd no more words but thefe. They heard them with a very evil will. Ofcyclops and Antiphates they speak That had devour'd their Fellows formerly: And ready were their hearts with grief to break. They weep and whine, but without remedy,

Of my Companions then two Bands I make; Of one Eurylochus had the command,

The

The charge o'th'other to my felf I take:
And two and twenty men were in each Band.
Who should go first aboard, and who should stay,
We were content should be by Lot defin'd.

To go, fell to Eurylochus. Away

They weeping went, we weeping staid behind.

Down in a Dale they Circe's Palace found

Built of square Stone. The place was full of shade.

Lions and Wolves about it lay o'th'ground.

Whom circe tame with Magick Arts hath made; These slew not at my men, but laid their Noses Upon them lovingly, and wag'd their Tails

As Dogs falute their Mafters. Circe's Doses
So much above their Natures fierce prevails.

Eurylochus i'th' Door stood with his Band.

The Goddess Circe busie was within, For she a wondrous fine work had in hand, Past art of man, and sung as she did spin.

Then did Polites who I loved most dear Of all my Crew, speak out unto them all:

My friends, quoth he, some body singeth there, A Goddess or a Woman, let us call.

This faid, they call, and the fet ope the Gate,
Bids them come in. Fools as they were, they enter

All but Eurylochus. Without he fate.

she places them, and sets before them food,

Cheescakes of Cheese, and Honey, Flour and Wise;

But had mixt something with it not so good Of wond'rous Vertue with an ill defign.

For with a Wand, affoon as they had din'd,
She drove them to the flies, and there them pent:
For Pody, hard, hair, writes, all hards a ried.

For Body, head, hair, voice, all but the mind, Right Swine they were, and grunted as they went. There to them threw the Acorns, Crabs and Bran,

The things wherewith Swine commonly are fed.

Eurylochus staid long, but not a man

Then back he comes: at first he cou'd not speak,
Though he endeavoured; he grieved so,

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The fighs and fobs his words did often break, Till urg'd by us that long'd the truth to know. At last he said, Renown'd slyffes, we Paifing the Woods, as we commanded were, In a dark Valea stately Palace see; A Goddess, or a Woman dwelleth there. We call'd, and straight she opening the Gare. Bids us come in. They ill advised enter All but my felf. Alone without I fate. Suspecting fraud, and durst no further venture Loft they are all: for if they could, I know Some of them would have come and brought me For I staid long enough. This faid, my Bow I took, and at my fide my trufty Sword, And bad him guide me back the felf-fame way. Then fell he at my feet on both his knees. And weeping me intreats to let him flay; Your life, quoth he, amongst the rest you'll leese. To this I said, Eurylochus, stay you Here at the Ship (fince you are frighted fo) Eating and drinking with the reft o'th'Crew; Necessity compelleth me to go. This faid, I went along the shore, till I Was at the entrance of the Valley, where The house of circe flood. Then Mercury Encountred me. In form he did appear Of a fair youth, whose Beard but now began In a foft down to peep above his face, Which is the prime of beauty in a man. Alass, said he, what makes you in this place Monest trees and shrubs? For I can tell you this. Your Mates at Circe's house are lodg'd in sties, ent: They now are Swine; you'll of your purpose miss. You cannot fet them free though you be wife, went. But rather you will with them lie. But well, I'll give you such an Antidote as you Need not to be afraid of any spell; And will befides, her purpose to you shew. To make you drink she'll temper you a Cup, Which shall not (for the Antidote) bewitch you;

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And when the fees that you have drunk it up,
With her long Wand the prefently will fwitch you.

Then to her with your naked Sword in hand, As if you purpood to cut off her Head.

Then she will shriek, and weep, and trembling stand,

You must not then refuse the Goddes love,
If you intend your Fellows to restore:

Yet make her fwear by all the Gods above
She never will attempt to hurt you more.

Then gave he me the Herb. The Flow'r was white, The Root was black; the Gods do call it Moly,

And gather it, who have no flint of might. For men to think to find it, is a folly.

Then Hermes parting mounted to the Sky,
And I to Circe's house went on my way,

And musing stood a while, but by and by I call'd, and she came forth without delay,

And calls me in. I enter with fad heart;

There in a glorious Chair she made me fit Studded with Silver-Nails, and carv'd with Art;

Then puts a low Stool to it for my feet, And brought the Potion in a Golden Cup, Which she had temper'd to her bad design,

And foon as ever I had drunk it up

She switch'd and bad me go lie with the Swine. Then flart I up with my drawn Sword, and make

As if I purpol'd to cut of her head.

Then did she shrick most fearfully and quake,

And weeping to me these words uttered:
Who, whence are you? what is your Fathers Name?
That this drink worketh nor, is very strange.

If any else but tasted had the same,

He soon had of his figure found a change. But you a stubborn heart have in your breast,

Are you ulysses, that should hither come, As Hermes told me oft, and be my Guest, When from the Trojan shore he sailed home?

Publip your Sword; and that we may confide another better without dread,

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Let's to my Chamber go, and fide by fide Compose the things we differ in a Bed. Circe (said I) Oh how can I be kind,

When you to Swine my Fellows turned have? And now you have me here, 'tis in your mind

And now you have me here, 'cis in your mind
To make me tame, and keep me for a flave.
Til not come near your hed, unless before

I'll not come near your bed, unless before
You take an Oath by all the Gods above
You'll never go about to hurt me more.

This faid, she swore, and I gave way to love.

On Circe Waiting-women four attended

To do the service of the house, and were From sacred Rivers, Springs and Groves descended;

Each had her proper work affigned her.

One does the Chairs with coverings array; Another does the Silver Tables spread,

And on each one of them a Basket lay
Of Gold, and into it she puts the Bread.

The third does in a Silver Flagon mix

The Wine and Water in a Silver Pot:
The fourth to make a fire brings in the flicks,

And for a Bath makes ready water hot.

Circe her self the water tempered
Into a just and comfortable hear.

And pour'd it on my shoulders and my head,

Walhing my Limbs, till I my toil forget.

And when I bathed and anointed was,

She put upon me a fair Coat and Vest, And led me in, into the Dining place.

And to my Chair and Table me addrest.

One Maid a Golden Bason, with the Ew'r, To wash our hands over a Cauldron brings;

The Cauldron allo was of Silver pure.

Another loads the Table with good things;

Another on the Table fets on Bread,

And then the Goddess circe bids me eat.

But other dangers running in my head, I had but little fromach to my meat.

Which she observing said, uly ses, why
Do you thus sullenly your meat resuse,

Let's

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And were to look to Pigs of nine years old.

She drives them with her Wand into the room,
And makes them fland there while I them behold,
Then circe went amongst them, and each one

Smear'd with an Unguent which straightway did
Their hair fall off, and undid all was done; [make
And presently a humane shape they take,

Greater and fairer than they had before.

They knew me all, my hand with theirs they preft. So glad they were, their eyes for joy ran o're.

The whole house wept, and Cerce with the rest. This past, The Goddess said, ulysses, go

And bring your Ship a-land, and let her lie; Your goods within the rocky Caves beflow, And make hafte back with all your Company. This pleas'd me well. Down to the Sea I hie,

Where my Companions I weeping find;
But foon as I appear'd they prefently

About me came, their care now out of mind.

As when from Pastures fat a Herd of Cows
Well-sed return at Evening to their home,
Their Calves will not be kept within the house,

But play, and skip, and round about them come:

So did my Fellows foon as they me faw Come skipping out o'th'Ship, with no less joy

Than if they had been come to Ithaca
Their Native Country from the Town of Iron.

Our joy (laid they) uly fies cannot be Greater when we at Ithaca arrive,

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Which we fo wish for, than is now to see. That you from Circe are return'd alive.

Bur tell us, pray, how dy'd our Fellows here.

But first (said I) hale up your ship to Land. And in the Rocks hide all that's loose in her.

And come with me to Circe out of hand.

There shall you see your Fellows how they live : In want of nothing that they can devise,

To these my words my Fellows credit give; Eurylochus alone thought otherwise.

Wretches (faid he) what mean you; will you go?

Have you a longing to be Lions tame,

Or Swine, or Wolves, and being transformed fo.

To live at circe's house, and guard the same ? Remember Cyclops, and how all they fped

That dar'd to put themselves within his Cave,

By too much valour of ulyffes led.

Berhink you well how you your selves may save. When Isheard that, I drew my Sword, and meant,

Although he were my Kiniman very nigh,

Thave made his head fly. But of that intent

I was made frustrate by the Company, That interposing spoke me fair, and said,

Let him flay here, but we'll go every man,

While he looks to the Ship, fince he's afraid. Thus having faid, to march they streight began:

Nor staid Eurylochus behind, for I

Had so affrighted him he went with th'rest.

Mean while at Circe's house my company

Were bath'd and oyl'd, and cloath'd with Coat and

Feafting we found them in a stately Hall. But when we faw them, and heard every thing

That had befaln them, suddenly we all

Wept out so loud, as made the house to ring.

Then circe faid, ulyffes, why d'ye weep?

I know your suffrings both at Land by men, And what you have endured on the Deep.

Drink Wine, eat Meat, and merry be agen.

Recruit your hearts with courage till they be

As strong as when from home you first set out;

Put all your danger out of memory,

Nor trouble more your weari'd minds with doubt,

These words of Circe did our spirits chear,

And made us willingly fall to our meat. Both then and ev'ry day throughout the year In Circe's house we freely drink and eat.

But when the feafon was come round about,

And months and days of th'year had made an end,

Then my impatient Fellows call'd me out, And faid, Strange man, do you no more intend

To fee your Country Ithaca? Shall we

For ever flay with Circe here? Have Fates
Decreed that you your house no more should see,
But perish here together with your Mates?
This my Companions said, and said but right.

Then what remained of the day we spent Eating and drinking merrily. At night

They to their own beds, I to Circe's went;
Where profirate at her knees I press her hard

My mind, faid I, is going thitherward

Now, and my Fellows ask me why I flay. Renown'd ulysses (answered circe) here

Against your will with me you shall not stay.

You must a Voyage make another way. You must to th'house of Hades first repair; For with Tiresias the Prophet blind

You must consult concerning your affair.

He knows what course the Fates have you design'd.

Though blind his eye, yet is his judgment clear.

For why, to him Proserpina alone Hath granted to Peruse Fates Register,

And know the Hiftory of things not done. The Ghofts to him fland up, when he goes by.

At this my heart was ready ev'n to break, And in the bed long time I weeping lie,

And turn'd, and wish'd for death. At last I speak: Circe (said 1) who shall me thither guide?

Never man yet to Hell went in a ship.

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Then to me Circe presently reply'd; ulyffes, let not that thought break your fleep. You need but fet your Mast up, hoise your sail, And then fit still; you shall not want a Wind:

For Boreas to waft you will not fail.

When you are come to th'Oceans end, you'll find The woody Shore and Grove of Proferpine.

There the tall poplar, and foft Willow grows; And there it is your Bark you must put in.

Then go along the shore to Pluto's house, And you shall see where into Acheron Cocytus falls, which is a branch of Styx,

And with it also Pyriphlegeton,

And a great Rock where the two Rivers mix. Close by that place make with your Sword a Pit A Cubit wide, and round about it pour

Wine mixt with honey, and pure Wine after it; Then water pure, and over all throw Flour.

Such is the drink that's offer'd to the dead. And further to them you must make a Vow, That when you be at home, and out of dread, You'll gratifie them with a barren Cow.

But to Tirefias you must alone

Promise at your return to kill a Ewe All over black. The Ceremonies done

Which to the dead by common law are due, Then of the Ram and Ewe let out the blood Into the Pit; their heads to Hell-ward place,

And turn your back, and fe go tow'rd the Flood. Then shall you see the Ghosts come out apace.

Bid your Companions mean while to flay The flaughter'd Sheep. To Pluto must you and

To his Queen Proserpine your Prayers fay,

Then fit down at the Pit with Sword in hand. Let none come near the blood until you fee Tirefias the Theban Propher come.

Twill not be long before he with you be; He'll tell you all the ways to bring you home.

This faid, Aurora had the light displaid, And Circe cloath'd me with a Coat and Veft,

And

And with a pure white Robe her self array'd, With a Gold Girdle girt beneath her Breast; And put upon her Head her Veil. Then I

Went through th'house to make my fellows rife,

And gently faid unto them severally,

Let's go: for Circe now doth fo advise.

And well content they were. But safe away.

I could not bring them all. For there was one

Elpenor, neither forward in a Fray,

Nor yet of very much discretion;

Heated with Wine o'er night, himself to cool, Up to the houses top he went to sleep;

But wak'd with noise the rest made, like a Fool-Ne'er thought of coming down the stairs steep

Backward; and so to th'earth he headlong fell,
And broke his Neck-bone, & lay dead o'th'ground.

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And his Soul leaving him, went down to Hell.

The rest came forth, and stood about me round. To these I said, You think without delay

That we to Ithaca are going now;

Bu i Circe bids us go another way,

Df old Tirefias the mind to know, The Theban Prophet, who is now in Hell.

This broke the very heart-strings of my Mates; They sob and tear their hair, but cannot tell

How to avoid what's once decreed by th'Fates: Then to our Ship we weeping went. Mean space

Circe a Ram and black Ewe there had ty'd

For Gods, but when they lift, cannot be fpy'd.

LIB. XI.

W/Hen we were come unto the Sea-fide, where Our Ship lay which we shov'd into the deep; We rear our Maft, pull up our Sails, and bear Aboard with us one Male, one Female Sheep. And so for Hell we stood, with fears in mind, And tears in eye. But the fare Circe fent To bear us company, a good fore-wind That kept our Sails full all the way we went. To winds and steerage we our way commend, And careless fir from morning till 'twas dark ; Then found our selves at th'Oceans farthest end. Where up to Land the wind had forc'd our Bark. Here dwell the Cimbers hid in Clouds and Mift. Whom thou, O Phebus, with thy golden Eye; Nor coming from the Sky to Earth e'er feeft, Nor when from Earth thou mountest to the Sky ; But live, poor men, under a horrid night. Here feek we for the place of which the wife circe had told us, and foon on it light, And thither fetch the sheep for facrifice. Then with my Sword i'th'ground I dig'd a Pit, And round about it Wine with Honey pour ; And round again pure Wine pour after it, Then water pure. O'er all I sprinkle flour : And vowed to those feeble folk, to kill, Asson as I to Rhaca should come A barren Heifer, and the Altar fill, With many more good things I had at home. And promif'd to Tirefias alone A fat black Ewe, the best in all my Coats.

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When I my Vows and Pray'rs had ritely done, Of both the Victims straight I cut the throats. Their reaking blood stream'd down into the Pit;

Our come the Ghofts, Maids, Youths, decrepit Age,

And tender Virgins, they all scented it;

And Warriours clad in gorry Arms, all rage,

And rushing out of Hell, with hideous cry,

About the blood buffling they go and turn,

Which not a little frighted me. Then I

Bad flay the Victims, and their bodies burn, And fay their Pray'rs to Pluto and his Queen. With Sword in hand I fat on the Pits brink,

Refolv'd till I Tirefias had feen,

That not a Ghoff a drop of blood should drink.

First came my Souldier Elpenor's Spirit,

Which left the body just when we set sail, So that we had no leisure to interr it.

His heavy fate I did with tears bewail.

How now (quoth I) Elpenor? art thou here Already? Couldst thou me so much outstrip?

I first came forth, and left thee in the Rear.

Haft thou on foot out-gone my good black Ship? Then said Elpener, Issue of Jove, Divine

ulysses, I had come along with th'Batk, But that the Devil and excess of Wine

Made me to fall, and break my neck i'th'dark.

I went to bed late by a Ladder steep;

At top o'th'house the Room was where I lay:

Wak't at the noise of parting, half afleep Headlong I hither came, the nearest way.

Now I adjure you by your Father, and

Your Wife, and Son, and all his Seed to come

(For I affured am that you will land

Where Circe dwells before your going home)

To see I have the Rires due to the dead.

Fear th'anger of the Gods above, and burn My body with my arms, from foot to head,

And caft on earth to cover o'er my Urn.

This done, for men hereafter failing by, Raile me a little Tomb of Earth by th'fhore,

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That they may eas'ly (ee where 'cis I lie. Lastly, upon it upright plant my Oar.

All this (quoth I) I'll do upon my word.

Thus we discours'd amongst the shades. He stood

While I continu'd with my naked Sword

To keep the Sprights from tafting of the blood.

Then came Anticlia my Mothers Ghoft.

Alive I left her when to Troy I fail'd To fight against it in the Argive Host.

Now feeing her, exceedingly I wail'd.

And though I glieved were to keep away

My Mother from the loved blood; yet still

In the same posture patiently I stay, Till I might know Tirefias his will.

Then came the Soul of old Tirefias,

And of the Gilded-Staff he had in's hand.

Poor man (quoth he)perceiving what I was,

What brought thee hither to this ugly Land? Stand back a while, and take your Sword away,

That I may drink, and the Electring word

Of Fate deliver to you. I obey.

Retire, and up I put my trufty Sword.

Then faid the good old Propher, You are come;

Honour'd ulysses, to inquire of me,

What the Gods fay about your going homes.

I tell you true, 'cwill not be eafily.

Ithink you'll not escape at Sea unseen Of angry Neptune, who I do not doubt

Will do his worft, and make you feel his spleen,

For Polyphemus eye which you put out.

Yet for all that, you may to Ithaca

Safely return, if you can but command

Your passion when in th'Itle Thrinacia,

An Island lying in your way you land, There feed the Kine of the all-feeing Sun,

And Flocks of goodly Sheep. Hurt none of the fey

Then shall your Ship her course with safety run

At length to khaca, though not with eafe.

But if you touch them, I denounce a wrack To your good ship, and death to all your Crew:

And ?

And though your felf may happen to come back
At last, and this unhappy Fare eschew;
'Twill be alone, and in a ship not yours,

Resides they when you are returned home.

Besides that, when you are returned home You'll fall into the danger of the Wooers,

Who for your Wifes and Meats-fake thither come.

But you will be reveng'd of these; and when You shall have made away these Wooers, go

With Oar on shoulder, to a land where men Inhabit, that the briny Sea not know,

Nor ever mingle falt with what they eat,

Nor eyer faw the ship with crimson face, Nor yet those Wings which do the water beat (Call'd Oars) to make your good ship go apace.

Now mark me well, when thou shalt meet a man Just at the end of Neptune's utmost bound,

Bearing upon his shoulder a Corn fan,

Stick down thy lufty Oar upon the ground; There Sacrifice to the Worlds Admiral,

For new admittance, a Ram, Boar and Bull;

Then home again, and offer unto all
The Gods by name an hundred Oxen full.
Your death will not ungentle be, for which

Age shall prepare you, and your Soul unglew Insensiblely. Your people shall be rich,

Which round about you dwell. All this is true.

Tirefias (quoth I) when he had done,

'Tis well. My Mother yonder I cipy.

Amongst the shades; she knoweth not her Son;

What shall I do to make her know 'tis I?

That (quoth he) I can tell you eafily.

What Soul soever you admit to drink, To what you ask will make a true reply;

Those you put back, back into Hell will slink.

The Prophet having thus my fate foretold, Into the house of Pluto back retir'd.

I o'er the blood my former posture hold, But let my Mother drink as she desir'd.

She knew me then, and wept, My Son, faid she, How came you to this place of ours so dark?

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No

Th'Ocean and so many Gulphs there be

Twixt you and us, that but with a good Bark

No living man can pass. Come you but now

From Troy, and all this while have wandring been

You and your Company? You have I trow,

Your wife Penelope by this time feen.

Mother (faid I) the cause I came this way

Was to ask counsel of Tiresias.

Since I with Agamemnon went to Troy,

In Ithaca or Greece I never was.

But Mother, tell me pray you, how came you Unto this place? was it by Sickness long?

Or did Diana with a death undue

Send you down hither to this feeble throng?

And tell me if my Father and my Son Remain as formerly in their estate;

Or that some Prince of Greece my wife have won, 2

Supposing me now cast away by Fate.

Tell me besides, whether Penelope

Remain as home together with my Son,

Affifting him to rule my Family;

Or whether she be married, and gone.

Your wife (faid she) does still continue there;
For your long absence weepeth days and nights.

Your Son still holds his own, and makes good chear

Of he invited is, and oft invites,

Your Father from his Vineyard never budges;

Rich Coverlets and Bedding he refules; Ne'er comes to th'Town; in winter with his Drudges.

To lay him down, fleep by th'fire he uses.

In vile array in Summer-time he creeps,

Till Vintage pass, about his Fruit-trees round,

And vifits them each one, at night he fleeps

On Bed of heaped leaves upon the ground, Thus lies he griev'd and pining with the thought

Of your sad fare, afflicted too with age.

The like (ad thoughts me also hither brought.

I neither died by Diana's rage, Nor any long confuming Malady;

But very woe, thinking that you were dead,

My Noble dear uly fes, made me die; My Soul thus hi her from my Body fled.

When she had spoken, I would very fain

Have ta'en her in my arms; three times I graspe

At the beloved Shadow, but in vain.

Mine arms I closed, but did nothing clasp.

Sore griev'd hereat, I said unto my Mother I am your Son, why do you fly me so?

Why may we not embracing one another,

Although in Hell, give case unto our woe? Hath Proserpine, my forrows to augment,

Sent me a Phantome in my Mothers flead?

Oh no (quoth she) my Son, sh'ad no intent T'abuse you. 'Tis the nature of the Dead.

We are no longer Sinews, Flesh and Bones; We are Substances Incorporeal.

All that's confumed i'th'Fun'ral fire: when once That's done, it in it felf ftands feveral;

Flies like a Dream. No, go your ways to th'light,

And tell all I have told you to your Wife, That she may know in this perperual night

The dead enjoy an everlasting life.

When we had thus discourfd, the Ladies came
Sent out by Proserpine to taste the blood;

Daughters and Wives to Princes of great Fame, And round about me at the Pit they flood.

But I to know each one that came to drink,

Study'd a while; then thought this counsel best, With Sword in hand t'abide upon the brink,

Whilst one was drinking to keep off the rest.

There was not one but I enquir'd her name

And Pedegree. All told me who they were.

And first of all the well-born Tyro came, Who said Salmoneus was her Ancestor.

And that of Cretheus she had been the Wife, And on Enipeus had enamour'd been

Once on a time whilft she remain'd in life, On Enipeus sair'st stream that e'er was seen.

Upon whose Bank Neptune that chanc'd to spy her, On Enipeus sweet stream drew her aside,

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And at the Rivers mouth laid him down by her

Between two Waves rail'd high, their deed to hide.

When he Loves work had done, Thou shalt (faid he)
E're th'year be ended, bring forth Children twain,

Who Princes both of great Renown shall be.

I Neptune am ; the Gods ne'er work in vain.

See you that they be educated well

Till they shall be at mans estate arriv'd.

So go you home: my Name you must not tell.

This said, into the rowling Sea he div'd.

Her time being come, the was delivered

Of two great Boys, Neleus and Pelias,

Who for the service of high Jove were bred.

One King of Pile, th'other of Iolcas was.

The noble Lady Tyro, besides these

Did many other goodly Children bear:

Amatheon, and Ason, and Pheres;

But these her Husband Cretheus Children were:

Next came the Daughter of Alopus (who

Through Theban fertile Plains and Meadows runs)

Antiope. Of Jove the boasteth too,

That by him she conceived had two Sons;

Their names were Zethus and Amphion. They
The Founders were of Thebes; with Walls & Towers,

And fev'n ftrong Gares they fenc'd it every way

Against Invasion from all Neighb'ring Powers,

Ampoitrion's wife Alemena there I faw,

That lov'd by Tove brought Hercules to life.

And the King Cretheus Daughter Megara,

That was the Mighty Hercules his wife.

I faw there also the unfortunate

Mother of Oedipus, Jocasta bright.

That blindly did a horrid act, by face,

Which the Gods pleasure was should come to light.

Not knowing him, The marry'd her own Son;

Not knowing him, he his own Father flew:

When they perceived both what they had done, She hang'd her felf; her Furies him pursue.

Chloris I saw, whom Neleus did wed

For beauty, got by the Son of Fasus;

And

And with great Dowre he gain'd her to his bed; Her Father Amphion rul'd Orchomenus.

She Queen of Pyle, by Neleus had three Boys:

Neftor, Chroneus, Periclumenus;

And one fair Daughter to make full their joys, Pero by name, for beauty wonderous.

The Princes round about were Suiters to her;
But Iphyclus had Neleus Cattle ta'n,

And Neleus was resolved to bestow her

On him that could his Herds fetch back again.

There was a Prophet undertook the Task;
But ta'n by Clowns, and into Prison pent,
For an writing Polyclyct'all he could ask

For answiring Iphyclus t'all he could ask

Was freed, and did the thing he underwent.

I faw the Wife too of Tyndareus there,

Fair Leda; she two Twins unto him bare, Pollux good Cuffer, Castor Cavalier:

Twins, and alive, though underground they are.

And have obtained of their Father Jove Both to be Canonized Gods; but so, As he that is to day in Heav'n above,

Shall be to morrow amongst men below.

Iphymedea, Alciaus Wife

I saw, that did two Sons to Neptune bear,

Otus, and Ephyaltes; of short life,

The greatest, and the fair'st that ever were, Except Orion; each at nine years old

Between the Shoulders was nine Cubits wide,

And was in length nine Cubits four times told,

And all the Gods in Heaven terrifi'd ;

And threatned them with war, and Heav'n to florm.

They Offa fee upon Olympus high.

And Pelius on Offa; and fo form

Against the Sky a mighty Battery:

And furely they had ftorm'd it had they been At mans effate. Their Beards were not yet grown.

Apollo kili'd them with his Arrows keen, E'er on their Cheeks appeared any Down.

Phadra and Procris there I also saw,
And Minos Daughter Ariadne, whom

Thefens

Thefens was bringing towards Attica

From creta; but he could not bring her home.

Diana killed her in Dia Isle

On Bacchus quarrel. There I did behold

Mera and Clymene, and th' Woman vile

Eryphile that her own Husband sold.

To name the Ladies all I faw, would make My Tale to last all night. 'Tis bed-time now

Here or aboard, though not till you think fit;

Till you think fit, and give command to row.

This faid, the Company deep filence feiz'd, Delighted with the things they heard him speak:

The Owen her felf dutte no less pleased

The Queen her felf Arete no less pleas'd,

At last resolv'd the filence thus to break.

Princes, what think you of this man fo rare,

His Look, his Stature, and his Noble Heart?

My Guest he is, but you have all a share

In th'honour of this Vifit. E'er he part

Make him a Present to relieve his need.

Be liberal, have no respect to thrift;

For you the Gods from fear of want have freed

With wealth abundance. Do not pinch your Gift

Old Echineus faid, The Queen fays right;

We shall do well her counsel to obey:

But fince in King Alcinons lies the might,

'Tis better first to hear what he will say.

Then said Alcinous, It shall be so,

Unless I bear the name of King in vain;

Let not the Stranger till to morrow go;

Till we prepare our Gift he must remain.

As for his Passage we will all provide,

And chiefly I that do the Scepter bear. To whom the wife uly set thus reply'd:

Renown'd Alcinous that Reignest here,

Though a whole year you should command my flay,

It will not trouble me. Nay, that I'd chuse,

Since you intend to fend me rich away :

For I am fure I shall no honour lose

By coming richly home. Kings that have store

Of wealth, are better commonly obey'd,

And

And by their Subjects are respected more,

Than those whose Treasuries and Ghests are void,

There be (the King said) many that can lye; But there is form and sense in all you say:

Both your own Fate you tell with Harmony, And of the Greeks with whom you went to Troy.

I should be well content to fit up here

All the night long, fo you would under ake,

To tell me ev'ry thing that you faw there.

To him ulyffes then did answer make : Renowned King Alcinous, you know,

There is a time for talk, a time for reft; But fince you long to hear, I'll tell you now

Whom elfe I faw, and what Fate them oppreft.

And first the saddest end of those that had Escap'd the fury of the Enemy

And in their Countries landed were and glad,

Were murther'd by a Womans Treachery. The Female Ghofts scatter'd by Proserpine,

Some one way, fome another, thither came

Arrides Soul, first of the Masculine;

And others with him, whose Fates were the same,

No sooner he the blood had tasted, but

He knew me, forely wept, and would have cast. His arms about my waste, but could not do'r:

For now alass his strength was gone and past.

I griev'd to see him, and thus to him said:

King Agamemnen, what Fate brought you hither?

Were you by Neptune on the Sea betray'd, And hisher fent by fury of the weather?

Or landing to find Booty, met with Death?
Or else besieging of some Town were slain?

Or for fair Women were bereav'd of breath? Then Agamemnon, answer'd me again:

Noble ulysses, I lost not my life

By Neptune's fury, nor in fight at Land. For Booty or for Women; but my wife-Did basely kill me by Ægistus hand.

At my first landing he invited me,

And flew me then when I at Supper fate,

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Just as a man would kill a Cow; so he

Kill'd me. There's no such woful death as that.
My Friends were butcher'd like so many Swine,

Which when within a mighty rich mans Hall

Numbers of men invited are to dine

At Wedding, or at Feaft, are made to fall.

You very many men have feen to die In ranged Battle, and in fingle Fight;

But never felt fuch pity certainly

As you had felt, had you but feen this fight, How we 'mought Tables on the ground did lie

That ran with blood. But my heart most did rue

To hear Caffandra, Priam's Daughter, cry,

Whom close beside me Clytemnestra sew.

Then though I were at the last gasp, I try'd If groaping I might find my fallen Sword:

But the curst woman push'd it from my side.

I dy'd, to close mine eyes she'd not afford.

Nothing fo cruel as a woman yet

Did Nature e'er produce; a thought fo ill

In any other breast did never sit,

As herownfloving Husbands blood to spill.

Yet this my Wife, to the Eternal Shame Of all the Sex, not only of the bad,

But ev'p of those that have no evil Fame.

Betray'd my Life, and of my Death was glad.
Jove meant to Atreus feed (faid I)great spight

By Woman-kind. By Helen first. At Troy.

For her sake many lost their lives in fight, And Clytemnestra now did you betray.

Therefore (faid Agamemnon) never trust

A Woman more, although she be your own. Tell her not all you think. Somewhat you must.

And somewhat keep t'your self, to her unknown.

But you, ulysses, need not fear your wife.

Rareus Daughter, fair Penelope;

She loves you better than to take your life :

A Wife so wise will scorn disloyalty. When we for Troy set forth together, then

She gave fuck to your Son; but he is grown

Aman by this time, and takes place with men; Is rich, and one day shall his Father own,

And he and you at home embrace each other.

But I was not allow'd my Son to see;
But was first murder'd by his wicked Mother.

Now hear ye, if you will be rul'd by me,

Let no man know before hand, when and where You mean to land in Ithaca, beware

Of suffering your Bark in fight t'appear.

Remember still, Women unsaithful are.

But tell me, have you nothing all this while Heard of my Son Oreftes, whether he

At Sparta with his Uncle be, or Pyle?

For dead he is not, I know certainly.

Alafs (faid I) Atrides how should I,

That wand'ring was at Sea, hear any news
Whether alive or dead he be? Or why

Should I with Tales uncertain you abuse?

Discoursing thus, and weeping there we stood, When Great Achilles Soul appear'd to us;

And with him also the two Spirits good Of stout Patroclus, and Antilochus,

The Soul of Ajax, Son of Telamon

Was also there, who mongst those Warriours tall

The goodlieft Person was, except the Son Of Peleus, who did much excel them all.

Achilles drank, and presently me knew,

And faid, ulysses, what brought you to Hell? What Plot upon the Dead you hither drew

Where none but Shades of wretched Mortals dwell

Achilles (faid I) I was forc'd to come T'inquire of th'Wizard, old Tiresias,

What the Fates say about my going home, Whether or no, and how twill come to pass;

For fince I came from Troy I have not feen Nor Ithaca, nor any Grecian shore:

For toft and croft at Sea I fill have been;
But you are now as well as heretofore.

Like any God we honour'd you at Troy,
And here among the Ghosts you are obey'd.

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Death hath not chang'd your flare. You fill enjoy
A Regal Power. To this Achilles faid:

Talk not to me of Honour here in Hell;

I'd rather serve a Clown on earth for bread,

Than be of all things Incorporeal

Thar are, or ever shall be, Supreme Head.

But rell me of my Son Neopiolemus,

Whether he came to Troy, and how he fought;

And of my aged Father Peleus,

Whether he keep his place, or be put out.

Some Foe, it may be, hath usurpt his place

In Puthia, and in Hellas where he swaid,

And put him with his people in difgrace. But were I now above, and strong as then,

When for the Greeks I fought at Ilium,

And flew so many of their bravest men, And to my aged Father's house should come;

If there I were, 'twould not be very long

Before I made some of their hearts to ake,

That go about to do my Father wrong,

And would by force his honour from him take.
When he had done, I made him answer thus:

Concerning Peleus I can nothing fay;

But of your Son, four Neoptolemus,

tall

I know enough; 'twas I brought him to Troy

From Seyros Isle. In Counsel always he

First spake his mind, and never spake but well.

Nefter, and I sometimes, and only we

Th'advice he gave were able to refel.

In fight he fought no fhelter in the throng.

But ever out he ran before the reft.

To shew his courage and his strength among
Those Foes that were in Troyesteem'd the best.

The names of all he flew I cannot tell;

They are too many. But 'twas by his Sword

That Great Eurypylus in Battle fell,

Of all the Trojan Aids the goodli'ft Lord, Excepting Memnon. After, when we were

Within the Wooden-Horse conceal'd, an I I

The

The power had of ord'ring all things there, I never faw your Son to wipe his eye.

Or to wax pale, as many of us did. He everlonged to be fet on land

From out the hole in which we all lay hid;.

And to his Hilt he often put his hand,

And often to his Spear. And when at last We won and rifled had the Town of Troy,

He home into his Country safely past,

His Ship well laden with his part o'th'prey. And which is more, he came off fafe and found,

Though Mars each way threw deaths and wounds
Amongst the croud he ne'er received wound [about Neither from them that sough,

This faid, the fwift Achilles Soul retir'd, Strutting into the Mead of Alphodel,

Proud of his Son, to hear what he defir'd.

Then other grieved Souls their stories tell.

Only the Soul of Ajax stood off mute
And sullen, because I did from him bear
Achilles Armour in that sad Dispute

Where Pallas and the Trojans Judges were.

I would I had not had that Victory,

Which cost the life of him that was the most

Admir'd by all, for form and Chivalry, Except Achilles, in the Argive Hoft.

I gently to him spake. Ajax, said I,
Forget that cursed Armour now at last;
And since you dead are, let your anger die:

For why, the Gods determined had to cast Those Arms amongst us for a punishment,

Offended with us, what e'er was the matter, And us'd them as an Engine, with intent,

Our greatest Tower, which was your self, to batter.
For whom the Argives did lament no less

Than for Achilles, Thetis Son. Come nigh, And hear what I can answer, and suppress Your mighty heart a while. So ended I.

To this just nothing he reply'd, but went Int'Erebus'mongst other Shadows dim;

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Yet there, I think, he would have been content To speak to me, if I had spoke to him; But I defired others Souls to fee.

Then Minos there, the Son of Fove I faw

With Golden Seepter, dealing Equity

To Souls that flood, and fate to hear the Law.

Next after him I faw the Great Orion ,

A mighty Club hecarried in his hand;

And hunted the wild Boar, and Bear, and Lion. Which when he lived he had kill'd on Land.

There also saw I Titias. He lay

Upon his back, ftrech'd out full acres nine,

He the fair Leto had upon the way

To Pytho injur'd; Leto Fove's Concubine. Two Vultures on his Breaft, on each fide one, Sate dipping of their Beaks into his Liver.

He flirreth not, but lets them ftill alone;

And thus devouring it, they stay for ever.

And Tantalus I faw up to the Chin

In water clear, and longing fore to drink;

But as he bow'd himself to take it in.

Some Devil always made the water fink. Close o'er his head hung pleasant Fruit, and ripe

Pears and Pomegranates, Olives, Apples, Figs; Which ever when he ready was to gripe,

A fudden wind ftill whiskt away the Twigs.

And Sifyphus I faw, who 'gainst the Hill

With hands and feet a heavy stone doth roll;

But when unto the top he brings it, still

The naughty stone falls back into the hole. Then to't he goes afresh, with no less pain

He heaves and swears, and dusty is all o'er. And when 'ris up, he labour'd has in vain,

For still it serves him as it did before. Then Hercules I faw, I mean his Spright,

tter.

For he is with th'Immortal Gods above,

And taken has to wife Hebe the bright Daughter of Juno, and of Mighty Jove.

The dead about him made a fearful cry, Like frighted Fowl. A Golden Belt he wore

With

With wild Beafts wrought, and slaughters cunningly. The like shall never be, nor was before.

He saw, and knew me presently, and spake;
Renown'd ulysses, why lest you the light?

Alass were you constrain'd to undertake

Alass, were you constrain'd to undertake
This task, as I was, by a meaner Wight?

Who, though Jove's Son I was did me constrain
Full many other labours t'undergo.

But he thought this would put me to most pain, Th'Infernal Dog upon the Earth to show.

I did it though, and drag'd him up to th'light, By Mercury's, and by Athena's aid.

Having thus faid, he vanisht out of fight

Mongst other Phantoms. But I still there staid,

Hoping more Hero's of th'old time to see; And more had surely seen of Heav'nly Race, Theseus, Pirythous, whom t'had pleased me,

If longer I had dar'd to keep my place. For then, from out of Hell, with hideous cry,

Thousands of Souls about me gathered.

And frighted me; but most afraid was I,

Lest Proserpine should send out Gorgon's Head.

Then went I to my Ship and Company,
And for a while our Oars at Sea we ply'd
But after we were on the Main, then we
A fair Gale had, and past the Ocean wide.

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LIB. XII.

Hence over th'ocean back we come away, And at the Ille Aaa we arrive. There are the Bowers of Aurora gay; There 'tis that Phabus doth the day revive : And there we difimbark upon the Sand, And having flept a while attend the day. When day was come, my Fellows I command To ferch Elpenor's body dead away. With wood from off a Promontory near, Weeping, his Body we to ashes burn, Together with his Arms, and th'earth we rear (To be a Monument) upon his Urn; And on the same we fix his Oar upright. These Cerimonies done, came the Divine circe, that knew we landed were that night, Her Maids brought to us bread, and mear, and wine, And standing in the midst, poor men (said she) That come from Hell, and thither must again; Twice-morrals, take your food, and merry be. With flesh and lufty wine, forget your pain, To morrow you shall fail again, and I Will to you all your dangers open lay, Left you by some malicious subtilty, By Land or Sea, should perish by the way. This pleas'd us well, and all day long we fare Eating and drinking wine, until 'twas dark, And somewhat ere we saw it evening late, My Mates lay down to fleep befide the Eark. Then circe led me by the hand afide. And askt me all that I had feen in Hell;

H

Nor anything atall from her I hide.

'Tis well, faid fhe. Now hear what I you tell:

First you must pass the Syrens, who invite All Passengers that sail before the place

To land. But who foever lands, that wight Of's Wife and Children ne'er more fees the face.

These Syrens in a Meadow fit and fing,

Where dead mens bones in heaps about them lie

Rotting, and rivel'd skinslie scattering, Passon, and their enchanting Musick fly.

Command your Mates to tie you to the Malt; And that if you make figns to be fet free,

They heed you not, but bind you still more fast, That you alone may hear their Melody,

Dam up your Fellows ears with chafed wax.
When you are gotten out of hearing quite,
And have the Syrens far off at your backs,

Another danger foon will come in fight.

Two ways there are; but which of them to take
I'll not advise you, both of them are naught.
Your felf upon the place your Judgment make

Your self upon the place your Judgment make, Of which I'll give you only a short draught.

Two Rocks there be that with inclining brow
Hang o'er the Sea, which roaring runs between;

By th'name of Wanderers the Gods them know, Because in changed posture they are seen. Whereof the one does to such height ascend,

That never any Birds that way take wing, Nor fearful Doves when they to Heaven tend,

Ambrofia to th'Immortal Gods to bring.
One of these Rocks doth vanish now and then,

But Jove still sets another in its stead.

This way ne'er Ship did safely carry men,
But dash'd was 'gainst the Rocks, and perished.

The good Ship Argo only pass'd that way

To and from Colchos fafely; yet that too

The same (for love she bare to Jason) through. The other Rock unmov'd, with pointed head, Bierceth the Clouds, and reaches to the Sky.

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n Winter and in Summer's covered, And wrapped up in Miss perpetually.

Norcould a mortal man climb up unto't.

Although he were indu'd with twenty hands,

And with as many nimble feet to boor,
So finooth it is, and so upright it stands.

Ith'midst o'th'Rock you'll see a Cavern dark

That looketh Westward. That way you must row.

The mouth o'th' Cave is more above your Bark

Than th'youngest man can shoot to with a Bow.

There 'tis that Scylla dwells and barks: her voice Like to a Lions whelps voice is 5 But the

Amighty Monfter is; 'twould not rejoyce

A God, much lefs a man her shape to fee.

Twelve feet the has in all, and ugly ones.

Six huge long Necks; and to each neck a head 4

And in each head for teeth fh'has rows of bones,

And every row of them invemoned.

Half of her Body in the Cave she hides;
But all her heads she putteth out and watches

For Dog-fish, Dolphins, and what Fish besides

The Sea affords, and Whales the fomerimes carches.

Ne'er did bold Sailer boaft that pass'd that way, That he had scaped safely by her Don;

Or that a mouth of hers did want its prey,

But from him fnatch'd away fome of his men: The Rock that's opposite is not so high.

But there the paffage is exceeding narrow.

For you, ulyffes, if you please to try,

From fide to fide can eas'ly shoot an arrow,

Out of this Rock grows a great Sycamore,

Under the which Charybdis hidden lies,

And suddenly the water does devour, And suddenly again she makes it rise.

Thrice in a day the water rifes high,

And thrice a day again the fame doth fall. But when it falls, take heed you be not nigh;

Reep Scylla fide; better lose fix than all.
When she had made an end: Goddes, said I,

Tell me I pray you when I have got free,

From

From th'evil which charybdis means me, why On Scylla I may not avenged be.

Fie, fie, quoth the, are you at fighting ftill? Dare you against the Gods oppose your might?

For Scylla is an everlasting ill.

Row on apace, and fave your felves by flight. 'Gainst such a Monster remedy there's none,

But row as fast as ere you can away. For if you flay to put your Armour on,

She'll floop again, and take another prey.

Row swiftly on, and to Cratais cry,

That In her Belly the foul Monster bore, And the will keep her in as you go by, That the shall not affault you any more.

Next at Thrinacia-Ifle you shall arrive,

Where feed the Suns broad-horn'd Kine and Sheep. Seav'n Herds there be, in each one ten times five,

As many Flocks, which Sol's two Daughters keep,

Phatusa and Lampetio Divine;

Their Mother was Neara that did bear And bring them up, and to them did affign The keeping of their Pathers Cattle there.

These if you suffer quietly to feed,

You shall go home again, though with some pain;

But if you hurt them, know it it decreed

Your Ship and Men shall perish in the Main. And though your felf you fave, your Ship you'll lofe, And Mates, and in your passage find delay.

This faid, the Rosie-finger'd Morning rose, And circe up the Island went her way.

But I went to my Ship, and call'd my Crew To come aboard, aboard they quickly come,

And fitting each man in his order due,

With stroak of oars they make the grey Sea foam The Goddess circu also was so kind,

As when we were gone off, and Sails had spread, To fill them with a favourable wind.

So fate we while the Steers-man governed. Then to my Mates with heavy heart I spake: Not one or two of you alone must hear

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What Circe faid, but all, that you may take Your own advice, fince 'cis a common fear. You must not hear the Syrens melody, But row with all your might till we be past. To me alone the gives that liberty, But so as first you bind me to the Mast. Bind me you must upright both hand and foot, And fo as I may not the knot unknit: And if I wink upon you to undo't, Then take more Cord and bind me faster yet, Whilft I my Fellows thus informing flood, The Island of the Syrens came in fight: For nimble was our thip, and the wind good; But suddenly we were becalmed quite. Some Damon fure had laid the Waves affeep. Then took we in our Sails, and laid them by,... And with our Oars in hand provok'd the Deep, And in a milky path we forward ply. Then from a Ball of Wax I pinch a bir, Chafe it, and into th'ears of one it put; And so to all in order as they fire Which foon was done, the weather being hot. Then streight they rise and bind me to the Mast At th'arms and feer : the knot behind they tie; And then upon their fears themselves they plac'd, And row'd till to the Island we were nigh, When to the Illand we were come so nigh, As that a man that hollows may be heard, The Syrens knowing when we should come by, Had tup'd themselves, and had their Song prepar'd Come, come, much prais'd uly fes, come away, The brightest glory of the Greeks come near e No mortal man did ever come this way, That did not to our Mufick lend an ear. Delight they found, and wisdom carried hence. Stay, flay your good black ship, forbear a while To beat the Sea; please and inform your sense. Come difimbark your selves upon our Isle. We know what feats of Arms were done at Trop

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Between the Greeks and Trojans all along.

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We know what's done on th'whole earth every day, Come, come a land, and liften to our Song,

And this they fung with fo much harmony And sweetness in their voices, that I fain

Would have recovered my liberty,

And to them winkt, to be fet loofe again. But 'twould not be. My Mates regard my words, And not my winks, and fir still at the Oar.

Eurylochus and Perimede bring Cords,

And bind me harder than they did before.

When we had left the Syrens at our backs So far as not to hear them any more.

My Fellows from their ears pull out the Wax, And me unto my liberty restore.

We had not failed far, when there appeared An angry Sca before us all in smoke;

And thumping of the mighty Waves, we heard Upon the stubborn Rocks at every stroke.

Besides, the Sea so mighty loud did roar, As with one difmal Hum it fill'd the Ear.

And made my Mares each one let fall his Oar, So much their Senses were benum'd with fear;

Still flood the Bark. Then I among them go With gentle words, new courage to convey Into their failing hearts, to make them row;

And passing by, to every one I say :

My Friends, we all have many dangers paft, And greater much than what we now do fear.

Remember how from Polyphemus vaft

By my good conduct we deliver'd were. I do not doubt but you remember it,

My counsel therefore also now obey. Row close along the shore, the Gods may yet

Deliver us, but by no other way. But you that have the guiding of the Ship,

Steers-man, to you I speak, mark what I say, Steer her without the Smoke; for if the flip

Aside, though little, we are cast away. This faid, my Fellows speedily obey'd,

Of th' Monfter Scylla not a word I told;

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Left they should throw away their Oars, dismaid, And for their shelter run into the Hold.

But Circe's counsel I had quire forgot.

Two Spears, though the express had faid not;
And looking upwards at the Head I stand.

But she appeared not. I look'd so high

And long upon the hideous Rock, my fight

Began to fail, and now we were close by

That dismal streight, which doth us all affright

Here Scylla stands, and the Charybdis dire

Lies vomiting the Sea, which fings and dances

Like water in a Kettle o'er the fire,

And vapours to the highest Rocks advances.

But when the Sea it sucketh in again,

It founds like thunder in the hollow stone.

And we could fee the bottom very plain; Sandy it was, and black to look upon.

Whilft we our eyes upon Charybdis fix,

And stand amazed at the horrid fight, Suddenly Scylla stoopt, and inatch'd up fix

Of the best men I had to row or fight.

Soon faw their fprauling arms and legs i'th'air

And heard them lamentably to me cry,

And name me in their uttermost despair.

As Fishers in a Horn mix fraud and food,

And from the Bank at th'end of a long Wand,

To catch the Fry, cast it into the Flood,

Then pluck them up, and throw them on the land:

So lifted were my Mates. Of my milhaps
This was the laddeft I did ever fee,

When she my men cham'd in her ugly Chaps.
Roaring and holding out their hands to me.

From Scylla we unto the Island row.

Where feeding were Sol's facred Sheep and Kine.

Before we landed I could hear them low;

Which brought into my mind the Prophecy

Of old Tirefias the Theban Bard,

That counsel'd me this Island for to shun.

Of circe also I like counsel heard,

And not to land i'th'Island of the Sun-

Then speaking to my Fellows, Friends, said I,
This Island sacred is to Sol; this place

Tirefias and Eirce both bid fly,

And not to difimbark in any cafe.

For if we do, for certain they declare

The greatest mischief that e'er men besel: Therefore keep out to Seaward, and beware Of landing here, and then we shall be well.

But then Eurylochus to me began :

You have, ulysses, a hard heart, quoth he;

There is no labour but you bear it can;

Your limbs of flubborn fleel composed be-

But you confider not your Mates are tir'd
With their continual tugging at the Oar,
And that refrehment is and Gen required

And that refreshment is and sleep requir'd, Which is not to be had but on the shore.

But you would have us wander in the night, When in the night the greatest winds arise,

The bane of ships; and when depriv'd of light, To save our selves we can no way devise.

What if great winds should blow from South or West, Which often happens, though their King not know

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Or not confent? Therefore I think it best To night to sup ashore, to morrow row.

So faid Eurylochus, and was commended
By all my Mates: and prefently I knew

One Dæmon or another had intended To ruin me, together with my Crew. Then faid I to Euryloehus, 'Twere vain

To strive against so many men alone. But you shall take an Oath that you'll abstain From hurting of the Cattle of the Sun.

Of Circe's meat there's left us yet good ftore.

This faid, they rook the Oath, which having done,

They put into the Harbour, and ashore

They Sup. And when their hunger now was gone,

Their Mates remembring that in th'hollow Rock
By th'monster Scylla were devour'd, they weep
And

And wall, and with their hands they knock Their breasts, and in that posture fell asleep. The Stars had climb'd a third part of the Sky, When with a Whirlwind Jove together fetcht The Clouds from ev'ry part, and fuddenly On Sea and Land a dismal night was stretcht. And when the Rofie finger'd Morning came, Our Ship we to a hollow Cave advance, Wherein the Sea nymphs Seats and Couches have, And where they are accustomed to dance. Thither I call'd my Mates, and faid again; Friends, we have meat and drink aboard, be wife; And from the Herds and Flocks of Sol abstain, Who heareth all we fay, and all espies. To this did my Companions all affent. But for a month there blew no other wind Than South and East; so that we there were pent I'th'Island longer than we had defign'd. My Mares, whilst they had bread and meat aboard, Forbore to meddle with the facred Kine: And fetched in what the Island did afford Of Fish and Fowl, to have wherewith to dine. Up I into the Island went aside, The Conduct of th'Immortal Gods t'implore, That some of them 'twould please to be my Guide, And me unto my Country to reffore. and in a place defended from the wind I wash'd my hands; and then with tears and fighs. Before the Gods I poured out my mind, And they a sweet sleep poured on my eyes. Mean time Eurylochus bad counsel gives To his Companions : All deaths, quoth he; Are hateful to what thing foever lives : But death by hunger is the worst can be. Le's kill some of the fattest of these Cows, .

And to appeale the Sun, let's all make Vows
To build a Temple to his Deity
Enrich'd with Gifts. If not content with this,
For a few Cows displeas'd he feeks our death;

And facrifice unto the Gods on high;

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For once to gape and die, far better 'tis

Than strive with hunger till we lose our breath.

This faid, my Fellows all his counsel take,

And chase Sol's sacred Herds, that graz'd hard by; And then for recompence their vows they make

To build a Temple to his Deity.

But when they made their Vows, Chaplets they wear Of tender leaves pluckt from the spreading Oak.

White Barley they had none, the which men bear, When in their danger they the Gods invoke.

After the vow perform'd, the Kine they flay, And take their Thighs and cover them with fat;

And one of them upon the other lay,

To burn upon the Alrar. After that, Their Offering of Drink they pour'd upon The Alrar, as the Sacrifice they burn.

It ought t'have been of Wine; but having none, They pour'd on water fair, which ferv'd the turn

When th'Entrails by my Fellows earen were, And fire confumed had the Sacrifice,

The rest they roast on spits, and made good chear, Just then it was that sleep for look my eyes,

And back again I walk'd down tow'rds the shore; But coming near, perceiv'd the vapour rise

Of roasted meat, Then to the Gods I rore, You give me sleep and take away my life;

So strange a thing my Mates the while have done. Swiftly Lampetio to Heav'n flies,

And carries up the news unto the Sun.

The Sun in choler all the Gods defies,

Lines they right him of this injury.

Jove, Father, and you other Powers Divine,

Revenge me of ulyffes Company

That have so intolently slain my Kine. It was my joy to see them in the Morn,

And in the evening, e'er I went to bed.

Revenge me, O ye Gods! of this their fcorn,
Or I'll go down to Hell and light the Dead.

Or I'll go down to Hell and light the Dead.

No Phabus (answer'd Jove) hold up your light

For Gods and mortal Men to see their way.

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As for the men that did you this despight,
Their Ship at Sea with Lightning I'll destroy.
At this discourse in Heaven was Hermes by,
And heard his Father make this sad Decree:

And heard his Father make this fad Decree :

And he again told all this Hiftory

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To th'fair calypso, and she told it me.
When to my Fellows I was come, I rate
Them all full bitterly, and one by one;

But all in vain, for now it was too late:

The Gods by Signs detefted what was done.
The skins did creep, the flesh o'th'Spits did low,
Both raw and roast. Six days in th'Isle we staid.

Feating on Phabus Kine, the feventh we row;
For then the fury of the wind was laid.

When we were out at Sea we fix our Mast, And up into the wind our Sails we draw,

And had the Ifle fo far behind us caft,

That nothing else but Sky and Sea we saw.
Then Jove, when far from Land he saw our ships

Just over it a dismal black Cloud hung,
Which made it dark as Night upon the Deep ;

And then our good ship run not very long.

For presently from West a sudden blast Came roaring in, and vehemently strains

And breaks the Cordage that upheld the Mast;

Which falling down, beats out the Steerers brains.
He drops into the Sea. The Mast hangs o'er

At Stern. The Yards lie cross the fink.

And all the while both Heaven and Sea did rore

With Thunder loud, which made our hearts to and by and by into the Ship Fove threw [fhrink.

His Thunder bolt, which whirl'd it round about.

Into the Sea it fuddenly threw out.

They like to gulls from wave to wave were born.

But I kept still aboard, till at the last The Rudder from a-stern the Ship was torn,

And fell into the Sea, and with't the Maft.
The Maft had hanging on it broken Ropes,

Wherewith I bound them both together fast,

Andi

And fare upon them as my larest hopes,

Until the fury of the Storm was past.

The storm now laid, th'wind came about to th'South, And carri'd me before it, till the Sun

Next morning role; and then we were 'th'mouth

Of dire Charybdis, just when she begun To swallow up the Sea. Then up leapt I,

And on the spreading Sycamore laid hold. But to't I could not climb; the boughs so high I could not reach: and far off was the root,

There by the hands I hung, expeding when Charybdis should cast up the Sea, and bring

The Rudder and the Mast to th'top agen. Mean while, in th'air I patiently swing. What time the Judge ariseth from his sear,

Ending the brabbles of contentious men, And all come weary home to cat their meat,

Then came my Mast and rudder up agen.
And I into the Sea close by them drop.

Then having soon recovered them, again I place my self a stride, once more, a top;

And with my hands I rowed on the Main.

If Scylla this had feen, undoubtedly

I had been loft. But 'twas the grace of fove,

That all this while she did not me espy,
But kept her self retir'd i'th'Rock above.
Thus wandred I at Sea nine days out-right.

O'th'tenth at night the Gods brought me to land

a " as the throad of the

In th Isle Ogygia, where Calypso bright

Receiv'd me with a charitable hand. But how she treated me, I need not say; You and the Queen already know it well,

From the Relation I made yesterday;
Nor do I love the same Tale twice to tell.

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LIB. XIII.

"His faid, all filent and delighted were. Atcinous then faid, ulyffes, fince You fafely to me are arrived here. You shall not lose your way in going hence: But Princes you that daily with me fit Drinking good wine, and hearing Mufick sweets And given to the Stranger have what's fir, I'll tell you what yet farther I think meet. Garments he has a Cheft-full, and good ftore Of Gold, Plate, and of other Gifts he has. Take my advice, Let each man give him more, A Cauldron, or a threefoot Pot of Brass. I know to each man 'twill be too great largels, But by the Peoples Contribution Wee'll make amends. The Town shall bear the charges The motion pleas'd, and 'twas agreed upon. Then went they ev'ry man to his repole. And foon as Morning did again appear, Aboard the Ship the Vessel they dispose, Alcinous himself directed where. And then into the Palace they return, And facrifice to Fove a well fed Beaft. The Thighs upon the Altar there they burn's And with the rest they make themselves a Feast. Dimodocus before them fung and plaid, Who for his Art was famous in the Town. wifes to the Sun lookt up, and staid Longing and wishing that it would go down. As one that hath at plough been all the day, Hungry his Belly, feeble is his Knee,

Beholds the fetting of the Sun with joy; So glad ulysses was Sunset to see.

Then to Alcinous and all the reft,

Offer, said he, unto the Gods their Wine.

I have already all that I requeR,

And many Gifts, which may the Pow'rs Divine

Make happy to me. Let me now depart,

That I may see my dear Wife and my Friends, And bleft may you stay here with joy at heart,

And firong and worthy Children may you have;
Nor mongst the people trouble or disease.

This faid, they praid'd him all, and counfel gave.
The Stranger to conduct fafe o'er the Seas.

Alcinous then call'd for Wine, and bad Pontonous present it to each one,

Until unto the Gods all offer'd had,

That so ulyffes sooner might be gone. Pontonous brought Wine, and carri'd it

From man to man; and each man drank his Cup,

Bleffing the Gods in order as they fit.

When all had drunk, ulysses standeth up, And speaking to Queen Arete, he said,

Happy forever may you be, O Queen,

I take my leave. Be you for ever joy'd In King Alcinous as you have been,

And in your Children and your People all.

And when he this had faid, away he went.

Alcinous did then a Squire call,

Whom with uly fes to the Ship he fent.
Arete to her woman fent. One brought

Fine bread and ftore of black wine of the best.

Another brought with her a Cloak and Coat.

Another brought, to lay them in, a Cheft. Which by the Mariners were quickly flow'd

Aboard the good ship, with the wine and bread.

And then aboard he went. When he was la n,

Their Seats they take, and pasted from the Strand, Reclining

Reclining dasht with Oars the liquid plain,
While sleep ulysses bound had foot and hand.

As when four Horles gallop o'er a plain,

The way runs swiftly by the Coaches side; So did the good Ship mount upon the Main, And to the Stern the water swiftly glide.

A Hawk could hardly with it have kept pace, A Hawk that of all Fowl the swiftest flies;

So swiftly ran the Ship on th'Oceans face, And with her breaft the rifing water fl.ce;

Bearing a man for wifdom like a God;

That past had searful Billows on the Deep, And many bloody paths of War had trod,

The thought whereof was now remov'd by fleep.

Above the Earth now rifen was the Star, Days Messenger, and brightest of the Sky.

The Ship was then from Ithaca nor far.
A Port there is, which from a Deity

Is called Phorcy's; a Sea. Deity.

Two jetting Rocks defend it from the wind,

When once within a flip will fafely lie.

There needs no Cord a floring flip to bind;

At the Ports head grows a large Olive-tree,
And near it an obscure and pleasant Cave,

Where the Nereiades delight to be,

And there they Bowls of Stone and Beakers have.

The Bees make honey there. Befides there be

Long Beams of Stone, whereon the Nymphs do Rich Purple Garments, wonderful to see, (weave

And Fountains with their running never leave.
Two Doors there are, one North, Men go that way;

The other to the South more Sacred is, Th'Immortals here go in, and none but they.

The Gods have to themselves reserved this.

All this ulysses Convoy knew before; And here the Ship arrived safely lands,

And half her length lay dry upon the shore.

Such was the strength of those Pheacian hands,

The lufty Seamen when they landed were, First took ulwses sleeping as he lay,

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Bedding

Bedding and all, and to the Land him bear And lay him from the Sea a little way.

Then they unship his goods, Gold, Vestures, Brass,

Gifts given him by the Pheacians;

Which at the foot of th'Olive-tree they place, Out of the way, left Paffengers should chance

To steal them while uly ses was affeep.

When this was done the Convoy stayed not,

But rowed out the ship into the deep; Nor Neptune had ulyffes yet forgot,

But faid to Jupiter complaining then,

What honour from the Gods can I expect,

When the Pheacians that are but men

(Although descended from me) me neglect?

For though ulysses I destroyed not,

Because his coming home you had decreed; Yet that he should be brought home thus, ne'er thought

Afleep, and painless, and with so much speed, Enricht with Gold, and Brass, and Vestures store,

As much as had come to his share at Troy.

This the Pheacians have done, and more; In this licentiousness they take a joy.

Then answered Jove : Neptune, what's this you say?

The Gods neglect you not. It cannot be That are the eldeft and of greatest sway

Of any of them. If Man injure thee, To take revenge enough your own pow'r is.

I will not hinder you, do what you please. To Jupiter then Neptune answer'd this;

I could, O fove, have been reveng'd with case,

But that I fear'd you would offended be, And now I'll reil you what I mean to do,

Asson as Lithe ship returning see,

I'll fix it, that they may no more do fo.

Besides, their City with a Hill I'll hide. O but (said Jupiter) were it my case, When from the City people all espi'd

The ship hard by, I would a Rock there place

In likeness of a ship not far from Land,

To make men wonder, and then round about

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The City make a mighty Mountain fland
This faid by Jove, The God of Seas went out

To Scheria (where the Phaacians

First planted were,) The ship came swiftly on,

And on it Neptune laid his mighty hands,

And roots it in the Sea, turn'd into Stone.

The Rowers t'one another fay, What's this? Who hath our good Ship fixed in the water?

And yet above the water still it is.

Thus faid they, but knew nothing of the matter.

Then spake Alcinous. Perform'd (said he)
Is what long since I heard my Father say,
That Neptune angry was that Strangers we,

Who e'er they were, did to their homes convey,

And threatned had with a great Hill to hide The City, and deftroy the Passage-Boat.

This by my Father then was Prophesi'd

And now, you see, at last about 'cls brought.

Therefore be rul'd by me. Convoy no more, But let us unto Neptune facrifice

Twelve chosen Bullocks, and his grace implore

To fet no Hill there. So did he advise.

And then to Neptune they their Prayers make

Standing at th' Altar, King and Princes all:

And now uly festying was awake,

But to his mind the place could not recal.

For Pallas had about him cast a mist,

That at his coming he might not be known; But she herself instruct him as she lift,

Till he the Suiters all had overthrown.

All things feem'd to him other than they were, Paths, High-ways, Creeks, Havens, Trees and Rocks,

And rifing up he was he knew not where,

And with his openhand his Thigh he knocks,

Ay me (faid he) whither am I come now?
To civil, or to wild and lawless men?

Where shall I hide my Treasure? whither go?

Would I were at Pheacia agen.

To other friends I might have gone from thence, And t'Ithaca obtained a Convoy,

Here

Here for my Treasure I see no desence. Left here to others they will be a prey:

I fee the Princes of Pheacia

Are not so just as I take them to be. They promis'd to fet me at Ithaca,

But have to some place else transported me-

Fove that fees all, and punisheth the ill, Will be revenged also of these men.

But come, my Presents number now I will,

The Seamen may have ta'n some back agen. His Garments and his Plate then numbred he,

And nothing missing was of all his pelf. Then walkt he foftly along by the Sea

Lamenting and bewailing of himfelf. And then came Pallas to him. She had on

The Body of a Shepherd young and tender, As if the had of some Prince been the Son;

Lin'd was his Coat, the thread was fine and slender With Dart in hand, and fine shooes on his feet.

ulysses Who beheld her was much joy'd, And forth himself advanc'd her to meet,

And first he to her spake, and thushe said : Joy to you be, and good-will towards me;

Save for me these my Goods, and save me too. You are the first I meet here; at your knee

I bow my felf as men bow Gods unto. Tell me (I pray you) true, What Land is this? What Town? Th'Inhabitants what men?

An Isle, or of the Continent a picet? To this the Goddess answered agen.

Simple you are, or very far hence dwell, To ask what Country this is. For 'tis not

A place obscure; for known 'tis very well Both East and West, though but a little spot,

And rugged ground, not fit for galloping; Yet Corn it bears abundantly and Wine;

And is well watered both with Dew and Spring, And nourisheth great Herds of Goars and Kine.

Of Wood of ev'ry fort there is good ftore, Though from Aches far men fay is Troy,

Yet

Yet Ithaca is talkt of on that shore.

These words unto ulysses were great joy,

And to the Goddels then he answered

(Falfly, on Fables keeping still his hold,

As one that always Plots hath in his head)
I have (faid he) of Ithaca been told

Far hence in Crete, and now am thicher come

With these my Goods, but leaving to my Child

About as much as I brought out from home,

And here I am alone, a man exil'd.

For of Idomeneus I kill'd the Son

Orfilochus, for swiftness of his feet

So excellenr, there was not any one

That could ou:-run him in the Isle of Crete.

Because I had refused a command

Under his Father at the Siege of Troy,

And would command my own, he took in hand

To have depriv'd me of my share o'th'Prey, Which to my dangers and my deeds was due,

For which, by night with one Companion Near the High-way I with my Spear him flew,

And in the dark escap'd when I had done.

And to Phonicia by Sea I went ;

And hired with a good part of my Prey

To Pylus or to Elis to be fent.

But adverse winds forc'd us another way, And wandring there arrived in the night.

And ftreight into this port we brought the Bark,

Ne'er thought of Food, though very well we might,

But went ashore, and lay down in the dark, And there I slept. The Mariners mean while

Take out my Goods and lay them on the shore,

And back unto Sidonia they fail,

And after that I never faw them more.

At this the Goddess smil'd, and stroak'd his head,

And in a womans shape before him stood,

Of flature tall and like to one well bred,

The craft that earches you had need be good, You cannot though at home your wiles, forge,

And your fain'd Stories, though there be no need,

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So close they stick to you from top to toe.

But now no more of that. For 'tis agreed.' Mongst Mortals you, amongst Immortals I.

For Counsel and Invention excel.

Did you not know me that perpetually

Have at your need affifted you fo well?

And now am come to help you to fecure

The rich Pheacian Presents you have here,
And tell you what at home you must endure;
Affronts and scorns, you shall find many there.

Then faid ulyffes, Difficult it is

For any mortal man, though very wife,
Toknow a God, that can their form difmis,
And when they will, put on a new difguite.

When th' Argive Army was befieging Troy, Goddess, I know how gracious you were then.

But after (the Town fackt) we came away, And fcatter'd had the Gods our ships and men,

And I was wandring on the Ocean wide,
I never faw you, never had your aid,
Save at Pheacia you were pleased to guide

Me to the Town, and haften me difmaid. But I befeech you (for still do I doubt

This is not Ithaca that I am at,
But some place else, and that you go about
With comforts seign'd my forrows to abate.)

Tell me if this my Country be indeed.

Pallas, faid then, Suspicious still you are,
I cannot therefore leave you in your need,

Since wife you be, and willing to beware. Another man that had been long away,

Had straight gone home to see his Wife and Son;

But that for you is not the fafeft way, Nor had it yet been opportunely done.

Know how she'll take it first. She keeps within,
And spends in weeping both the night and day.

I know full well the Fates his coming spin; But that his Mares shall first be cast away.

But with my Uncle Neptune had no mind To be at odds, that in such choler is,

For

For making of his Son the cyclops blind.

But come, I'll shew you Ithaca: First, This

The Port of Phoreys is, This th'Olive-tree,

There near it is the gloomy Cavern, where

The Nymphs Naiades invoked be,

And by you in that Cave much worship'd were.

The Hill so cloath'd with wood is Neriton.

This said, the Mist diffolves, and then ulysses

His Native Country joyful looks upon,

And falling on his knees the Soil he kiffes;

And then to the Naiades he pray'd,

Hail Daughters of High Fove Naiades,

Ne'er to have feen you more I was afraid; But oft we shall again, if Pallas please

To give me life, and prosper my dear Son,

Your Altar fill with Gifts as heretofore.

The Goddess Pallas when his Pray'r was done,

Answer'd, Let that thought trouble you no more.

But come let's now see how your Goods to save

Now presently. 'Twere we'll that they were laid

Within some Rock at bottom of the Cave.

Then went fhe in, and Caves in Cave survey'd.

uly fes brought into the Grot his Store,

Garments, and heavy Brass, and Golden Plate; Which Pallas plac'd, and laid a Rock o'th'door.

And then in counsel both together sate

The Suiters to deftroy. Pallas first spake.

ulysses (said she) think on how you may Your just revenge of the proud Suiters take.

That use your House and Substance as their prey;

That marry would your Wife by force. But she Still keeps them off with hopes and promises.

Expeding your return continually,

But than of Marriage thinks of nothing less.

O, faid ulyffes, But for your advice,

I died had as Agamemnon did.

But now, O Pallas, find out some device,

How of the Suiters best I may be rid.

And by me stand inspiring courage stour,

As when we pull'd Iroy's head-gear of her head.

For

Three hundred though they were. Then answered

The Goddes Pallas, By you I will stand; You cannot fight, but I shall of it know,

And bring unto you such a lucky hand, [flow. That with their Blood and Brains the ground shall come. First I'll make you to men nass nuknown.

Come. First I'll make you to men pass unknown,
I'll strink your skin that's now so fair and fresh,
And from your head take off that hair so brown.

And from your head take off that hair so brown, And cover will with such array your flesh As men shall hate the fight of. Then your eyes

As men that hate the fight of. Then your eyes
I'll shrivel up, that were so full and bright,
That in this habit th'Woo'rs may you despise,

Nor your wife know you flanding in her fight.

Then go you to the Mafter of your Swine

That loves you, and your Son, and your Confort, And to direct you to him take this fign.

He's at Crow-Rock, thither the Swine refort, And t'Arethufa's Well. For why, the Oaken Berries with that sweet water make them far.

Stay there till to him you your mind have spoken, And well informed your self of your estate.

To Lacedamon I the while will go, To call your Son Telemachus away.

Who thither went by Sea, that he might know What Menelaus there of you could say,

Then faid ulyffes, Goddess fince you could Have told him all your self, why did you not?

Meant you that also he be wandring should While other men stay seeding on his Lot?

Trouble not your felf with him, faid she,
I sent him and went with him with intent
To shew him to the world abroad, and he

At Sparta treated is to his content.

'Tis true, The Suiters with a Ship are gone To wait for, and to kill him by the way.

But I believe before that that be done,
Some-will lie low that now your goods defiroy.
And as the tpake, the throakt him with her Wand,
And rivel'd feem'd his skin (which was before

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So fleek and fair) as if it had been rann'd. And gray his hair, rivel'd his eyes all o'er, And then the gave him an ill favour'd Rag Torn, foul, and imutted filthily with foot, And over that the pill'd skin of a Stag. And Sarchel full of holes then added to'r With twifted-ftring. And up their councel brake. The Goddess Pallas thence to Sparta past, To bid Telemachus his leave to take Of Menelaus, and go home with hafte.

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LIB. XIV

Ut he in rugged way, o'er Mountains fleep. Through Woods ob cure unto Eumeus went Whose Office was the herds of Swine to keep; And of his Servants was most diligent, And found him in the Porch before the Door. The house was handsom, and high-built and great. Nor to it was adjoyned any more. Well fenc'd from wind it was, and a warm feat. Built by himself on purpose for the Swine Of his good Lord ulyffes that was gone, With stone that hew'n was from the rocky Mine. Besides those of Laurtes and his Son. And with a quicklet-hedge enclosed round. And Pales of heart of Oak the hedge without Set close together, and fluck deep i'ch'ground, and thus the house was fenced round about, Within the Court twelve lodgings were for Swine, And ev'ry one of them held five times ten; And there the female and the teeming ly'n. The males lay out, but much diminishe then, For

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For the proud Suiters eaten had the reft.

Eumeus having fent in every day

One of the fatteft of the Herd and beft.

And yer three hundred and threescore were they.

Near to the Swine four Dogs were ever lying, Like to wild beafts; and by Eumeus fed,

Himself was leather to his foot applying, Made of a Good Cow-hide well-coloured.

Three Dogs attending were the Herd. The fourth Convoying was a Swine unto the Woo'rs, The other three ran fiercely bawling forth

When they ulvffes faw come near the doors.

ulyffes wisely then his Staff let's fall,

And presently fits down upon the ground.

But had Eumaus not come in withal,

An unbeferning fortune he had found. Who letting fall the leather for his shooe, Running and rating came in to his aid;

And fnatch'd ftones up abundance at them threw.

And then he to ulyftes spake and said,
Old man your self almost to death you brought,
By those accursed Dogs, and me to shame,

As if my forrow great enough were not,
But that there must be added to it blame.

While fitting here I for my Mafter weep,
And feed his Swine for other men to eat;
He fomewhere swallowed up is in the Deep,

Or wanders up and down for want of mear.

But come, Old man, into the Lodge let's go,
That when of Meat and Wine you have your fill
You may then tell me whence you are, and who,

And how much you have suffered of ill.

This said, he led him in and made him sit,

And under him he store of rushes laid,

O'er that a Goatskin, thick with hair was it Of which a speckled wild Goat had been fley'd,

ulyffes glad to fee the man fo kind

And very hearty, answered and said, May all your Pray'rs like entertainment find With Jove for whatsoever you have pray'd.

Strange

Stranger (then faid Eumeus) it was never

My custom any Stranger to neglect.

The Poor and Stranger are in Gods hand ever-Few are my Gifts, and but of small effect.

For Servants of young Masters stand in fear; And by the Gods my old one fast is bound

From coming home. Twas he that gave me here

A house and fair possession of ground

And helpt me too contentedly to wive,

Which taketh off a great part of my pain.

Also the Gods have made my labour thrive.

Now happy had I been if he had flaid! Accurred be that Helen and her Kin.

For, for Atrides fake he Anchors weigh'd,

Himself much misery engaging in.

Having thus said, he girded on his Coar, And fetch'd in two young Pigs; not long he staid;

But kill'd, findg'd, jointed, roafted, piping hot

Before ulyffes with the Spirs he laid,

Then strows them over with the flour of Wheat,

And in an Ivy Bowl he tempers Wine;

And fitting o'er against him bids him eat.

Eat, says he, Servants food, the lesser Swine.

The great ones are the pamper'd Suiters fare.

The bleffed Gods hate evil works, and love Them that do well. But these men little case

For mercy or for vengeance from above.

Yet Enemies and lawless men, when they

Disbark upon anothers Land, and there With Prey their ship have laden, come away:

And of revenge fland always in great fear.

But these men know not, nor by Voice Divine

Affured are ulyffes now is dead;

Yet neither will go hence, nor have defign

To feek by lawful ways his Wife to Wed;

But flay and waste his Substance without hoe.

For not a day went o'er their heads that they

Did facrifice one only Beaft or two;

And Wine abundance drink and cast av zy.

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Mysses his estate and wealth was such.

In Greece nor Argos, no Prince in Epire,
Nor twenty had in Ithaca so much.

And if to have it reckon'd you defire, Upon the Continent twelve herds of Kine,

Twelve herds of Goats, as many flocks of Sheep,

As many Swine houses replete with Swine,

Which Herdimen of the Country theredid keep.

And here, upon the Islands farthest end.
There be eleven herds of Goats. Of these

The Goat-keeper does ev'ry day one fend,
The best of all, the Suiters proud to please.

And daily I the best of all my Swine.

Thus faid he. But ulyffes filent fate, Eating his Mear, and drinking of his Wine, And plotting in his head the Suiters fate,

When he had supt, Eumeus to the brim Fill'd up his Cup with Wine. uly ses

Fill'd up his Cup with Wine. uly ses then, Glad that Eumeus so well treated him,

Drank, and the Cup deliv'ring back agen,

Friend, (says he) that so rich and valiant man Your Master that was for Atrides loft,

If I have feen him, do you think you can Know him? God knows I have feen many a coast.

Then answer'd he, There is no Stranger able.

Nor with his Wife nor Son to get belief.

The news they tell both take but for a fable
Invented by their want to get relief.

Many poor men come to Penelope,

And make her weep in vain with tales untrue,

And where you think you shall rewarded be
With Coar or other Garment, so can you.
But he's devour'd by Beasts or Fowls at Land,
Or Fish at Sea have on his body fed.

And on the Shore his Bones lie clad in Sand. But howfoe'er it be, the man is dead;

And to his Friends has forrow left behind, But to me chiefly, who, go where I please

Shall never such another Master find, Nor ever be again at so much ease,

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No, though I should unto my Country go
And Parents that have got and nourish: me;
To see them though I wish, I long not so
As I ulystes long again to see.

Whom though now ablent I call by his name, He was so kind, and took such care of me, That of such small respect I feel some shame,

A second Father he should called be. Friend, said ulysses, fince so hard it is

To make you hope he will so soon be here, know that I have not rashly told you this,

What I have spoken I will also swear.

If true, with Coat and Vest my news require;

If not, then not, although ill ray'd am I.

Of him as of Hell gate I hate the fight,
That can by want be made to tell a Lye.

Know Jove the chief of Gods, and then the Host
That hath provided for us this good Chear,
And in ulysses house doth rule the roast,

ulysses will be here sometime this year;
This Month expired, or the next begun,
And be reveng'd of the Wooers impudent

That have dishonoured his Wife and Son.

Then faid Eumeus, Leave this argument, For your good news nothing will be to pay; Nor will ulyffes ever come again.

Drink Wine, and no more on this subject say, I cannot think upon him without pain.

And swear no more. True be it all you say.

To me, Laertes and Penelope,

And to Telemachus 'twill be great joy,

For whom my forrows much augmented be; Hesprang up like a branch to mans estate.

Ithought he would in Prowess prove no less Than's Father was, whom he did imitate

In Wir and Figure and in Comline's.
But now the Gods bereav'd him have of Wir.

He's gone to Pyle to hear what men there say about his Father, whilst the Suiters sit. Waiting at Sea to kill him by the way.

But him let's leave a while with Pow'rs above Whether to let him die, or bring him back; Waiting upon the pleasure of high Jove,

And now of your own wees unty the fack,

That I may know them. Tell me truly now Your own, your Fathers, and your Countries name,

And further I defire you, let me know

Whence are the Mariners that with you came Unto this Town, and tell me this likewife,

Where rideth the good ship that brought you to't,

For verily I can no way devise

How you should come on Horseback or on Foot.

Then faid ulyffes, Were we here alone,

And meat and drink for so long us attend, And all the reft about their work were gone. The year would fooner than my Story end.

Of Crete I am, and rich my Father was,

And many Children more he had. Begotten were according to the Laws.

But of a Concubine the Son was I.

My Father was Castor Hylacides,

That was for wealth in Crete much honoured. And for his Children but lov'd me no less

Than those he had begot in lawful bed.

When he was dead and gone my Brothers proud Divide his State amongst themselves by Lor.

And little of it they to me allow'd.

But for all that a good rich Wife I got; My vertue won her, I no shun-field was,

Nor from my flock degenerate fhe faw; (Though from me now my strength be gone, alas)

But you I think can know Wheat by the Straw.

For now with hardship I am much decay'd. Mars gave me Courage, and Athena Skill

To beat up Quarters, and by Ambush laid With Stratagems my Enemies to kill.

Of being flain I never had a thought,

But foremost still I leapt out with my Spear; And of the Foes to death I ftill one brought,

Moles his feet than my feet swifter were.

And

And fuch I was in War. But Husbandry,

And keeping home, though that bred children flore,

I car'd not for. But Ships I lov'd to fee,

And War, Darts, Bows and Shafts I loved more.

Yet horrible they be to other wights.

For, for such things the Gods have temper'd me.

Many things are there wherein one delights, Which to another man unpleasant be.

Before the Greeks went to the Siege of Troy

Nine times had I commanded on the Seas,

And always our Success was good that way,

And of the Prey I chose what did me please Beside my share. And wealth came in apace.

Wife I was thought, and honoured much in Crite.

And when fove had decreed Troy to deface,

Idomeneus and I went with the Fleet, Or else we must our credit quite have lost.

Nine years we fought, the tenth we took the Town,

And ferting up our Sails we left the Coaft,

And by the Gods were toffed up and down.

But Jove determined me more trouble yer,

For needs I would to Agypt go and trade.

A month I staid at home, then forth I set

With nine good ships, and an ill Voyage made:

For when fix days I feasted had my Crew, And to the Gods devoutly offer'd part;

A good ftrong wind from the North Heaven blews

And from the Coast of Crete we then depart.

Smoothly we fail'd, safe our arrival was,

Nor man nor ship had any harm at all.
From shore to shore we did in five days pass,

And in the Nile we let our anchors fall.

Then I my Fellows bad aboard to ftay

And guard the ships, and some to places high

Hent to watch, but mov'd by lucre, they

On plunder and on rapine had their eye. The fields they wafte, and kill the men, and make

Women and Children captives. Then the cry

Arriving at the City, Arms they take,

And next day early to the field they hie,

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With

With Horse and Foot then thundered the field.

Their Armour lightned. My men frighted were:
Some taken and made flaves; some flying kill'd;

And all the rest ran scatter'd here and there.

Then I (though t'had been better there t'have di'd,

So many woes have fince befallen me)
Puli'd off my Helmet, laid my Spear afide;

And Buckler 100, and kneel'd at the Kings knee.

He rescu'd me, and home with him me brought,

Sitting by him that did his Chariot drive.

Though in their heat many to kill me fought, Yet the King brought me to the Town alive.

Seven years I there remain'd and Riches got.

For every man almost me somewhat gave.
Then thither came a Merchant that had not

His fellow in all Agypt for a Knave. His house and riches in Phanicia were.

And he with Lyes intic'd me to his home; With him I went, and there I staid a year,

And when the Months and days about were come,

He fet me in a Ship for Lybia;

And there together with our Goods we fate,

He cracking of the profit he forefaw,

And I suspecting though it were too late.
With him I went. And when the Ship was forth,

We steer'd our Course without the Isle of Creete, For by good luck we had a wind full North,

But fove determin'd had we should not see't:

And nothing elscappeared but Sea and Sky, Jove fetcht the Clouds together with a wind

Just o'er the ship, and dark 'twas presently.

And therewithal into the Ship he threw

His Thunderbolt, which whirl'd it round about.

It smels of Brimstone rank ; and all the Crew Into the Sea it suddainly east out.

And they like Gulls from wave to wave were toft.

But Jove to lave me, put into my hand The Ships rall Mast which with my arms I crost, And after nine days came at last to land.

And

And in Thesprotia was cast on land;

And the Kings Son who chanc'd that way to pafs,

Lifted me up as I lay on the fand;

And by King Phadon well receiv'd I was.

He cloath'd me with good Garments Coat and Veft.

I askt him of ulvffes what he knew.

As he went home (faid he) he was my Gueft,

And what he then had gotten did me shew s. of Brass and Iron and Gold there was so much.

As might ten ages feed a man alone,

The Treasure that he shew'd me there was such.

But he, he faid, was to Dodona gone,

There at the Holy Oak to be advis'd

(Since he from Ithaca fo long has been)
Whether 'twere better to go home difguis'd,

Or so as to be known when he is seen.

The King to me in Holy Form did swear,

That for the Conduct of ulyffes home, Both Ship and Mariners then ready were.

But when I went from thence he was not come.

A Ship of that place in the Harbour lay

Ready to part. The King bad land me there.

But they resolv'd were of another way;

Which made me yet more mifery to bear.

When of that Land they were got out of fight,

To fell me for a Slave they did agree,

My Coat and Veft they take from me there right, And gave me the torn Coat and Rags you fee.

Late in the Ev'ning they were at the Land

Of thaca, and bound me fast i'th'ship :

But they to Sup thought fit upon the Sand, And leaving me, out of the Bark they skip.

But from my Bonds some God sure fet me free.

Then down I went and to the Sea apply'd

My breaft, and round the Ship fwam speedily, And in a great thick Wood my self I hide.

Sorry they were, and put to Sea again.

To flay and feek me they loft labour thoughts

Thus by Jove's favour I alive remain,

And to the house of a good friend am brought.

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L4

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Then faid Eumeus, I confess the Story
(Poor man) of this your wandring and your pain,
Has had the pow'r to make me very sorry.

But of whysses what you say is vain.

I not believe a word. What needed you, So wife a man as you appear to me,

In vain to tell me any thing not true;

When I my felf am fure 'twill never be?

For all the Gods have shewn themselves his foes,

That neither suffer'd him to fall at Tray,

Nor the War done, his best friends to compose His Body for the Grave. For either way

He honourably buried had been

To th'honour of his Son. But he is dead, Unspoken of, devour'd by Harpies keen; And I dispis'd fit here to see Swine sed.

And never to the City come but when Some news is brought unto Penelope,

And the fend one to call me. I come then, And many liftning to the news I fee.

Some griev'd and wishing for his coming home; Some that seek nothing but shot-free to seed, And these men wish that he may never come.

But I of what they fay take little heed,

Especially, fince an Atolian,

As he from place to place for Murther fled, Came to my house, and I reliev'd the man, And after found that I was cozened.

He faid he faw him with Idomeneus

In crete, and that for certain he would come (His Fleet much hurt repaired) to his house,

Rich, at the next Spring, or the next Autumn. Therefore, old man, fince you are come to me,

Think not your Story any thing avails, Nor that false hopes provoke my Charity,

My Bounty looks on want and not on tales. Pity, and fear of fove my favours guide. Wyffes to this answers him, and faith,

Since you trust not my Word, nor Oath beside, And in your breast resideth little faith,

Let's

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Let's make a Bargain. If ulyffts come, Then a good Coat and Veft shall be my due,

And a fafe Conduct to Dulichium.

If not, and that I told you prove untrue, Then make your Servants throw me from a Cliff High and upright, that others may beware

To cozen men into a falle belief

Of things they know not, but uncertain are.

Then faid Eumaus, Yes, 'twere a fine deed, And noble, t'entertain a man with love,

And with good chear relieve him in his need,

Then kill him, and beg pardon then of four.
But now I wish the Swine from field were come.

For time it is of Supper to advice. [home,

And while they talk, the Swains the Swine bring.

And with great noise they pent are in the sties.

Then did Eumans to his Servants call,

From out the Herd to chose one of the best;
His far-come friend to entertain withal,

And mend their own fare also with the reft.

Tis long fince others the work to us leave

To feed the Swine they eat. Having faid that;

Out went he, for the Altar wood to cleave;

And they brought in a five-year-old Pig fat;

And laid it on the Hearth. Eumens there Remembring well the Gods (for he was wife)

First from the fore-head clippeth off the hair,

And in the fire the same did Sacrifice.

Then did he all the Gods above invoke,
That foon and fafe ulyffes might arrive,

Next that he takes a piece of the cleft Oak,

And at a ftroke did him of life deprive.

Then others take the work into their hands.

And with keen feel they quickly cut his Throat

That being done, with many flaming Brands
They findge from head to tail his hairy Coar.

And lay him open. Then Eumaus came

And folded up the fleshly Thighs in fat.

And then into the Fire he threw the same.

The rest they cut in lesser parts. And that

They roaft on Spits ; and being roafted we'!

And taken up, on Chopping boards they put it.

Eumeus then (who thereat did excel)
As he thought fit did into Messes cut it.

But one Mess for the Nymphs and Mercury
He set aside; and over that he pray'd.

The rest he set to each one severally,
But to uly ses the whole Chine was laid.

Fove (faid ulysses) be to you as kind

As you to me, and grant all your request.

Friend (faid Eumaus) now your Supper mind,
Such as it is. Gods give what they think best.

Then to the Gods he offer'd the first cut,

And fill'd a Bowl, and offer'd part of that.
The Bowl then in ulysses hand he put.
ulysses it receiv'd, and down he sar.
Mesaudius then sets before him bread,

Who thither brought from Taphes was to fell,

And had been by Eumaus purchased.

Then heartily unto their meat they fell.

And when to eat they had no more delight,

Mesaulius took off the Bread; and all

Prepared were for fleep. But cold the night And Moonless was; besides much rain did fall,

uly fes to the Company then spake,

Tempting Eumaus; and to get a Cloak From him, or from some other for his sake. Hearme Eumaus (says he) and you folk,

I have a Tale to tell. This foolish Wine To laugh and dance is able to provoke

Grave men fometimes that have no fuch defign, And to speak that which better were unspoke.

O, that I were as young and firong as when Before the Town of zroy the Watch we laid,

And lodged were amongst the reeds i'th' Fen,
By Menelaus and uly seeled,

And me the third; the wind at North all night, We lying with our Bucklers covered,

With rain congral'd, our Armour all was white.

And

And they slept well wrap'd up in Cloak and Coat, Safe in their Bucklers from the freezing wind.

But like a fool my Cloak I had forgot,

I did not think I should such weather find.

And when a third part of the Night was gone, I'nudg'd (ulyffes who did next me lie.)

He felt me, and to him I made my moan, Noble ulyffes, I am like to die,

The weather kills me, I have but a Coat.

My Cloak some Damon made me leave behind,

And of such cold quite took away the thought.

I cannot tell what remedy to find. No fooner faid but remedy he found;

For able was he both to shift and fight, And faid unto me in a whifp'ring found,

Peace, left we heard be by some other Wight.

And then with Head on Elbow, Friend, said he, I dreame we from the Ships too far lie here.

Let some to Agamemnon go and ser,

If he would have us rife and come more near.

Then up rose Thoas Son of Andramon,

And down he laid his Cloak, the which I kept,

And swiftly did to Agamemnon run.

I'th'Cloak I wrapt my felf and foundly flept. Were I as young and strong as I was then,

Some one a Cloak would lend me for respect;

Orelle for kindness, 'mongst so many men. But now my rags are cause they me neglect:

Old man, then faid Eumeus, You have told

Your Story well. Each word to purpose is-To morrow shake your Rags against the cold.

Of what is needful now you shall not mis. Of Cloak and Coar there's none of these has shifts.

But when Telemachus from Pyle comes back,

From him you will have all you need of gift. And then you neither Cloak nor Coat will lack.

And be convey'd to what place you defire.

With that he rose; and woolly skins of Sheep, And shaggy Goat-skins near laid to the fire.

And there ulyffes laid him down to fleep.

Andi

And over him a Cloak Eumeus laid;
Both thick and foft it was, which he had kept
And with it in sharp cold himself array'd.
And thus ulysses warmly cover'd slept.
By him the young men lay. But to the sties
Eumeus went. For fit he thought it not
To lie far from his Swine, and out he hies.
Mean while ulysses of his kindness thought.
Eumeus first of all his Sword puts on
O'er his great Shoulder. Then against the weather
A thick warm Cloak. And again that upon
A great Goats-skin, the skin and hair together.
And then with Dart in hand, for his desence

('Gainft Men and Dogs) well armed at the head,
To where the tusked Swine lay parted thence,
Within a Rock from wind fafe covered.

LIB. XV.

A Nd then to Lacedamon Pallas went
To urge Telemachus his leave to take
Of Menelaus, to whom the had him fent,
And home again what fpeed he could to make.
Telemachus, and Neftor's Son the found
Within the entrance of the house a-bed;
The Son of Nestor in a sleep profound.
Sleep came not in Telemachus his head.
Thought of his Father open kept his eyes.
Then Pallas to him said, Telemachus,
To stay so long abroad you are not wise,
Leaving your Goods with such men in your house,

As lawless there your Substance do devour, Lest afterward you to no purpose come.

Importune Menelaus with a'l your pow'r,

Or else your Mother you'll not find at home: Her Father and her Brethren bid her marry

Eurymachus. Of all he bids most high.

Take heed what Goods out of your house they carry. You know what thoughts in Female breasts do lie.

They will their present Husbands house promote,
But for their former Children little care.

For he once dead, they have no longer thought Of how his Children after him shall fare,

Therefore return you, and commit to some Maid of your own, for faith and care well known,

Such Goods as in your house you have at home, Until you have a good Wife of your own.

Itell you more, remember what I fay,
The bravest of the Suiters lie in wait

As you return, to kill you by the way,

Twixt Ithaca and Same in the Streight. They'll fail, I think, of what they go about,

And sooner some of them their Graves shall find.

But howfoever stear the Isles withour.

The God that keeps you will provide a wind.

And when at Ithaca you are on land, Unto the Ton your Ship and fellows fend,

But go you to Eumeus out of hand, [friend. Who, though he keep your Swine, is much your

Then Pallas mounted to the Sky. And he Pissifaratus awakens with his foot.

'Tis time (said he) that on our Way were we. Let's to the Coach, and set the Horses to't.

Then faid Pissiratus, Too dark 'ris yet

Twill foon be morning. Let's therefore flay, Twill foon be morning. Let's our Prefents get, And by Atrides felf be feat away.

For Guefts use always to remember those

By whom they have been entertain'd with love.

This faid, the morning by and by arose,
And Menelans toward them did move.

Telemachus then puts on hastily

His Coat and Cloak to meet him on the way; And when they were to one another nigh,

Telemachus first spake, and thus did say;

O King, Atrides, Menelaus now,

Ev'n now dismiss me, let me go my way. Then said Atrides, Ev'n now you shall go;

I purpose not to make you longer stay. For I conceive 'tis not a good mans part,

To make too much or little of his Gueft, To hold him when he gladly would depart, Or press him to be gone e'er he thinks best.

In Hospitality this Rule is true,

Love him that stays, help forth the going Guest. Stay then and take my Gist along with you,

And your Break-fast of what we have the best.

For he that will a great days Journey make, Will find both joy and profit in his meat.

And if to vifit Greece you pleafure take,
I'll with you go, and with you I'll retreat,

And to the Argive Ci ies be your Guide, And be prefented by each Princely man,

With whomsoever we at night abide,
Two Mules, a Gold Cup, a brave Pot or Pan.

Then said Remachus, I needs must go,

(My Father seeking lest my self I lose)

I have left none my Goods to look unto, And rob'd my Treasure may be by my foes.

When that was faid, forth Menelaus goes, To give unto his Wife and Maids command

For Break-fast of what then was in the house.

Then Boetbeides who lodg'd near at hand
Came in; and, bidden by Atrides, cleaves

The wood, makes fire, lays down the roafts Him to his bus ness then Atrides leaves,

And down came to his Treasure of great coft,

He, and his Son, and Wife Helena. There Within a Room lin'd with fweet smelling woods

A Temp'rer to his Son he gave to bear

Of Silver pure, which mongst the Vessels stood

And from a Cheft where Robes for Matrons were,
She took up one, with great variety
Wrought by her felf, which she her felf did bear,

Shining and bright as any Star i'ch'Sky, And forth unto Telemachus they come.

Then said Atrides, Jove grant your request,

And fafely may you t'Ithaca come home.

See here my Gift, of all I have the beft.

Tis maffie Silver gilt about the brim,

By Vulcan made; but then it was possest By th'King of Sidon. I had it of him,

When by the way from Foy I was his Guest. Then Helen said, This Gift too take from me, Of Helen's handy work a Monument,

To give to her that your dear Wife shall be.
Think it mean while as to your Mother sent.

Then gave it to Telemachus his hands.

I'th'Coach Pififratus then placed all, And at the goodly Gifts amazed stands.

Attrides then led them into the Hall, And made them fit, and while they fitting were,

A grave Maid-Servant from a Golden Ewre, To wash their hands pours on the water clear

Over a Bason all of Silver pure.

One Tables, fets another lays on Bread.

And from their flore many good things bring out.

The Meffes Boetheides fevered.

Atrides Son the Wine delivered our.
When their defire of Food was farish'd,
Up rose Telemachus and Nestor's Son,

And to their Coach they the swift Horses ti'd, And in the Coach were ready to be gone;

And were already got the Court without, But after them Atrides followed,

And in his hand a Gold cup he brought out Of Wine, and standing at the Horses head,

Brave Youths (faid he) to Neftor me commend,
That as a Father was to me at Troy.

Farewel, and may you to your Journeys end With fafety travel and arrive with joy.

Then

Then faid Telemachus, All this I'll fay, I wish at home I may so treated be Within my Fathers house at Ithaca, Besides the Presents you have given me.

As he faid this, an Eagle dexter flew

And feiz'd a great white tame Goose grazing near.
The standers by shouted and cry'd, Shue, shue.

But yet away the Eagle bore him clear.

And none but with the fight was well content.

Then to Atrides faid Pififtratus.

This Prodigy, unto you is it fent From Tupiter? or is it fent tous?

While what to answer he was taking care, Helen prevented him: I will, said she,

First tell you what hereon my own thoughts are,
And to my mind by th'Gods insused be.

You saw the Eagle come down from the Hill, Where nature placed him to dwell and breed.

And kill that Goole: So shall ulyffes kill
The Suiters that upon his Substance feed.

Or, It may be, already there he is Devising for the Suiters some ill end, O Gods, then said Telemachus, that this

Were so indeed! to you then should I send.
As to a God my Yows. This said, away

They whip their willing Horses through the Town,

Which on the plain their harness shake all day, And were at Pheres when the Sun went down.

There Diocles Orfilochus his Son, (Orfilochus by Alphaus begot)

Dwelt, and of entertainment want was none, Nor acceptable Prefents were forgot.

And when the morning had her felf arraid, Again they put their Horses to the Coach,

Which when the Whip they felt once, never staid, Till to the Town of Pyle they did approach.

Then faid Telemachus to Neftor's Son,

You promis'd, I your Father should decline.

But fince we here are, how can that be done?

And therefore let us both our Counsels joyn.

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Friends you and I, and friends our Fathers were; One age we have; this Voyage is some rie, praw me not from my ship, but leave me here, Left th'old man force me at his house to lie In kindness when I have such need to go. This faid, Pifistratus confidered What to make good his promise he should do, And then this Counsel came into his head. Turn off (faid he) the Coach to the Sca-fide, And Menelaus Gifts a Shipboard flow. And get aboard. Your small flay here I'll hide. So your departure shall my Father know. For fure I am, if he know you are here. So violent he is, he'll hither come, And call you to his house and flav you there, And be a hindrance to your going home. And though away you'll not be empty fenry Yet will he doubtless very angry be. This faid, unto his Father home he went. Telemachus then bad his Company To see prepar'd all things for Sailing fit, And go aboard; aboard went also he. The Rowers on their Seats in order fit. Thus they about their going busie be-Then came a Stranger that a Prophet was. And fled from Argos then for Homicide, And by descent was of Melamous race. And stood near to Telemachus his fide. For this Melamous once had dwelt in Pyle And rich, but fled by N. leus opprest, And bound he lay in Prison for a while. But afterward he got himself releast, And brought to Neleus his Herds again, And had his Daughter Pero for reward. But left her with his Brother to remain For wife. And then did Pyle no more regard. But went to Argos, where a wife he gor, And Children twain had, first Antiphates. And he the valiant Oicleus begot,

And Oicleus begot Amphiareus,

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That

That was belov'd by Pallas and by Jove, And yet he lived not till he was old. He died at Thebes, betrayed by his love,

That him discovered for a Chain of Gold.

Alemeon and Amphilochus he got.

But Mantius, Melampus second Son Cleitus and Polyphides then begot.

Cleitus was fair, But Children he had none.

Aurora snatch'd him from the Earth when young, For Mortals he in beauty did excel,

And placed him th'Immortal Gods among. and Polyphides Phabus loved well;

And to him gave the Gift of Prophecy.

And fince Amphiraus was dead and gone,

To forestel any thing with certainty.

Upon the whole earth like him there was none.

Displeased by his Father Mantius

At Hyperesia he prophesi'd.

His Son it was, call'd Theoclymenus,

That then stood by Telemachus his side, When he the blessed Gods was praying to,

And faid, Since worshiping I find you here; By him you worship, tell me truly who

You are, your Father who, and dwelling where.

At Ithaca, born there; my Fathers name

And to hear news of that, I hisher came.

Then answer'd Theoclymenus, And I From Argos Town for killing of a man,

Pursued by his Kin, am forc'd to fly, Take me aboard that only save me can.

Welcome you are, then faid Telemachus.

Aboard let's go, where you shall have such chear
As we can make, and hath contented us.

Then took and on the deck he laid his Spear;

And up into the Ship he went, and at
The Stern he plac'd himself, and close by him
The Stranger Theoslymenus down sar.

Then bids Telemachus the ship to trim.

And

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And straight the Mast upright they set and bind; And hoise their Sails with ropes of good Cow-hide; And Pallas fent them a good ffrong forewind, And swiftly did the Ship the Sea divide.

The Sun was down, and doubtful was the light,

When he to Pheræ came and passed by. And then by Elis coasted he all night,

And came unto the Those Islands nigh; And thought upon the Suiters in his way.

ulyffes and Eumaus supping far.

And when their hunger they had put away. The Tables gone they leifure had to chat.

And then uly fes had a mind to know

Whether Eumaus rather had he staid I'th'Lodge with him, or to the City go, And to the Company he spake and said,

Hear me Eumeus and you all his Friends,

I stay here helping to consume your meat, My mind me to the City rather bends,

For Bread and Wine there begging I shall get.

But I must then entreat you to provide Some good man to go with me. Being there

Necessity it self will be my guide To find the houses where there is good chear.

And if I go unto ulyffes Doors, Unto Penelope I can tell news,

And make my felf well known unto the Woo'rs, And they to give me meat will not refule.

I can do any Service that they will,

(Thank Mercury to whom I owe that good.) Few be they can compare with me for skill

To make a Fire or to cleave out Wood, To roast and carve Meat, or Wine to give out, Or any thing that Great Mens Servants do.

Ay me, (Eumaus faid) Poor man, what thought Is this of yours; D'ye long to perish so?

As you must do if you among them stay,

Their insolence is known up to the Sky. You are not like their Serving men. For they Are young, and are apparelled handsomely

With

With Coat and Vest. Their heads and faces shine
With Unguents sweet. Stay therefore here withm
There's none that at your staying do repine,

Nor I, nor any of my Company.

Telemachus when he comes home again,
Shall give you Garments, a fair Coat and Vest.

And good Shooes also to your feet, and then See you convoy'd to what place you think best:

To this ulyffes answered, and said,

You have me from a wretched wandring staid.

The Belly brings to men much milery.
Then faid ulyffes, Since I am to ftay,

Say, of ulyffes Parents, if you know
His Father and his Mother, whether they

Be both remaining yet alive or no.

To this Eumaus faid, Laertes lives, But wofully and weary of his life;

Still for the absence of his Son he grieves;
But more lamenteth the death of his Wife.

The loss of her was that first made him old. She di'd for grief, thinking her Son was dead.

As fad a death it was as can be told.

May we from such death be delivered.

While she was living, though she grieved were,
When cause there was I could have askt her mind

Freely, for why, with her own Daughter dear She brought me up, and never was but kind.

This Daughter ctimens, when come of age (For the the youngest was) to Same went

To a rich man given in Marriage.

But I well clad in Coat and Veft was fent (And shooes upon my feet) into the field, For she a purpose had to do me good.

But now the time does no such kindness yield.

And yet the blessed Gods provide me food.

For they so well have multiply'd my Swine, That we have still enough of meat and drink, And wherewithal to make a poor man dine,

Although the Suiters riot make them shrink,

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But fince this woe Penelope befel,

'Tis harsh to her to hear of business.

Yet Servants need her both to ask and tell

All that belongeth to their Offices,

And also sometimes, may be, need they had

I'th'house to eat, and carry somewhat home

of that whereof Servants are most part glad,

And which unto their lodges never come.

Ho, said ulyss, since it doth appear

You were a Traveller when but a Boy, Tell me, 'I pray, what your Adventures were, And what your sufferings were upon the way.

Was your Town plund'red by the Enemies.

And you brought hither as a part o'th'prey?

Or been by Thieves (for you were no ill prize)

As you kept sheep or Cattle, brought away?

Then said Eumeus, Since to hear the Story

Of how I hither came it is your pleasure,

Sit patiently, the Wine there flands before ye.
For fleep and joy the long nights give us leifure.

It is not good too foon to go to bed;
For too much fleep is but a weariness.

The rest that will may go, and (morning spread)

Drive forth the Swine; which is their business.

Mean while let us sit here, and drink, and chat,

And Stories of our sad adventures tell.

For much contentment there is ev'n in that, To them that suffer'd have and come off well. But to my Story now. An Isle there is

Under the Tropique of the Sun, not great,
Call'd Syria, but very fertile'tis,
Well ftor'd with Kine, and Sheep, and Wine and

Where Famine never enter'd nor Disease

Amongst the people when a man was aged, Dian and Phæbus made him die with ease, And gentle shalts the pain of death asswaged.

But of them both my Father was the King.

Phanician Merchants, Rats, then thither came, And in their Ships did many Baubles bring.

There

There then was in my Fathers house a Maid,
Phanician born, that well could sow and spin;
As washing Cloths she at the Seas-side staid

One of these Merchants sooth'd her into sin, (For good Work-women may be made do that

If flatter'd well.) And then he ask'd her name, And whence she was. And truth she told the Rat, From Sidon (said she) a rich Town I came,

And Daughter am of wealthy Arybas.

But Taphian Thleves took me by force away, As homewards from the field I going was,

And fold me to this man with whom I flay. Then faid the Merchant-man that did her wive, Will you to Sidon home return with me.

And see your Parents? they are still alive, And rich as heretofore. I will, said she, If you and all your company will swear,

At Sidon you will fet me fafe ashore.

And when all fworn, and agreed on it were; The woman spake again, and this said more:

If any of you see me in the street,

Or at the Well, speak not at all to me, Lest any of the house should chance to see't, And tell my Master. Jealous he will be, Put me in Bonds, and seek you to destroy.

Buy quickly what you buy, and ready be And secret. When you mean to go away,

Then fend a privy Messenger to me. For all the Gold I can lay hand upon

I'll bring, and fomewhat elfe Boat-hire to pay.

For I the charge have of my Masters Son, Much profit he will yield if brought away. Playing without I'll take him by the hand

And lead him to the Ship. Much worth he'll be

Transported into whatsoever Land.

And home again (this said) returned she.

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A year it was before these Merchants went.

Mean while they buy and lade the Ship. And when
They had their fraught, straightway a man they sent

To bid the Maid make hafte away. And then

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A man unto my Fathers house they fent. A crafty Merchant with a Chain of Gold And thining Amber, on which were intent My Mother and her Maids. They much behold, And take into their hands, and for it bid. Mean while the man a nod gave with his head, The woman quickly understand him did; and by the hand me out of door she led. The Woman lookt about, Aboard went he. Saw flanding on the Tables many a Cup Left by my Father, and his Guefts gone out. And presently she three of them took up. Out went she leading me that fimple was. The Sun went down, and dusky was the Way, And to the Ship we unpurfued pass To th'Haven where the Merchants Veffel lay. And then go they, and with them we aboard. And fail'd before the Wind fix days and nights. And to us fove a fair gale did afford. Diana on the fev'nth the woman imites. And fuddenly into the fink fhe fell, And her they throw into the Sea for chear To fishes. But the rest arrived well At Ithaca. Laertes bought me there. You fee now how I hither came. Then faid ulyffes, Truly you have past much woe. But fove in part your forrows hath allay'd, That in a good mans house at ease are now. That gives you meat and drink with a good will. With him you live a happy life. But I Have longer wandring been, and must be still. Thus rwist themselves did they say and reply, Then went to fleep. The night was almost past. And with the Morn Telemachus was night. Quickly his Mares take down the Sails and Maft, And row the Ship to land, and there her tie; Then on their Beach they quickly break their faft. And with fresh water temper their old Wine. and when defire of Meat and Drink was past,

I'll (said Telemachus) go to my Swine,

But to the City will return at night,
Next Morn I'll feaft you with good flesh and wing,
Your labour in my Passage to requite.
And then said Theaclymenus divine,
What will you do mean while (I pray) with me?

Unto your Mothers house must I go too,
Or to some other man commended be?

Than answered Telemachus, No, no, To bring you to my house in vain it were.

My Mother in my absence you'll not see. She seldom to the Suiters doth appear.

At top o'th'house at work still sitteth she. But I will recommend you to another

In Ithaca of best repute; his name
Envylochus, and best he loves my Mother.
And what my Father did would do the same.

But folded up it lies yet in Jove's lap, Whether he first shall marri'd be or dead,

As he this faid, there did a Faulcon hap (Apollo's Bird) to fly above his head

Dexter, and in his Pounces held a Dove.
And as he plum'd her the feathers fell

Scatter'd as they descended from above
(Which Theoclymenus observed well)

Betwixt Telemachus and the Ships fide, And to Telemachus faid fecretly,

This from the Gods is, and doth good betide Both to your felf and your Posterity.

I knew that it portended at first fight, No Family but yours was here to reign.

O, said Telemachus, that that were right,
Such Love, such Gifts you then should from me
As men that saw you should your fortune bless.

Pyreus then his friend was flanding by,
To him he then his Stranger did address:

You are my best friend of the company, Unto your care this Stranger I commend

To be well treated till I come again.

Though long you flay (faid he) I do intend
The best I can your friend to entertain,

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And with some Gift. Then to the ship he goes,
He and his Mates. They on their Benches sit.
Telemachus then putteth on his shoes,
And takes a Spear that for his hand was sit.
The Ship about they to the City row
Telemachus pursuing his design,
On soot unto Eumeus forth did go,
His faithful Servant, Master of the Swine.

LIB. XVI.

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" umaus and ulyffes rifen were, And men, for Dinner, fent out to fetch Hogs, And fire was made. ulyffes chanc'd to hear One tread without, and whining of the Dogs That bark'd not. And to Eumeus faid, Some one of your acquaintance now comes in. I hear his feet. The Dogs are well appay'd. These words scarce said, Telemachus was seen: Eumens, who then temp'ring was of Wine, Let's fall his Cups, and meets him at the door; Kiffes his head and hands, and both his eyne, And presently with tears his eyes run o'er. As when a loving Father fees his Son, That had been ten years absent, and for whom He had lamented long, come home alone; So glad was he Telemachus was come, And hug'd him as one that had scap'd but then From death, and weeping faid, O are you come? I never thought to fee you more, fweet man, Since first I knew to Pyle you went from home. But come, come in dear heart, that I may fill My felf with looking, you're not oft among Your Your Herdimen in the field, but almost still I'th'City, in the Suitors dismal throng.
Yes, said Telemachus, for why, I come

To see you, and to ask about my Mother,
Whether she still remaining be at home.

Whether the still remaining be at home, Or gone be with a Suitor one or other, Leaving her Husbands Chamber and his Bed

With Cobwebs hung for want of Furniture.

No, the yet stays (Eumeus answered)

And day and night the tears fall from her eyes.

Telemachus went in, His Father there

To give him place did from his Chair arife.
Sit fill, faid he, I'll find a Seat elfewhere

In my own house. This man will one provide.
This said, he past unto another Seat,
To which Eumeus a Wool-sell apply'd

With Rushes under it. Then brought in meat,

Trenchers of meat roafted the day before, And in a Basket fets on bread of Wheat, And in an Ivy-Tankard Wine good store.

And o'er against ulysses takes his seat.

Then on the meat prepar'd their hands they laid.

When Thirst and Hunger nothing more requir'd, Telemachus unto Eumaus said,

And thus about his new-come Guest enquir'd, Father (said he) I pray you tell me now

Hisown, his Fathers and his Countries name.

And father I defire you let me know Where are the Mariners that with him came Unto this place. And tell me this likewife,

Where rideth the good Ship that brought him to's,

For verily I can no way devise,

How he should come on Horseback or on Foot.

To this Eumaus answered agen :

He says himself that he was born in Crete, . And seen the Cities has of many men,

Wandring about. For Jove so thought it meet.
Thesprotian Rats got him aboard their Ship,
And forced were in Ithaca to land.

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There he found means to give them all the flip.
So came to mine, and from mine to your hand.

I give him you, as you think best to use.

To this again Telemachus replies,

That which you fay, Eumeus, is bad news.
How to receive him I cannot devise.

I am too young to fave him with my hands,

If injury be done him by the Wooers, And at this time my Mother doubtful stands,

Whether to flay within my Fathers doors, and with the people her good name maintain,

Or with that Suitor wed and go away, That to her shall afford the greatest gain.

But fince the Stranger at your house doth flay,

I'll give him Garments, a good Coat and Vest, A Spear in's hand, and good shooes to his 'ear,

And him convey to what place he thinks beft.

Or if to keep him here, you think it meet,

I'll hither for him Garments fend and food,

That he no charge be to your Family. To fet him with the Suitors 'tis not good

For me nor him, they so unruly be. He'll be derided there, and I shall grieve;

But 'gainst so many men what can be done?'
The Rrength of one man cannot him relieve.

ulyffes then made answer to his Son,

O Friend (faid he)it bites my heart to hear What of the Suitors in your house you say,

How 'gainft your mind they proudly domineer.

Is it because you willingly give way;

Or that your people by Divinity

Adverse are to you or your Government?

Or are your Kindred that should stand you by
In Quarrel and in Battle, discontent?

O, were I young and of the mind I am, Or that I were the Great uly fes Son;

Orhe himfelf, and wandring hither came,

I'd have my head cut off by any one, if I were not reveng'd upon them all.

har?

And though they were roo hard for me alone,

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I'd rather in my own house fighting fall,
Then daily see such ugly things there done.
Strangers abus'd; Maids tous'd ill-favouredly.

And Corn and Wine confumed without end,

And to no purpose foolishly. For why,

They never shall arrive where they intend. Then said Telemachus, No word o'th' Gods Hath me deprived of the peoples love,

Nor any Brother is with me at odds,

Nor any other cause I know but Jove. How many Lords within these Isles do sway, Same, Dulichium, Ithaca, and Zant,

So many Suitors duely every day

For Marriage with my Mother my house haunt. Whilst she can none put off, and will none marry, They spend my Corn and Wine, and Cattle kill,

And eating here, and drinking fill they tarry, And me perhaps at laft they murther will.

But what they shall do none but God can tell.

But Father go you to Penelope,

And let her know I am arrived well,

And let no other person know but she.

And after you have told her tarry not.

Make hafte. At your return I shall be here. For many are they that my death do plot.

True, said Eumans, but not ill it were To let Lartes know it by the way,

Who when his grief but for ulyffes was, Did overfee his Workmen all the day.

But fince by Sea to Pylus you did pass, He neither oversees his Husbandry,

Nor eats his meat, as still he did before, But groaning and lamenting wofully

Liveth. Telemachus did thus reply, The case is hard. But grieved though he be,

Let him alone; go not out of your way.

For first I wish my Father here to see,

If in my choice to have my wishes lay.

But pray my Mother thither send a Maid,

To tell Lacrtes fecretly the news.

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When to him thus Telemachus had said, Eumaus on his seet ty'd on his shoes.

ulysses and his Son now left alone,

Came Pallas to them. At the door the flood.

But by Telemachus the was not known.

Gods are not known but by whom they think good.

ulysses knew her. Fair she was and tall,

And of a grave wife Matron had the look; And by the Dogs perceiv'd was. For they all

Whining and terrifi'd the place for fook.

A fign t'ulyffes the made with her brow.

Then he went forth, and she unto him spake.

Son of Laertes, wife ulyffes, now.

Your Son with your defign acquainted make.

And when you have the Suitors fare contrived,

Go to the City both. Twill not be long

Before I at your Combat be arrived,

And give you my affiftance in the throng.

Then stroak'd him over with a wand of Gold,
And presently his Rags were Cloak and Coat:

His Cheeks were plump: His beard black to behold.

To which the goodly Locks unlike were not. This done the Goddess mounted to the Skies,

ulyss to the house again retir'd.

But from him then his Son turn'd of his eyes.

So much this alteration he admir'd.

He thought it was some God, and to him said, You are some God descended from the Sky. Your colours better, better you arraid.

Save us. Our Gifts shall on your Altar lie.

And then uly fes faid, God I am none,

What ail you with the Gods me to compare?

For I your Father am whom you bemoan,

And for whom you have had such pain and care.

And then embrac'd and kis'd his Son, and wept,

So that the ground he flood upon was wer,

Though hitherto his eyes he dry had kept. But by his Son believ'd he was not yet.

You're not (lays'he) my Father but some Spright
That flatters me into more misery.

Of mortal men there's none that has the might To do such things wi hour a Deity.

A God indeed can mans decay redeem.
You were but now an old man ill arraid.

And now like one new come from Heaven feem.

To this uly fles answered and said, Telemachus be not amaz'd too much.

Other uly fes you shall never see.

I am the man, although my luck be fuch, As after twenty year not known to be.

The change you fee was by Athena wrought, That made me what she list (for she can do't)

A Beggar old, or Yourh in a fine Coat,

And handsome Cloak, and other Garments to't.

For easie 'cis for Gods on mortal men

To lay on glory and the same displace. This said, ulysses sat him down. And then Telemachus his Father did embrace,

And then they both together wept and fob'd,
As Eagles or as Vultures when they fee

Their Nefts by Country people spoil'd and rob'd, And young ones kill'd before they fledged be; So wept these two, and weeping there had flaid

Perhaps until the clofing of the day,

But that Telemachus t'ulyffes faid,

Father how came you to t'Ithaca I pray?
Where are the Scamen that fet you ashore?
For sure I am you could not come by land.

In a good Ship, faid he I was brought o'er
From th'Isle Phaacia, and left o'th'Sand.
That people, Strangers all that thither come.

Convoy unto the place, where they would be.

And when I was defirous to go home, At Ithaca affeep they landed me,

Enricht with Prefents, Garments, Gold and Brass, And in a Cave I hidden have the same.

And as I by Athena counsel'd was,

The Suitors fate to weave I hither came.
Tell me how many now they are. That we
Confider may, if we two and no more

Shall be enough to get the Victory,

Or must we of some else the aid implore?

O Father (said his Son) you are renown'd For a good Counsellour, a man of might.

But very hard the thing is you propound,
That two men should against so many fight,

They are not only tell, or two times ten,

But many more. Their number (let me fee)

From out Dulichium two and fifty men;

And with them lufty Serving men twice three.

From Same chosen men come twenty four.

Twenty from Zant, and twelve of Ithaca.

Medon the Squire; a Fidler, and what more?

Two Cooks that of a Feast had learnt the Law.

Twill be but ill revenge to fight them all.

Therefore I think it best to look for aid, And some good Neighbour to affist you call.

To this ulyffes answered and said,

Confider then and cast it in your mind,

Whether we two, Pallas and Jove to boot,

Will serve, or must we other succours find; Then said his Son, O Father that will do'r.

Those friends indeed would serve us very much.
Immortals against Mortals have great odds;

Higher they stand, and of themselves are such, As would too hard be for all th'other Gods.

Yes, said ulysses, if the Woo'rs and I

Come but to Battle once, 'twill not be long

Ere such good aids will have the Victory, And make an end of this unruly throng,

Buryou Telemachus go early home,

To morrow morning; mingle with the rabble.

Iafter you will with Eumaus come

Like to a Beggar old and miserable. Where if you see me us'd ill-favour'dly,

Thrown at or pull'd about the house by th'heels,

As unconcern'd, endure it patiently,

What pain foever thereby your heart feels. But yet with gentle words you may perfuade them.

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For fure I am they will not you obey,

The

The Gods Immortal have fo stupid made them
As on themselves to bring their fatal day.

But now to what I say attentive be.

When Pallas shall me prompt, I'll with my head

Make you a Sign. Affoon as that you fee, Let th'Arms inth'Hall away be carryed.

And fay (if any Suitor ask wherefore)

The fire hath hurt them, and they are not now

Such as ulyffes left them heretofore,

When with the Greeks t'llium he did go. Or fay, For fear some quarrel should arise

By th'indifcretion of one or other,

You thought the counsel would not be unwise, other To take them thence. One drawn Sword draws and

But two Spears, two Swords, and two Shields keep still,
To take in hand when we the onset make.

Jove from mistrust and Pallas keep them will.

And farther from me this instruction take.

As I your Father am, and you my Son, Of my return a word let no man hear,

Father, or Wife, or Servant any one. To speak of it in company forbear.

But let's of the Maid-fervants you and I Endeavour what we can to know the mind.

And your Men-fervants also I would try,

From whom you honour or dishonour find. Father, then said Telemachus, you'll see,

I am not lose of tongue. But 'ris not good The men to question. 'Twill lost labour be.

Because without the house they have their food, Though there they havock of your substance make.

Do as you please. 'Tis a long business
Of ev'ry one of them account to take.

Inform your felf of th'womens wiekedness.

I would not willingly go up and down

To ev'ry Lodge, what there is done to fee.

For our work done, theirs will be better known,

If you with Signs from Jove acquainted be Thus they discours'd. The Mariners mean while Had brought, into the Haven of the Town,

The

The Ship that brought Telemachus from Pyle.

Then drew it up to land, the Sails pull'd down.

The Preferry unto Clytius they bear.

The Presents unto Clytius they bear, And to Penelope a man they sent,

That of her Sons arrival she might hear, And how unto Eumeus Lodge he went,

And fent the Ship to put her out of fear, Left the should for his absence longer wee

Left the should for his absence longer weep.

Eumeus was for the same bus'ness there.

He from his Lodge, the other from the Deep.

He rold the Queen th'arrival ofher Son.

And to her Maids the other told the fame.

And when they both their Messages had done, Back to Telemachus Eumaus came.

At this the Suitors vext, look'd down and fad, And out o'th'Gates together went, where they

Amongst themselves a consultation had, And to them thus Eurylochus 'gan say;

ill.

'Tis very strange, Telemachus is come,

We thought he never should return agen.
But since 'tis so; to call our Fellows home,
Let's him and man a Boat with Fishermer

Let's hire and man a Boat with Fishermen. His words scarce out, Amphinomus comes near, And turning towards th'Haven, then espy'd

Furling their Sails, and laughing faid. They're here, You need not any Messenger provide.

Some God fure told him of them, or else they
Saw the Ship coming by, but were too flow

To overtake her, This faid, they away

Down to the waters-fide together go.

And up unto the land the Ship they hale; Their Servants what was in her bear away.

And then to consultation they fall,

Nor with them suffer'd any else to stay.

To them Antinous begin and faid,

The Gods Telemachus have strangely kept.

Our Scouts from Morn to Night o'th'Mountains staid, Not on the land by night we ever slept,

Bur rowed up and down until 'twas day.

We thought he could not scape in any wife,

And

And yet some Damon brought him has away.

Come, let us how to kill him here devise:

For whilft he lives our work will not be done.

Crafty he is, and can his purpose hide.

Nor have we yet sufficiently won

The People of the Town with us to fide.

The multirude to counfel he wire call.

And ranting tell them that we go about To murther him, and so enflame them all,

That from our Country they will cast us out, And make us beg our bread. Which to eschew Let's kill him in the Fields or in the Way;

Divide his goods amongst us as is due; His Houses to his Mother leave we may,

To give to him with whom she means to marry,
If this you like not, but that he shall stay,

And have his Fathers stare, then let's not tarry,
But each man to his own house go his way,
And there contend who shall the best endow her,

And in her favour the superiour be.

Or let the Fates dispose the happy hour

To whom the has a mind to. So faid he. Then spake Amphinomus the noble Son

Of the rich Nifus Aretiades.

Amongst the Wooers inscriour to none, And best of all Penelope did please.

Telemachus (said he) I would not kill.

Tis dangerous to flay the Royal Blood.
But let us first of Jove enquire the will.

If he command, I'll do't and fays 'tis good.

If he forbid, I wish you to defist.

So faid Amphinomus, and 'twas thought fit.

And presently the Council was dismist

And then into the house they go and sit.

And now Penelope refolv'd t'appear
Before her Suitors fixing in the Hall.

For to her Son she knew they Traytors were.

Medon that with them was had told her all.

Down to the Hall she went, and in the Door Having a woman at each hand, she staid, And proud Antinous rebuked fore.

Antinous, you Traytor impudent (fhe faid)

In Ithaca the Glory you have got

Of Wit and Eloquence. You are bely'd.

Madman, what ail you my Sons death to plot, And to his Strangers here to shew such pride?

Poor Strangers have their Passport from the Gods.

To do them wrong is great Impiety.

And worfe between themselves to be at odds.

You know your Father hither once did fly, Fearing the People whom he had offended, Joyning with Tuphian Thieves to make a Prey

Of Toesprote Cattle, and were here defended

Against the Thesprotes, though our friends were They sain him had, and seized his estate, [they,

But that ulysses saved him, and now For to requite him what d'ye, O ingrate?

You ear his Carrie, and his Wife you wooe,

And kill my Son, and daily me moleft.

Defist, I tell you, and the rest perswade. To leave these evil courses, you were best:

To this Eurylochus then answer made,

Icarius Daughter, wise Penelope,

Fear not. None shall lay hands upon your Son,

And long as I am living and can fee,

Who does, his blood shall on my Spear down run.

His father oft has fet me on his knee,

And given me good Wine, and good Meat roaft.

Afraid of any Woo'r you need not be-Telemachus of all men I love most.

Of death from Gods hand none can warrant you.

But as for us you may securely sleep. So said he, and yet then his death did brew.

Away went then Penelope to weep,

And wept till Pallas came and clos'd her eyes-

And to uly ses and his Son at Night Eumeus came. A swine they sacrifice.

And then did Pallas from the Sky-alight,

And with her Rod return'd ulyffes old,
And illarray'd, for fear he should be known

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T'Eumeus or Penelope, and told

By them to others and abroad be blown.

Telemachus then to Eumeus faid:

The Suitors are they come that me way-laid?

Or do they for me still look up and down?

Then faid Eameus, I did not enquire, Upon my Message only was my mind.

That done, to make hast back was my defire. But there I chanc'd a Messenger to find,

Sent by your Mates to tell Penelope,

And he the news t'your Mother first did tell. I saw a Ship that new came in from Sea,

But whether that were it, I know not well.

Aboard were many Arms and many Men.

And though I were not fure, I thought 'twas it.

Telemachus on's Father smiled then, But so as that Enmaus could not see't.

Then came their Supper in, which they fell to.
A Supper good they had, and were well pleafed.

And when their hunger had no more to do, With Gentle sleep their fear and care diffeised.

LIB. XVII.

Soon as the rofie Morning did appear,
Rifeth Telemashus; his shoes puts on;
And takes into his hand his heavy Spear;
And hafteth to the City to be gone.
And said unto Eumeus, Father, I
Am going to the City there to see
My Mother, that will never cease to cry,
And sob till in her sight I standing be.

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But the poor Stranger guide you to the Town,
With broken meat and wine himself to feed,
Such as he gers by begging up and down.
I cannot maintain all men that have need,

Tak't how he will. For I love to speak plain.

Then said ulysses, Sweet Friend nor would I

Here in the Country willingly remain.

For Beggars wants great Cities best supply.

Here at the Lodge no service I can do.

And now to learn of others am too old.

With this man to the City I would go, and forward

But warm me firft would. For very cold

This Morning is. I fear this hoary froft.

Far hence the Town is, and my Garments thin's

And which I reason have to sear the most, My Rags will to the air betray my skin.

Telemachus then speedily went home, and and ad the

With mischief to the Suitors in his head.

And when he to the Palace Gate was come.

T'a Pillar fers his Spear, and entered.

Euryclea was cov'ring Chairs i'th'Hall,

And faw him fieft, and streight unto him went;

And then the other Women-fervants all

Declared with much kiffing their content. Then like Diana or fair Approdite,

Penelope came shedding tears of joy, and lo bare

And on his shoulders laid her arms milk-white,

And kift his head and eyes, and thus did fay:

Telemachus my dear Child are you here?

I never thought again your face to fee, Since of your Father news you went to hear

At Pyle by Sea, without acquainting me.
But tell me what at Pyle they of him fay.

Mother (faid he) pray let me rake my breath,

My thoughts in great diforder are to day;

I come but now from out the jaws of death.

But with your Maids go to your Chamber now,
And In your fairest Garments you array,

And to th'Immortal Gods all make a Vow.

A perfect Hecatomb to them you'll pay,

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So

If Jove be pleas'd our losses to restore
But I unto the Market-place must haste,
To treat a Stranger whom I sent before,
And till my coming with Pireus plac't.

Penelope then to her Chamber went,

And put her self into her best array. Her Vows to all th'Immortal Gods she sent

A perfect Hecatomb to them to pay, If Jove be pleas'd her losses to restore. Telemachus in hand then takes his Spear,

And with two Dogs ar's heels went out a door;
And Pallas made him like a God appear.

The people all admir'd him as he came; The Suitors all about him gathered,

And spake him fair, while in their hearts they frame Plots and devices how is blood to shed.

But he his feat amongst them quickly quits, To Mentor and his Fathers ancient friends

Altherses, Antephus, with them he fits,
And there the time discoursing with them spends.

Pireus not long after comech in,

And brings his Stranger with him to the place,

Who there a very little while had been But that Telemachus hard by him was.

Then faid Pirans to Telemachus,
Send of your women some to setch away

The goodly Presents you left at my house.

No, said Telemachus, let them yet stay,
I know not yet th' Event of our affairs.

If the Woo'rs kill me and my Goods devide, I rather had they should be yours than theirs.

If I kill them, and God be on my fide, Then fend them, and I'll take them joyfully,

And brought away the Stranger with him home.

And by and by the Suitors thither hie,

And when they all into the house were come, On Couches and on Chairs their Gloaks they lay, And presently into their Baths they go,

And bath'd and oyled again themselves array,
And sat them down. And Supper ready now,

A Maid then water in a Golden Ewre

To wash their hands over a Bason brings.

The Bason also was of Silver pure.

Another on the Tables lays good things,

That in her keeping were, and fets on Bread. Penelope fat spinning in the door.

And then they heartily fell to and fed.

And when defire of meat and drink was o'er,

Unto her Son Penelope then Spake,

I will, said she, upon my Bed lie down,

Though there I ever weeping lie awake,

Since he went with Atrides to Troy-Town,

Since you would not vouchfafe to let me know The news you heard, before these men came in.

Mother (faid he) the truth I'll tell you now.

We went to Pyle, and Neftor we have feen,

And lovingly we entertained were.

For as a Father entertains his Son

Come home from far; fo were we treated there,

And welcome to his Children every one.

But that uly fes was alive or dead,

He met with no man that could tell him true,

But us to go to Sparta counselled,

And faid, if any, Menelaus knew.

And us with Coach and Horses did provide

(Where we faw Helen, bane of Greece and Troy)

He also sent his Son with us for Guide,

And thither come receiv'd we were with joy.

Atrides of my coming askt the reason.

I told him all the truth. He answer'd then, Oh ho, into the strong mans house by Treason

Are entred many weak and heartless men.

As when a Scag and Hind entring the Den

Of th'absent Lion, Iulis his whelps with tales

Of Hills and Dales, the Lion comes agen And tears them into pieces with his nails;

So shall ulyffes all these rascals slay.

Oh that the Gods Apollo, Pallas, Jove, Amongst the Suitors bring him would one day,

Such as when with Philomelide he strove,

And threw him flat and made the Argives glad,

If fuch uly ses once amongst them were,

Short would their lives be, and their wedding bad.

But of the matter, whereof you enquire,

On my own knowledge I can nothing fay, Nor will with rash conjectures you begui'e.

I told was with Calypso he doth flay

(By Proteus an old Sca-God) in an Ifle,

And would come home, but wants good ship & men.
To pass him o'er the broad back of the Main.
This said, we took our leaves, a fair gale then

This faid, we took our leaves, a fair gale then Quickly convey'd us o'er the liquid plain.

After Telemachus had spoken thus, Penelope her heart was ill at ease. And then spake to her Theoelymenus:

Wife of ulyffes Laertiades,

This man' (faid he) knows not, hear me: For I fove's mind foresee. Fove first, and then the Ghost

That takes the care of this bleft family,
And dwelling in it do maintain the roft.

You know Ulyffes is now in this Isle, Sitting or creeping, and observes these Wooers,

What evil deeds they do. And he the while, The Deftiny contriveth of the doers.

I faw the same at Sea by Augury, And said unto Telemachus no less.

Oh that the Gods would make it true, said she, I'd so reward you that men should you bless.

While they together thus within discourse,

And Darts upon the Green before the doors

As they at other times before had done. [brought Now Supper-time drew near. Sheep home were

From ev'ry field. Then Medon to them spake, (Who 'mongst the Suitors had most favour got)

For of these Games, I see you have your fill.

In supping early damage there is none.

Agreed they were; none thought the motion ill.

They then into the Hall went every one.

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And

On Couches and on Chairs their Cloaks they throw, Great Sheep, fat Goars enough they facrifice,

And franked Swine, and from the Herd a Cow.
Mean while Eumeus to the City hies,

ulyss with him, to whom thus he said.
Come Father, let us to the City go,

Since 'tis my Mafters will. You should have staid
If my advice you would have hearkned to,

But the Commands of Mafters are fevere;

The time o'th'day already is much spent. And though it will be late e'er we be there, I fear, e'er it be night you will repent.

And then ulyffes to Eumeus faid,

Thear, I understand, I pray go on.

Only of rugged way I am afraid,

Give me a good strong staff to lean upon. Then on his shoulder he his Scrip did throw; Given he had a great Staff to his mind,

And they two to the Town together go,

Leaving the Swineherds and the Dogs behind.

Mysses like a Beggar old and lame,

And all his Rayment ragged was and wretched. But when they near unto the Fountain came.

From which the Citizens their water fetched, The Fountain sweetly streaming and well made

B'Itbacus Neritus, Polettor Kings,

That flyeth from a high and chilling shade, Where in a Poplar Grove arise the Springs,

And there an Altar is, and on the same

The Passengers to th'Nymphs pay offerings. When we were there, Melanthus to us came,

And Goats, the fattest of his Herds, he brings. Whither now goest thou with this Beggar here?

This Trouble-feast, who begging scraps and souffs,

Not Swords and Kettles) many blows shall bear Of flying Foot-stools, and get many Cuffs.

Would thou wouldft give him me my Lodge to keep,
And lead my Goats afield with a green bough,

And live on Whey, and my Goat-houses sweep, And his great knee unto such service bow.

But

But hang him, he has such a custom got Of Idleness with begging of his food, That labour for his living he will not.

But this I tell you, and 'twill be made good,

When he within uly ses house appears,
Many a footstool in the Hall will fly
From out the Suitors hands about his cars.

This faid, he pass'd, and kick'd him going by.

ulysses still stood firm upon the path,

Thinking to strike him with his great staff dead,

Or otherwise to kill him in his wrath,

But in the end his wrath he conquered. Eumaus then held up his hands and pray'd

Nymphs of these Fountains, Daughters of Great If the fat Gifts here by ulysses laid [704,

Upon your Altars were received with love, Grant that he may come fafely home again

By some good Spirit to his house convey'd. Then (to Melantheus said he) all in vain

Will be your Triumph, and your pride allay'd,

Wherewith you to the Suitors daily go.

And Knaves remain the Cattle to abate.

Then faid Melantheus again, O ho!

How boldly does this Dog, this raskal prate! Whom one day I shall from hence ship away,

And make of him somewhere abroad good gain.

Would th' Woods or Phehus but as surely flav

Would th'Wooers, or Phebus, but as surely slay The Son, as 'cis t'expect his Father vain.

When this was faid, away he went apace, And coming to the Suitors in the Hall, Against Eurymachus he took his place,

Whom befthe loved of the Suitors all.

And there the Waiters fet before him meat.

The Women of the Pantry brought him bread.

ulysses and Eumeus were not yet

Arriv'd, but near, for close they followed,

And of the Fiddle they could hear the din.
ulysses said unto Eumeus then,

'Tis a fine house ulysses dwelled in, And easily known from those of other-men,

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The Court with Wall and Hedge is fenced firong,
Having firong Gates, With two Locks great and faft.
Some Feaft here is ; I hear the found of Song,

And Fiddle, which with Feast the Gods have plac'r.

Then answered Eumeus,' Tis well guest,

And other things you mark as well as this.

But let us now confider what is beft,

In that which at this time our bus'ness is.

Go you in first, and put your self among The Suitors; or if you think better so,

I'll first go in, but do not you stay long,

Lest you of one or other take 4 blow.

The Seas and Wars have raught me patience.

Of all my fust rings this is not the worst.

Of blows and throws I have experience.

Ard may the Suitors henceforth have the fame.

The Belly forceth Mortals to much Woe.
But there is no force can the Belly rame.

It fets the Good Ship on the Sea to go.

Which to one another evil fortune bears.

While they discoursed thus before the door,

Wyssis Dog held up his head and ears,
Argus by name, that had been long before

Well look'd to, e'er wyffes went to Troy.

They with him cours'd the wild Goat, Dear, and But all the while his Master was away, [Hare;

The Servants of his keeping took no care,

But on the Dung before the Door he lay,

Which there was heap'd to manure Fields & Lezs,

From many Mules and Cattle faln away.

There lay the old Dog argus full of Fleas.

And as ulysses near was couch'd his ears,
And fauned with his rail, but could not rise,

And which Eumeus did not see, the tears
Ready to fall were from ulysse eyes.

And then alysses to Eumeus said,

This is a very well shap'd Dog I see. Tis strange to see him on a Dunghil laid.

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Or for his beauty only was he fed,

As Lords make much of Dogs for being fine,

And at their Tables see them cherished.

Then answered the Master of the Swine :

The Master of him is of life bereft.

If now he were the same for shape and deed

He then was when ulysses here him left,

You'd quickly see he had both strength and speed

There was no Beaft he once faw in the Wood That could escape him. For not only swife,

But also at a Scent was very good.

But now himself scarce able is to lift. For why his Master being dead and gone.

He was not left unto the Womans care.

And when the Master is not looking on, Men servants of their duty carelessare,

For half the virtue taken is away

Of whosoever is to service ty'd.

This faid, into the house he went his way.

And Argus, having seen his Master, dy'd.

Telemachus, the first that saw him enter, Unto him nodded to come to his Seat.

A Chopping-board was near him by adventure.

He took up that, whereon to eat his meat.

And near Telemachus he plac'd the fame.

A Waiter fets before him flesh and bread.

And after him ulyffes also came

Like an old Beggar torn and tattered. And faid t'Eumaus, Give the Beggar this,

And bid him go and try the charity.

Of all the rest; and tell him hurtful tis-

For Beggars to have too much modeffy.

Enmeus then streight went unto the Guest,

And said, Telemachus doth give you this,

And bids you try your fortune with the reft,
For modesty to Beggars hurtful is.

And then ulyffes to Eumaus fays,

God bless Telemachus and make him grear,

And alway grant him that for which he prays.

And then with both his hands received his ment.

And

And as the Fiddle with the Feast gives o'er, uly ses when he eaten had his meat,
Sat quiet on the Sill and said no more.

But still amongst the Woo'rs the noise was great.

Then Pallas comes and stands ulyffes by,
And bids him try the Suitors as they sat

Which of them had, which wanted charity, Though they the same men would be for all that.

Then rifing up, before the first he stands, And to the right hand onward still he goes

To every one, and holds up both his hands,
Like one that well the Art of begging knows.

They gave him meat, and wondred at the man,
And one another askt, who is't, and whence.

And then Melanthius to Speak began :

I saw him, said he, but a little fince Brought hither by the Master of the Swine.

But who he is, his Kindred and his place,

It is not in my power to divine.

This faid. Antinous in choler was.

Onoble Master of the Swine, said he,

What made you here to introduce this Gueft?

Think you that yet too few the Beggars be,
That you must needs invite this trouble-feast,

Your Lords estate the sooner to eat up?

Good as you are (fays he) you fay not right,

No man a Stranger e'er call'd in to sup,

And him on no acquaintance did invite, Unless he were a man that most men need,

Prophet, Physician, or Armourer,

Or Fiddier at a Feast; for when men feed A Song doth add delight unto the chear.

These use to be invited ev'ry where

Who ever call'd a Beggar in to eat?
But to the Servants you ftill cruel were,

And of them all you me the worst did treat.

But I care little whilft Penelope.

Alive is, and Telemachus her Sch.
Telemachus then bad him filent be.

Enmens (faid he) let him now alore,

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Then to Antinous he turn'd and spake,

Is this as from a Father to his Son,

To bid me, make my Guest my house forsake?

I'll never do't. Give him what Alms you will,

Nor shall my Mother, nor I, nor a man, Nor woman that here dwelleth take it ill,

But eat, then give, it feems you better can.
Therefaid Antinous, These words are great,
And passionate, but spoken without need.

If thus we all go on to give him meat,

He may himself three months together feed.
This said, his Footstool to his soot he drew.

ulysses with his scrip went to the Sill, (For it was full) meaning to beg anew.

And first he tries Antinous his will.

Give a poor Stranger (lays he.) You appear Amongst th' Achie ans here to be the best.

For like a King you look, and reason 'twere You should in bounty exceed all the rest.

And I abroad your goodness will make known.

I could for riches once with most compare,
And kept a great and free house of my own,

And askt what want you, man, not what you are,

And many Servants had, and things that pass For happiness amongst us mortals all,

Till t'Ægypt I by Knaves perswaded was To sail. I'th'Nile we let our Anchors fall,

There I my Fellows bid aboard to stay

And guard the ships; and some to places high

I fent to watch. But mov'd by lucre they
On Plunder and on Rapine had their eye.

The fields they waste, and kill the men, and make Women and Children captives. Then the cry

Arriving at the City, Arms they rake,

And next day early to the fields they hie
With Horse and Foot. Then thundered the Field,
Their Armour lightned. My men frighted were:
Some taken and made slaves, some flying kill'd,

And all the rest ran scatter'd here and here.

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To th'King of Cyprus I was made a Gift,

Demeter by name, the King of Agypt's Guest,

And to come hither thence, I made hard shift. Then said Antinous, Stand off you're best.

What Devil to moleft us feat this Rogue

Unmannerly, that with fuch impudence

To beg prefumeth here, and to cologue?

Stand off, Or ill at ease I'll send you hence,

They that have given have done foolifhly,

And at anothers cost been charitable.

No wonder in fuch superfluiry.

ulysses then retired from the Table.

O, Oh, (aid he, I had but little skill,

That from the Aspect have inferred Wit.

Not give (I fee) a crum of falt you will

To a poor man that humbly asketh it.

Antinous at this enrag'd at th'heart,

Look'd on ulyffes angerly and faid,

To part hence fafely thou not likely art; Since to my face thou dar'ft me thus upbraid.

This faid, he threw the Footfool at his head.

Which touch'd his shoulder, but remov'd him nor,

Then to the Sill himself he rendered,

Shaking his head with vengeance in his thought.

ulyffes then unto the Suitors spake.

A man (faid he) not much is griev'd a blow

In fighting for his Kine or Sheep to take,

But he did for his Belly at me throw.

If any care the Gods of poor men have,

Antinous before he marry'd be,

Is like enough to go into his Grave.

Antinous replies, Sit quietly

And eat your meat, left taken by the heels

The Servants hate and drag you out o'th'Gate,

Or use you worse, your tongue so runs on wheels.

At this the rest all discontented fate,

And one among the rest unto him said,

Antinous, it was unjustly done

To use a Stranger so. The Gods arraid

In poor mens habits mens deeds look upon,

And notice take, who well does, and who ill, Telemachus was griev'd arthe heart

For what was done, but did no tear destil, But shook his head, & hop'd to make them smart.

When what was pass'd was told Penelope, Apollo strike him to the heart, said she.

If I my wish had, said Eurinome,

No Suitor of them all the Morn should see.

Then faid Penelope again, 'Tis true,

They all be Enemies, and mean us evil, But he the fiercest is of all the Crew,

And rageth in the house like any Devil.

A Stranger in diffress comes to the door, Whom want constrained had to beg his bread.

The rest all give him somewhat of their store, But he a Footstool throweth at his head.

While the thus and her Women talking were, ulyffes supping far upon the Sill.

I fain (said she) would have the Beggar here.
Fetch him Eumeus, talk with him I will.

I'll ask him if ulyffes he have feen,

For many men and Cities knoweth he, Eumaus then made answer to the Queen: If once the Suitors would but filent be, You would be pleas'd his History to hear.

Three days and nights he staid with me an end:

And of his suff'rings much he told me there
When new arriv'd; but came not to the end.

As when a man that knows the Art of Song, Sings lovely words with sweet and well-tun'd voice.

The man that hears him thinks not the time long; So I in his strange Story did rejoyce.

He faid ulyffes was his Fathers Gueft,

In th'Isle of Crete where reigneth Minos race: Himself (he said) with many woes opprest,

The Fates at laft him tumbled to this places

And that he heard ulyffes is hard by, And that into Thesprotia he's come Alive and well; enriched mightily

With Treasure which he now is bringing home?

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Then faid Penelope, Go call me hither
The Beggar. I my felf will ask him all.
And mean while let the Suitors chat together
Where they think best without or in the Hall.
For merry they must be, fince they feed here,
And their own Corn and Wine and Cattle save,
And with our Cattle make themselves good chear,
And on our Corn and Wine no mercy have.

For fuch as was ulyffes here is none,

That should defend us from their injuries.
But were he hither come, he, and his Son,
Would bring destruction on these enemies.
This said, it chanc'd Telemachus to sneeze.

She laught, and for the Beggar calls agen.
You see Eumeus, Jove with me agrees,

And certainly flain shall be all these men.
Go call the Beggar, and say this from me,

If I find true what he shall to me say, He shall with Coat and Vest rewarded be.

And when he near him was, Father faid he,
Penelope defires to speak with you,
About uly sies she inform'd would be,

And faid, if the find all you fay be true, 'She cloath you will with a fair Coat and Veft,

Which you stand most in need of. But for food By begging in the Town you'll get it best,

Where they relieve you will that shill think good.

ulysses to Eumeus answered,

Penelope I quickly can inform. For he and I have jointly suffered.

But from the Suitors I much fear a storm. Their insolence is known up to the Sky.

Just now a Footstool one threw at my head, When given him no cause at all had I,

Nor could I by her Son be succoured.

Therefore intreat Penelope to flay

Until the Sun be fet and Suitors gone, And by the fire-fide hear what I can fay. You fee what woful Garmens I have on.

Then back Eumaus went with his excuse, And came without him to Penelope. How now (faid she) does he to come refuse? They that are bashful but ill Beggars be. Not fo, O Queen (faid he) he is discreet. He prays you flay till fetting of the Sun, Fearing some danger from the Woo'rs to meet. And for you also then 'twill best be done. I fee (quoth fhe) the Stranger wants not Wit. For in the world never so many men Contriving mischief did together sit, So said Penelope, Eumaus then Went down and put himself into the throng, And to Telemachus said in his ear, I have been absent from my Swine too long. I go, and to your care leave all things here, And chiefly of your life to have a care. Many there are that bear you evil mind, And how to take your life contriving are. But may they first their own destruction find. Then faid Telemachus, and fo'ewill be. Farewel. But I advise you first to dine. The bus'ness here leave to the Gods and me. Then din'd he and went back unto the Swine, Next morning with more Victims to return.

Next morning with more Victims to return.

And full he left the Hall and Court with men,

Who there themselves to Song and Dancing turn.

For less than half the day remained then.

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Hen came a Beggar to a'yffes Gate. The man to fee to was both great and tall, Though but a lither fellow. Down he fate Boldly within the Porch before the hall. He had a greedy gur, and named was At first Arneus, then Irus; for he went On errants oft, when ever there was cause. The Wooers favour made him insolent. This Beggar thought to drive uly fes thence: Doft see those Princes how they wink at me, And by the heels would have me pluck thee hence? Though to do that I should ashamed be. Go from the door Old-man left I should do it. Up therefore quickly and be gone; arife Before that with my fifts I force you to it. ulyffes frowning answered in this wise : Brange man, I neither do thee harm, nor fay Thee any ill, Here's room for thee and me. Ido not envy you the meat which they Shall give you here, how much so e'er it be. Envy not other men; I think you are As well as I a Beggar; But forbear To threaten me too much. You're best beware. Old as I am, left I your lips befmear And breast with blood, and so have better room. For to ulyffes house I'm confident Thou never wilt be able more to come. This made the Beggar more impatient, O(fays he) how the Raskal prates! 'Twere well To bear the Raskals teeth out, while his Tongne

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Thus runs on wheels, till to the ground they fell.

Let these see fight the Old-man with the Young.

Whilft in great heat they quarrel'd at the door, They by Antinous observed were,

Who laughing faid, there never came before Such sport to th'House. The Beggars standing there,

Will go to cuffs, I pray let's hold them to it.

Then up they start, and round about them stand. There are o'th'fire good puddings sull of suet, Of these, let him that conquers lay his hand

On which he will. So faid Antinous,

And have the privilege, and none but he To beg within the Porch before the house, And of our talk at meat a hearer be.

The motion pleas'd. And then ulysses spake:
The match is hard, an Old-man 'gainst a Younger,

Yet this my Belly bids me undertake.

And I'm acquainted more with blows than hunger.

But I must first intreat you all to swear Not to help Irus, nor a heavy hand

To lay on me, but both of us forbear,
And juftly 'ewixt us both as Neuters stand.
When all had sworn, then said Telemachus,

Stranger, if thou dare combat with this man

None else shall do thee hurt. Antinons,

Eurymachus, and I defend you can. This said, ulysses cover'd kept his gear,

But shew'd his shoulders wide, and his strong thigh

His large breast and his brawny arms appear.

And Pallas standing by inlarg'd his size.

At which the Suitors greatly wondered, And one unto another foftly faid,

And Irus then was mightly afraid the stand of

But yet by force the Servants brought him out,

Shew not thy felf a Coward and a Lout;
Nor fear a man worn out with many a year.

For if he get the better thou shalt go Unto King Takim, and there by his Law

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Thy nose and ears, and privy parts also Shall be cut off, and dogs shall ear them raw. This made him quake more yet. Into the lists They brought him so. Both ready were to fight.

Ulyffes then thought how to use his fifts,

Whether to beat him down or killhim quite.

But not to offend the Suitors thought it best

To strike him gently. And when they were near loss did hit uly ses on the breast.

ulyffes Irus ftruck juft under th'ear.

He broke the bones, at's mouth the blood gusht our. He fell, squeakt, shed his teeth. The Suitors were

With laughter almost dead, that stood about.

uly ffes drag'd him to the utter-gate,

And fer him to the hedge as twere a Sign,

And put a staff in's hand. As there he fate why fles bad him keep out Dogs and Swine,

Think not thy felf, quoth he, of Beggars King

That art a very wretch) and wandering Souls.

This faid; o'er's head he threw the twifted string

By which his Scrip hung rag'd and full of holes.
Then fat him down i'th' Porch. The Suitors enter,

All langhing in, and as they passed by

Greatly congratulated his adventure.

Stranger, said they, Jove and the Gods on high, Grant thee whatever thou shalt most defire.

That hast reliev'd us from the Raskal there.

We'll fend him to King Takim in Epire.

And glad ulysses was his praise to hear.

Antinous a Haggas brought fill'd up

With far and blood, and to't Amphinomus
Two loaves of bread, and with't a gilded Cap

Oflusty Wine, and said unto him thus;

Hail, Father, Stranger, rich and happy be

As ere you were; though many miseries Oppress you now. He answer'd him, I see

So was your Father, Nisus was his name, brinee of Dulichium, both rich and wife.

You are his Son, as I am told by Fame; Therefore I will a little you advife.

There's not a weaker Creature lives o'th'ground, Or goes, or creeps upon it than a Man.

Who whilst he's strong, and all his limbs are sound, He makes account that fail he never can.

But when the Gods shall have decreed him woe, He less endures it than another can.

Such is the nature Fove has affign'd to

This weak and short-liv'd Creature called Man.

For I my felf was rich, and lived in Great plenty, and was very infolent,

Bold on my strength, my Father, and my Kin, Therefore let no man be too confident.

But rather quietly God's Gifts enjoy.

These Sultors here bring this into my mind Who of an absent man the Goods destroy, And that at last unto their cost they'll find. For this I tell you (mark well what I say)

That he will foon, nay very quickly come;

And that will be to some a heavy day.

Pray God that at his coming you keep home. This faid, he drank and to Amphinomus

Return'd the Cup, who shook his head in vain.
For not long after by Telemachus

Amongst the rest of th'Wooers he was slain.

Then Pallas puts Penelope in mind

T'appear unto the Wooers that she might Before her Son and Husband honour find,

And further bring the Suitors thoughts to light.

Penelope then laught not knowing why.

Eurynome (laid she) my mind says go,

And shew your self before the Company.

Which heretofore I never thought to do.

I have them, yet I mean to go to the loor,

And bid my Son their company to fhun,

Dear Child, said the old woman, tis well done. Go tell him whatsoever you think fit,

But wash away the tears first from your eyes,

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And hide their grief that will be counted wife,

You have your wish, your Son now is a man Penelope then answered her again;

Restored be my beauty never can:

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nd

'Nointing and washing now are all in vain.

The Gods, Eurynome, then took away.

All beauty from me when ulyffes went

With Agamemnon to the Siege of Troy;

Such words afford me now but small content.

Call Hippodamia and Antonoe.

For why, I am asham'd my self alone

Amongst so many in fight to be.

They shall go with me, on each side me one. But when th'old woman was gone out, and stail,

Then Pallas pour'd sweet fleep upon her eyes,

And on her face a greater beauty laid,

And also made her limbs of larger fize,

And whiter than the pureft Ivory.

And having so done the Goddess rise to th'Ski

And having so done the Goddess rise to th'Skies. Her Maidens coming made a noise, and she

Awak'd and with her hand she ftrok'd her eyes.

I've had (faid she) a very gentle sleep.

O that Diana such a gentle death

Would fend me presently, nor let me weep

My life out nor with forrow give me breath:

Sorrow for my dear Husband, best of all

The Grecian Princes, and that faid, then down She goes to th' Porch before the door of th' Hall

With her two Maids, the would not go alone,

And so stood at the door within their sight,
But with her Scarf her Cheeks a little shaded.

A Maid flood at her left hand and her right.

When she appear'd Love all their hearts invaded.

Her speech then to Telemachus sh'addrest.

Telemachus (faid she) your Wir's less now.
Than when you were a Boy. 'Twas then at best.

And backward more and more it feems to grow.

Now you are tall and come to mans efface, And 'counted are the best men Sons among.

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Of your discretion you begin to abate
Why else d'ye let your Stranger suffer wrong?
If you your Guests thus treat what think you can
Men say of you, that's good or honourable?
You'll be reproach'd and scorn'd of every man,

And taken for a man unhospitable.

Mother, faid he, you well may angry be;
And yet I better know what's good and illThan heretofore. But these men hinder me.

I cannot without help do all I will.

The Quarrel 'twixt my Guest and Irns was None of the Suitors act, by chance it rose, As they sate begging from some other cause,

And Irus only bare away the blows.

O Jupiter (I wish) and all the Gods, That all your Suitors were in Irus case,

(Who yonder fits like one that's drunk, and nods)
Either here right or in some other place,

Unable to go home. Penelope

And her lov'd Son so talkt. And then Eurymachus, if all the the Lords (said he)

Which now through Arges bear rule over men Should see you now, more Suitors you'd have here

(For you do far all woman-kind surpass)
And come betime to taste of your good chear.

None such for fair and prudent ever was. No, no, said she. For when ulysses went

With th' Argive Princes to the War of Troy, The Immortal Gods took from me my content, And with it all these Ornaments away.

Were he come home that took a care of me,
I should more honour have and beauty so.

But now I lead my life in mifery,

The Gods some evil on me dayly throw. My Husband when he parted hence to fight For Agamemnon gainst the Trojans, laid

At taking leave on my left hand his right, And all those words of counsel to me said:

Expect you cannot (Wife) that we that go Over the Sea unto the Siege of Troy,

Shall

Shall all come safe away. The Trojans know How to use the Dart and Bow too, as men say :

And are good Horsemen also, and can see All their advantages in ranged field.

Therefore I know not what my luck will be, Either to come again, or to be kill'd.

My Father and my Mother I therefore

To you commend, to fee them cherished,

And when Telemachus is grown, then wed.

Take whom your felf like beft, and leave this house.

This faid, he parts. Ay me, the time is come.

I must embrace a Marriage odious,

And I must leave this my most blessed home. Suitors were wont when they a Woman woo'd

Of noble Parentage to please her all

They could and strive who most should do her good;
Mine daily eat and drink me up in th'Hall.

This faid, ulyffes was well pleas'd to fee

His Wife draw Presents from them, and was glad,

And th'Wooers by her over-reacht to be

With her fine words, when other thoughts fhe had.

Then faid Antinous : Penelope,

Fair and wife Daughter of Icarius, .

Receive what e'er by us shall offer'd be.

It is not good, good Presents to refuse, Yet till you chuse some one whom you think best

To be your Husband, we resolve to stay, And be each one of us your constant Guest,

And never ablent from your house aday.

And with Antinous they all agree,

Who her presented with a fair, large, rich

And divers colour'd Robe, with four times three Bucklers of pure and beaten Gold, and which

As many clasps of Gold had joyned fit.

Eurymachus his present was a Chain

Of Gold and Amber-Beads alternate. It Shin'd bright as is the Sun-shine after rain.

Lurydamas two Pendants gave, of which

Each had three Gems and polifit very bright,

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And both for Arr and Workmanship were rich, Reflecting to the eve a lovely light.

Pylandrus Son of Polyclerides

Gave her a coffly Necklace. All the rest With some good Gift endeavoured to please The fair and wife Penelope the best.

This done, unto her Chamber up the went With her two Maids that did her Prefents carry,

Th'Woo'rs with dancing and with merriment, (Their wonted Pastime) for the evening tarry,

The evening came, and then the lamps were lighted. And Torches, and the Fir-flaves long lain dry, Which to that purpose had with Toolls been fitted

And ready lay to light the Company.

The Lights the Maids took up by turns and bore them. Then said ulysses, Maidens, if you please,

To fave your pains, I'll bear the Light before them. I'm us'd to labour and can do't with eafe.

Though they should stay and fit up till to morrow. You may go up unto the Queen and there

Sit and spin with her, and divert her forrow. At this the Wenches 'gan to laugh and jeer.

And one of them Melantho him revil'd

With bitter words. Her Father Dolins highs.

Penelope did treat her as her Child

And in her company did take delight. But yet the could not put away her grief.

The Wench was fair and too familiar was With Prince Eurymachus, one of the chief

Of all her Suitors, and this woman 'twas. And thus she said, Sure (Stranger) thou are mad That wilt not here nor elsewhere go to bed.

Is it because thou too much wine hast had?

Or is't a humour in thy nature bred To prate fo boldly in fuch Company? Thy Victory o'er hus may perhaps

Have made the wild. A better man than he May chance to fend thee hence with bloody chaps.

ulyffes looking fourly answered,

You Birch, Telemachus shall fireight-way know

Thefe

These words He'll cause thee to be tortured.
They fearing he would do't, away they go.

ulviles ready flood to take in hand

A torch when bidden; casting in his mind How he might safely carry on the grand Mischief against the Woo's he had design'd.

And Pallas yet not suffer'd them to keep

Themselves in any bounds of Modesty

But fixt ulyffes anger yet more deep.

Eurymachus then faid to th'standers by To make them laugh, u/sses to disgrace,

Hear Sirs I pray what now comes in my thoughts

The man comes opportunely to this place,

'Tis fure some God that him has hither brought

To give us greater light. For from his head Methinks I fee arife another flame

Befides the flame the Torch gives, and so spread.
Upon his bald pare doubled has the same.

Then fays t'ulysses, Man wilt thou serve me

To pluck up Thorns and Bry'rs, and Trees to plant?
Thou shalt have meat enough, and cloths and fee,

And shoes, and whatsoever thou shalt want.

But fince thou haft been us'd to idleness,

I doubt thou ne'er wilt labour any more, But rather feed thy carcass labourless,

And wandring choose to beg from door to door.

This faid, ulyffes answer'd him agen: Eurymachus if we two were to try

Our labour in a large green meadow, when
The days are long, the weather hot and dry,

With equal Sithes from morning unto night;
Or with two equal oxen fed and strong:

Were fasting put to plow to try our might.
Which of us labour could indure most long;

Or if an Enemy to day should land, And I a Helmet had fit for my head,

And Target, and two fit Spears for my hand,
Then you should see whether I sought or fled,

And not reproach m' of floth or poverty.

You are too cruel and you do me wrong,

And

And think your felf a man of might to be,

Because they weaker are you live among.

But should ulysses come and find you here,

You'd think the door (though it be very wide)

As you are running out too narrow were.

So glad you'd be your heads to fave or hide.

To this Eurymachus with bended brow,

And furious eye, answered, Wretch that thou art,

And dar'ft fo faucily to prare. How now!

'I will not be long before I make thee smart.

Is it because thou too much Wine hast had?

Or is't thy nature always to be bold?

Or is't t'have beaten Irus makes the mad?

This faid upon a Footstool he laid hold, And threw it at him, but it hit him not.

ulysses sunk on's knees, the stool flew o'er

His Head, and a Cup-bearer next him (more On the right hand, and down he falls o'th'floor.

Much the diforder then was in the room,

And one unto another next him faid, I would this Beggar hither had not come.

But fomewhere elfe before had perished.

For what ado about a Beggar's here?

The pleasure of our Dinner all is loft. Then said Telemachus, Can you not bear

(Madmen)your wine and chear both boil'd and roaft?

When fill'd, why do you not go home and fleep Go when you will, I drive you not away.

The Suitors at this boldness bit the lip

And thought it ftrange, but yet did nothing fay.

Then faid Amphinomus, Let's not fall out

With any man for speaking truth, nor be Rude and unkind. Cup bearers, bear about

To every man the Cup of Charity.

And so go each man home, for now tis late (Leaving the Stranger with Telemachus,

Whose Guest he is) and our selves recreate
With gentle sleep each one in his own house.

Then Meleus to each man presents a Cup, Whereof unto the Gods they offer'd part,

When

Then

When this was done each one his Wine drank up, And then unto their houses they depart.

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Lysses in the house remain'd; and staid Contriving how the Suitors to destroy. And streightway to Telemachus he said, Carry the Armour in the Hall away, And tell them gently (if they ask wherefore) The fire has hart them, and they are not now Such as ulyfres left them heretofore When with the Greeks he did to Ilium go. Or fay. For fear some quarrel might arise By th'indifcretion of one or other, You thought the counsel would not be unwife To take them thence. One drawn fword draws an-Telemachus then calls his Nurse, and said, other. Euryclea, that all the rooms up fast Be fure to keep within door every Maid, Till I my Fathers Arms have elsewhere plac't. The smoke does spoil them all, but I will now Free them from foot. I'm glad (faid fhe) at laft To fee your husdandry. But I would know Who 'tis shall light you when the Maids are fast. My Guest (says he) this Stranger whom you see. For here he feeds, and nothing has to do. Now far soever hence his dwelling be, I think 'tis reason he should help me too. The Nurse did what commanded she had been. They laid up Helmets, Bucklers, Swords & Spears & and Pallas with a Lamp came in unfeen,

And up and down the Light before them bears.

Then (Farher) faid Telemachus, I see

The walls, beams, roof, and all the pillars shine

Life any fire, and certainly there be

Within the houle some of the Powers Divine.

Peace (said ulysses) be not curious,

The purpose of the Gods you cannot find. Go you to bed. I must go through the house

To find the Womens and your Mothers mind.

Telemachus then to his Chamber went

In which before he wonted was to lie, Leaving his Father in the house, intent

On how (with Pallas) to make th' Wooers die.

Forth comes Penelope into the Hall,

More than Diana, more than Venus fair, Her Maids upon her were attending all,

And fer down for her a most stately Chair,

Made by Icmalius of Silver place,

And Iv'ry turned, white as any Snow, And Footftool thereto fix'd. And there in State

Sat down the fair Penelope, and now

The House maids enter in and take away

The Tables and the Bowls, the Cups, and Bread Which (the Wooers gone) about the room still lay; And having made a fire there went to bed.

Melanthothen ulysses bitterly

Rebuk'd again. Art thou here (faid she) still, To peep at th'Women in the night and spy

What they are doing? An't may be hast the will

To flay all night. Go quickly. Get thee gone. Th'aft supt. Lest thou be driven out of door With brands of fire. To this new insolence

ulysses answer'd gentlier than before.
Why d'ye pursue me thus? Is it because
I am not fine, but have ill Rayment on?

The time has been I rich and wealthy was,
And Beggars I did much beftow upon.

Not looking on the men, but on their want.

And many Servants had. Of that which makes

Men called Rich, I knew not any feast.
But Jove not only Riches gives but takes.

Thin's

Think therefore that your Beauty will decay,
Or of your Miffress you may lose the grace,
Or that ulysses may come back one day.

· nd though he ne'er return unto his place,

His Son Telemachus knows all you do ;

Knows better now what's good, and what is worfe.

Then be hereafter modefter. Go to.

Penelope o'er heard all this discourse.

Bold Birch (faid she) I know what deeds you've done, Which thou shale one day pay for with thy head.

Did not I tell thee when the Woo'rs were gone That I to fpeak with him had ordered?

Eurynome, I've much to fay, faid she,

Unto this man. Set here a Chair that fo

Sitting I may hear him, and he hear me,

For there are many things I'd from him know.

ulysses sar. Penelope began.

The Question I will ask you first is this.

What is your name, and who your Parents be,

And further tell me where your Country is?

When the had faid, ulyffes thus replies,

O Queen, through all the world your praises ring,

Your vertues known are up unto the Skies,

No less than of some great and happy King, That maintains Justice, and whose fertile ground

Bears store of Wheat and Barley, and whose Trees Are charg'd with Fruit, and all his sheep stand sound.

And inter him a valiant people fees.

And therefore ask me what you will be fide.

My Kin and Country to my felf I'd keep. For then my grief I can no longer hide,

Or think thereon, but ready am to weep.

Which here would be no feemly thing to do.

For why, your Maids might peradventure think,

And you your felf, it may be, think fo too,

My tears came not from forrow but from drink.

Stranger (faid the) my Beauty, Form, and Worth
Th'Immortal Gods took from me then away

When first ulysses with the Greeks went forth To that abominable Town of Troy.

But were he here, that had the care of me, I should more honour have, and beauty so.

But now lead my life in mifery.

The Gods upon me troubles dayly throw.

For all the Lords that in these Islands be, Same, Dulichium, and woody Zant,

And Ithaca it felf, Suirors to me,

My house continually together haunt.

And there devour my Cattle, Cornand Wine,

So that of Strangers I can take no care, Nor can my felf dispose of what is mine,

Nor Messengers receive that publick are. But longing for my Husband fit and pine.

They dress for M/rriage, I to put it by.
Then came into my thought (some Power Divine

Sure prompt me) to fet up a Beam. So I

A Beam fet up, and then began to weave.

Suitors (faid I) fince dead uly fles is,

Stay yet a little while and give me leave

To make an end but of one business.

I must for old Laeress make a Cloth, Which in his Sepulchre he is to wear.

T'offend the Wives of Greece, I should be loth.
For to accuse me they will not forbear.

They'll say I very hasty was to wed, .

If I go hence and not provide a shroud

It I go hence and not provide a lirou

Wherein Laertes must be buried,

Out of his wealth. That might have been allow'd.

My Suitors all were well content. And then All day I wove; but ere I went to bed,

What I had wov'n I ravel'd out agen.
Three years my Suitors I thus frustrated.

In the fourth year my women me betray'd, And in they came while I the Web undid.

I could the wedding now no more avoid, But I was rated by them much and chid.

What I am next to do I cannot tell;

My Father and my Mother bid me marry; My Son is weary, and takes not very well

That th'Woo'rs devouring him should lenger tarry.

But

But for all this I long to know your Stock.

For fure you come not of the fabled Oak

Nor are, I think, descended from a Rock.

To this uly se answering thus spoke:

Wife of ulyffes, fince you fo much press

To know my Kindred and from whence I come,

Although the telling grieve me, I'll confess,

For I have now long absent been from home:

In the wide Sea a fertile Island lies,

In umerable therein are the men,

Creta by name. Many diversities

There are of Tongues; and Cities nine times ten.

There dwell Acheans and Cydonians,

And Ancient true Cretans, Tribachichs,

And Dorichs and Pelasgians,

Who divers Dialects together mix.

And Cnoffus the prime City was of thefe,

Where Minos reign'd; the great Minos that, Who often used with great chronides.

Familiary of old to fit and chat.

Minos my Fathers Father was, and he

Deucalion begor. Deucalion

First got Idomeneus, and then got me.

He went to Troy, My name is Aithon. There 'twas I faw ulyffes. He came in

As he went homeward, and with much ado

T'Amphifus. For by winds he forc'd had been

This place, though no good Port, to put into.

Then ftreight went up Idomeneus to fee,

With whom he had acquaintance as he faid,

Twas ten days after that, or more that he

For Troy with th'other Greeks his Anchors weigh'd:

I entertain'd him kindly with my own,

Gave him a handsome Present too, and then

I made him to be feafted by the Town

Upon the Publick Charge himfelf and men.

Twelve days the wind continued at North,
Which kept the Fleet perforce within the Bay

On the thirteenth th'wind changed and came South.

And then they fet up Sail and fteer'd for Troy.

Twas

'Iwas fo like truth, fhe wept. As when the Sun Diffolving is the Snow upon a Hill,

Innumerable streams of water run,

And the low Rivers of the Valley fill : So wept the for her Hosband ficting by;

Who griev'd and pity'd her, but never wept ;

As hard as horn or iron was his eye,

And by defign himfelf from tears he kept.

After with weeping the was farisfi'd,

Stranger, said she, I'll ask you somewhat now

By which most certainly it will be try'd,
If you my Husband as you say did know.

Or entertain'd him, and his company.

What kind of person was he, and how clad?

Though twenty year ago it be and be

Though twenty year ago it be, and bad My Memory; yet what I can recal,

I will relate. He wore a Purple Vest. Unshorn, and lin'd. Before embroider'd all.

Two class of Gold. And in it was exprest

A Fawn that fpraul'd and labour'd to get free,

Which was so lively done, and all in Gold Performed was, that wonder 'twas to see.

His Coat (I markt) fo foft it was and fine As is the fold of a dry Onion.

And as the Sun, did gloriously thine,

And women gaz'd upon him many a one, Such were his Garinents but I know not whence He had them. You know better that than I;

Whether he so apparelled went from hence,
Presented by some of his Company,

Or given to him somewhere by some Guest.

For he was much befoved far and near, And of th' Acheans all efteem'd the beft.

Amongst the Greeks he hardly had his Peer.

And I him gave a Purple double Veft,

A Sword and Coat edged with fringes trim, And brought him to his Ship. Amongst the rest A Herald was; and I'll describe you him.

Round

Round shouldered was he curled was his hair, Swarthy his Face, Eurybates his name.

ulyffes to him much respect did bear,

Because their thoughts for most part were the same.

When he had done, she could no longer hold, But wept again, and sorer than before;

For the found true the tokens he had told.

But when this show'r of tears was passed o'er,

Stranger (faid she,) I picy'd you before; Now as a friend you shall respected be-

'Twas I gave him th'Apparel he then wore And the Gold Buckles to remember me.

But I shall never see him more at home;
In an unlucky hour he cross'd the Main
To that accursed Town of Ilium.

Then thus wiviles answer'd her again :

O Noble Wife of Larriades.

Blemish no more those your fair eyes with tears

For your ulifes. Set your heart at eafe.

Not that your forrow as a fault appears.
What Woman that her Husband of her youth,
And to whom Children she had born had lost,

And to whom Children the had born had lott, Could choose but grieve and weep, although in truth.

She could not of his Vertue greatly boaft?
But that you would give ear to what I fay.

I fay ulyffes is not far from home; He's in Toeffrotia hence a little way

Alive, enrich'd with Presents he is come.

His ship and men all perishe in the Main, Then when he less the Isle Thrinacia,

Because Sol's Sacred Kine his men had flain, Hurled they were by Jove into the Sea.

ulyffes only scap'd; for ficting fast

Upon the torn-off Rudder by the waves,

After much labour came to land at last In th'Isle Pheacia. There his life he saves.

Much honour there and precious gifts he got.

They ready were to have convey'd him home

Safely to Ithaca, but he would not;

Elfe long ago he might have hither come.

But he thought best to travel longer yet,
And pick up presents which way ere he went,
Before his going home much wealth to get.

Before his going home much wealth to get, For at defigning he was excellent.

Phidon himself King of Thesprotia

Swore to me this; and that both Ship and Men.

Were ready to convey him t'Itbaca,

His Country. But he could not stay till then.

For now a Vessel ready to fet forth

Stood for Dulichium. But he shew'd me all ulysses Treasure, which might serve, for worth Ten ages to maintain a man withal.

But he (he faid) was gone o'er to the Main, There at Dodona with Jove's Oak t'advise.

How to return to Ithaca again;

As he was openly, or in disguise.

So then he's safe; and soon he will be here.

He cannot from his house be long away.

And which is more, I will not doubt to swear, And witness call the Gods to what I say.

Hear fove of Gods the best, and high'st; and thou The Guardian of the house that we are in,

ulysses shall come to this place you know, E'er this month end, or when the next comes in.

Penelope then answer'd : Stranger, Oh

That this would so fall out, you then should see Such friendship from me, and such gifts also,

That men should bless, and say you happy be. But, Maids, Go wash his Feet, and make his Bed,

Lay on warm Rugs, and handfom Covering, His Limbs to cherifh till the day be foread.

Then wash and 'noint him that my Son may bring.

And set him in the Hall at Dinner by him.

For he that wrongs him shall not be allow'd.

To come into my house another time,

How angry at it e'er he be, and proud.

Stranger, by this I mean to let you fee

I better know to entertain my Gueft

Than many women do, though poor he be, Far from his home, and in vile Garmeaus dreft. To this ulysses answered her again, O Noble Wife of Laertiades,

Since I lest crete, on Ship-board I have lain.
Soft and fine bedding give me little case.

Many a night have I past without sleep.

And often-flept have on a homely Couch, The cuftom I have fo long kept I'll keep.

Nor shall your Maidens my feet wash or touch.

Such as wait on you, but if there be any

. Old woman here that hath endured much, As I have done, and years have lived many,

I am content my feet be wash'd by such. Then said Penelope, Ne'er man came here

Within my house from foreign Country yet

So prudent as you are, whose answers were To every thing so wise and so discreet.

There is a woman fuch as you defire,

That nurst and brought up that afflicted man, Though she be very weak, she'll make a fire,

And wash your feet, but nothing else do can.

Rife Euryclea, wash the feet of one

That's like your Lord. Such feet and hands were his,

Woe makes men old as well as years that run. So said Penelope. And th'old woman rise;

And weeping held her hand before her eyes.

O my dear Child, O Jupiter unkind!

Who more devour, who burnt to him more thighs,

Or fatter, or doth leffer favour find? He pray'd to live fo long that he might fee

Painless, the education of his Child

Telemacous, but grant'd 'twill not be. He now perhaps is where he is revil'd

And mocke by women in some great mans Hall,

As thou, O Stranger haft been fcorned here, And wilt nor suffer any of them all

Either thy feet to wash or to come near.

I'll wash your feet as I am bidden by Penelope, and for your own sake too.

It is not her command alone. There lie

Thoughts on my heart that urge me thereunto:

Poor

Poor Passengers came hither very many. But one so like ulysses never came.

For Person, Voice, and Feet I ne'er saw any Come to this house that had so near the same.

ulyffes answer'd, Woman, so they say

All that have feen us both. It may be fo.
She with her Kettle bright then went her way
For water wherewithal her work to do.

Cold water the brings in, and pours on't hor.

ulyffes fat by th'fire, but turn'd that thigh

That had the fear to th'dark, that the might not

Find it and force him t'appear openly.

She was not long about him when the fpy'd
The Scar a Boar had made above his knee

When he was hunting on Parnassus side, At's Grandsires in his Uncles Company.

His Grandsire was Autolycus, that was
His Mothers Father nam'd Anticlia.
He in Hermerinus Ares did most surpass

He in Hermetique Arts did most surpais,
And to his Daughter came to Ithaca,
That newly of a Son was brought to bed.

Euryclea laid the Child upon his knee.

Autolycus, you are to give, she said,

The Name. How shall it named be?
Then said Autolycus, fince I of many

Both men and women have incur'd the blame,

A ficter name I cannot think on any.

Therefore I fay, ulyffes be his name.

And when he's grown a min fend him to me,
To Mount Parnaffus, whether if he come,

He shall of what I have pertaker be,

And from me go not ill-contented home.

And this the cause was that he thither went. A combine Autolyous and's Sons there take uly fees of months.

By th'hand, expressing very great contents and which Antithez his Grannam his head kisses yell and it

And both his eyes, Autolyeus appoints at 1207 Alex 111
His Sons to have the Supper very good.

A Bullock fat they kill, flay, cut in joynts, Roaft, and in Messes distribute the sood.

And

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And so they feasted till the day was done,
And when 'twas dark parted and went to sleep.
But when Aurora had proclaim'd the Sun

Which ready was above the Hill to peep,

Then to Parna flus up the Hunters go,

The Hounds before went fearthing out the fcent.

Autolycus his Sons were there also.

myffes with them; next the Dogs he went.
And in his hand shook a long shaded Spear.

The Dogs drew tow'rd a Wood. So close it was

That neither rain nor wind e'er entred there,

Nor yet the beams o'th'Sun could through it pass.

And heaps of wither'd leaves there lay therein.
Within this Thicket lay a mighty Boar.

Only the noise of Hounds and Men came in, When they were very near, and not before.

The Boar rushe out, and fire was in his eye,
Brisled his neck. ulystes ready was.

The Boar first wounded had wlysses thigh,

The Spear did through the Boars right shoulder pass.

Slain was the Boar. And of ulyffes wound His Uncles took the care, and skilfully

They caus'd it to be clos'd up and bound, And with a Charm the blood ftopt prefently.

His wound foon cured, very glad they were, And him with many Gifts fend glad away.

At home they ask, and he relateth there
The Story of the hunting of that day.

Euryclea on the wound had laid her hand, And well affured was twas none but he,

Which made the water in her eyes to stand.

And now her joy and grief one passion be-

Her Speech stuck in her Throat; her hand lets fall Her Masters soot. That down the Kettle threw.

The water runneth out about the Hall;

And knowing now what the but thought was true,

You are ulyffes faid she, O my dear.
And tow'rd Penelopeshe look'd aside,

As if the meant to fay, Your Husband's here.
But Pallas that did mean the truth to hide

Still made the Queen to look another way:

And he with one hand stopt the Nurses breath,
With th'other held her fast to make her stay.

Why, Nurse said he, mean you to be my death?

Since at your breast I nourished have been,

And none but you knows me in this difgule; These twenty years I here was never seen.

Let nonerile know it in the house. Be t

Let none else know it in the house. Be wife.

For this I tell you and will make it true, That of the women some I mean to slay.

When by my hand the Gods the Woo'rs subdue, If you bewray me, you shall fare as they.

Then faid Euryclea, What needeth this?

You know my heart can hold like stone or brass,

And who is honest, who dishonest is,

I'll tell you, if your purpose come to pass. No Nurse, then said usysses, tell not me.

You need not. I shall know them ev'ry one.

Permit all to the Gods and filent be.

For they best know what best is to be done. Then out she went more water to setch in.

The first being spile. He washt and 'nointed was.

And cover'd the place where th'wound had been,

And nearer to the fire his Chair he draws,

Then to them came Penelope, and faid, Scranger, I'll ask but a little more.

'Tis almost bed-time, and when we are laid, Our grief in gentle sleep is passed o'er.

But all the day my tears are my delight,

Or of my womens work the care I take. And after I am gone to bed at night

A thousand difinal thoughts keep me awake,

As Philomela fitting in a tree

Mourns with a famentable voice and shrill For Itylus, and turneth restless,

Whom Zethus Son did by misfortune kill:

Just so my mind divided is in rwain:

And my dear Husbands bed, and here remain, Or marry one o'th'Suitors, and be gone,

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To marry and be gone I could not yet,

My Son too young was yet to rule th'effate. And now grown up it makes him vex and free

To see them dayly feast within his Gate.

I'll rell you now a dream; expound it you. I've twenty Geese seeding i'th'yard without,

A mighty Eagle from the Hills down flew,

And brake their necks; dead they lay all about.

The Eagle straightway mounted out of fight.

I dreaming wept to fee them at the trough,

Feeding on fleeped Wheat, I took delight.

And to bemoan me Ladies came enough,

And then methought the Eagle came again, And on a Beam which through the wall did ftart,

He far, and faid in humane Language plain,

Child of Icarius trouble not your heart.

The thing you fee is real, not a dream.

The Geele the Wooers, I the Eagle was,

And now return'd and fitting on the Beam, Iam your Husband, and will bring to pass

The death of all your Suitors. Then wak'd I.

And went into the Court my Geefe to fee,

And found them all there feeding heartily.

Unhurt, and well as they were wont to be. Woman, then said ulysses, no man can

Expound this Dream but as himself has done.

That fays and does. ulyffes is the man.

The Suitors will be killed every ope.

Then faid Penelope, Dreams are without

Such order as to make a Judgment by;

And at two Gates, men fay they iffue out,

The one of Horn, th'other of Ivory.

Those that pass through the Horn, to men of skill,

Never fay any thing but what is footh;

But find a word of truth you never will

In those that come through th'Elephantine tooth.

But I much fear that my dream came this way.

For I have promised to quit this place,

And come already is th'unlucky day

That must determine who shall gain my grace.

Twelve

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Slee

Twelve Axes here ulyffes fet a row, Like twelve Boats laid along upon their fides. And at a distance standing with his Bow, Through every one of them his Arrow glides. And this shall to my Suitors be the Prize. He that most easily shall bend the Bow, And through the Axes all his Arrow flies, Leaving this bleffed house with him I'll go. Then faid ulyffes, Let the Suitorstry If they can bend the Bow, and thorow shoot Through th'Axes if they can, for fure am I, ulviles will be here before they do'r. Stranger, faid she, whilst you discourse, my eyes To fleep will never be enclin'd. But fince The force of nature on all Mortals lies, I up into my Chamber will go hence, There is my Bed, washe nightly with my tears Since first ulysses went to cursed Troy, Wailing my Husbands absence, wak'd with sears; And yours in what part of the house you'll say. This faid, unto her Chamber up the went,

And with her all her Maids. And there she lies. And for her Husband did afresh lament, Till Pallas threw a sweet sleep on her eyes.

LIB. XX.

On a Cow-hide; and on him skins of sheep
New kill'd and sacrificed by the Woo'rs.
There lay he, but he could not fall asleep.

Euryname a Rug laid on him too.
Out came the Maids that wont were to commit

With the proud Wooers gigling and laughing fo, And pleafing one another with their Wit,

As made uly fes in his mind to cast

Whether to flart up quick and kill them all Or let them now go on and take their laft Farewel of those they had to do withal.

As when a Birch stands by her Whelps and spies

A Stranger coming near will bark and grin; so at this fight of their debaucheries why see heart provoked barkt within.

Hold heart, faid he, when Cyclops ear my men.

Thou didft endure till counsel set thee free

Thou didst endure till counsel set thee free ;
The danger now is less. Hold out agen.
And so it did, though he lay restlessly.

As one that has raw flesh upon the fire, And hungry is, is ever turning it, So turneth he himself with great defire

'Gainst the Wooers to devise some mischief fit.

Then Pallas came and standing at his head In Womans shape, O wretched man, said she,

What makes you tols and turn so in your bed?

The house is yours, your Wife and Son here be.

The house is yours, your Wife and Son here be.
Then said ulysses, I was casting how

Imight alone these Suitors insolent, That always here are many, overthrow; And if I kill them, then again invent

How to escape and save my self by flight.
To this the Goddess answered, and said,
Another man would trust a meaner wight.

Though mortal, and rely upon his aid. But I a God immortal am, and fay,

Though fifty bands of men should us oppose, You should their Herds of Cattle drive away.

Enjoy securely therefore your repose, A torment 'tis to watch all night, to one

That is already drencht in milery.

Sleep then. This faid, sweet fleep she threw upon Hiseyes, and from him mounted to the Sky.

And now Penelope awak'd and fat

Vidi

On her bed weeping. Having wept her fill,

She to Diana pray'd, and faid, O that

You would now shoot your Arrow and me kill,

Or that some great wind me away might bear, And o'er a Rock throw me into the Main,

Ne'er to be heard of, or as th' Daughters were Of Pandareus, whose Parents both were flain

By th'Gods, But Venus th'Orphans nourished

With Butter, and with Honey, and with Wine.

Tuno with form and wit them furnished.

Diana gave them Garure- Artifice Divine Pallas them taught. Then Venus went to Fove To get them Husbands; for best knoweth he

The Issue of Comjunctions in Love,

Whether for better or for worse they be,

While Venus absent was on that affair, By Harpies foul away they carried be:

And giv'n for flaves to th' Furies in the Air. Oh that the Gods would so dispose of me;

Or else Diana send me under ground,

That I may with uly fes be, and not To please another meaner man be bound.

Grief all day long is but a woful Lot, And Sleep is some amends. But unto me

It evil Dreams along with it doth bring. This night my Husband feem'd i'th'bed to be;

No Dream I thought it but a real thing. This faid the Morning fring'd had the Sky:

ulyffes mufing lay upon his bed

With closed eyes, and thought she certainly Knew who he was, and stood at his beds head.

Then role her and his theep-skins bare away, And Rug into the house; but the Cow-hide

He earry'd out, and then to Jove did pray : Hear Jupiter, with lifted hands he cry'd.

O fove and Gods, if by your Will Divine, Toft both at Sea and Land, I hither came;

By fatal word within, without by Sign, To me now presently confirm the same,

Fove heard his Pray'r, and straight it thundered: This made ulyffes glad. Then spake a Maid

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The fatal word. Twelve Maids to furnish bread Were to grind wheat continually employ'd. Eleven their work had done and went to Bed.

The weakest still staid grinding, and thus pray'd, fore who without a Cloud hast thundered,

Grant me poor Maid my wish, and then she said,

O Jove, that Father art of Gods and men Let never more these wicked Suitors tast

Meat in this house, nor ever come agen

*That pain me thus. This Supper be their last: ulysses with this word, and with the Thunder

Well pleased was, and thought affuredly With Pallas help the Suitors to bring under,

And many though they were to make them die.

Then th'other Maids came in and made a fire

Within the Hall, and then too from his Bed

Telemachus rose, puts on his attire,

And Sword and Shooes His Spear with brazen head

He took into his hand, and flood i'th'door, And to the Nurse Euryclea he spake:

What meat, what lodging had this Stranger poor?

Or was there none that care of him did take?

My Mothers nature (wife as she is) is such

Highly to honour men of less desert;

But for this Stranger perhaps cares not much.

Then said Euryclea, She has done her part; Wine he has had as much as he thought fit.

She askt him if he had a mind to eat. He answered that he had no appetite

To bread at present, nor to any meat. She bad her Maids set up a standing Bed.

But he, as one in love with mifery, Would none of that, nor bed nor coverled,

But on the ground resolved was to lie,

And for a Bed to take a raw Cowhide

And for a Bed to take a raw Cow-hide, And Sheep-skins with the wool for Coverled Without the door!; and we the Rug apply'd.

This faid, Telemachus with Spear in hand

To Council goes, and his Dogs follow'd him.

Then

Then Euryclea gives the Maids command

The rooms of th'House to dress up and make trim.

Rife Maids, faid fhe, fprinkle and fweep the Hall,

Lay Cushions on the Chairs, with Sponges make The Tables clean, the Temp'rer and Cups all;

And fee of water that there be no lack. Go to the Spring, and fetch fair water thence

Quickly. You know to day is Holiday.
The Suitors will not now be long from hence.
So faid the Nurse. The women her obey,

For water to the fountain went twice ten. The rest did diligently work within.

The Maids that went for water came agen;
And the proud Woo'rs by that time were come ia.

And then came in the Mafter of the Swine,

Eumaus, three Swine frankt and fat he brought,

There to be ready 'gainst the Suitors dine.

In all his Swine-sties better there were not.

And he unto ulyffes kindly fpake:

Stranger how fare you amongst the Wooers here?

Do they more pity now upon you take
Than formerly; or still deride you there?
O, said ulysses, that the Gods would give

These men what to their insolence is due,

Who in a house not theirs so lewdly live, As if no modesty at all they knew.

Then came Melanthus from a place hard by. He had the charge o'th'Goats, and brought the beft,

And spake unto ulysses spightfully:

Art thou here still to beg, and to molest The Company? D'ye mean before you go

To taste my fingers? Is there no good chear In other places 'mongst the Greeks, and so

You mean to dwell continually here?
Then came a third that charge had of the Kine,
Philatius by name, with him he brought

A Heifer and more Goats, on which to dine, Over the water, in the Ferry boat.

Philatius askt Eumaus in his ear,

Who's this, that's new come hither, & from whence?

What

What Countryman, and what his Parents were?

For, for his person he may be a Prince.

God can make Princes go from Land to Land

And beg, when he will give them misery.

This faid, he took ulysses by the hand, And spake unto him kind and lovingly:

Father, I wish you as much happiness
As ever you enjoy'd before. But now,

I fee you are in very great diffress.

O Fove! what God so cruel is as thou?

Though born thou wert, yet pitiest not to see
The torments of Mankind. To think upon

ulysses makes me weep. It may be he

Thus begs somewhere, with such apparel on, Or else he's dead. Othen I am undone.

He fet me o'er his Herds when but a Boy; But infinite they're grown fince he is gone,

Or man would quickly all Cow kind deftroy. But mine the Suitors force me to bring in

For them to eat, and ne'er regard his Son. The Goods to share already they begin

Of th'owner, that so long now has been gone.

And I devising was what I should do,

To take my Cattle with me and be gone, And one or other Prince to give them to.

But that I thought would be unjuftly done.

For they Telemachus his Cattle were.

Again, I thought it labour very four, To ftay and keep my Masters Cattle here For others in his absence to devour.

Sohere abide I, and my felf I flatter

With hope to see uiffes one day come Back to his house, and the proud Suitors scatter.

Thus faid the Mafter of the Kine. To whom

ulysses said, Honest you seem and wise.

I therefore will a secret to you swear,

By Jove on high you shall see with your eyes

uly ses (if you wish to see him) here, And all these domineering Suitors slay.

Then, O, said he, that Jove would have it so

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For

Quickly how much these hands of mine can do.

Eumeus also did like Prayer make

To fee ulyffes there. So ended they.

While they discours'd, the Suitors counsel take How they might make Telemachus away.

Then o'er their heads an Eagle flew on high Sinister, with a searful Dove in's soot.

Then faid Amphinomus, Let's lay this by, And think of Supper, for we cannot do'r.

The Suitors all approv'd of what he faid,

And in they went, and there on Bench and Seat

Within ulyffes house their Coats they laid,

And fet themselves to kill and dress their meat.

Then from the Herd they facrific'd a Cow,

And many well-grown Sheep, and Goats well fed,

And many a very fat and pamper'd Sow; Th'entraits they roafted and diffributed.

Th'entrails they routed and diffributed.

Emmeus gave out Cups, Philatius Bread,

Melanthus from the Temp'rer fill'd out wine.

The Suitors on the meat before them fed With Stomachs good, and drank the blood o'th'

Telemachus ulysses in the Hall [Vine.

Hard by the threshold sets, and there he sat On an ill savour'd stool at Table small,

And gave him his just share of th'entrails fat,

And for him fill'd a great gold Cup with Wine. Sit here, faid he, and fair like other men.

Fear neither blows nor feoffs. The house is mine, ulysses is the owner of it. When

He first possessed it, he gave it me,

And you my Mothers Suitors, mock no more,

But keep the peace as long as here you be; For else perhaps arise may trouble fore.

At first the Suitors knew not how to take Telemachus his words, and filent were,

Admiring that such threatning words he spake, So many men provoking without fear.

But by and by Antinous faid thus,

Since Jove appeared has in his defence,

Let's put these threats up of Telemachus

Else we should quickly spoil his eloquence.

So faid Antinous. But Telemachus

Car'd not at all for any thing he faid.

When peace within doors was concluded thus, In other Rites o'th' Feast they were imploy'd.

The Hecatomb they bear throughout the Town
Into Apollo's shady Grove divine.

The upper-joynts in Messes they divide; So fill'd their Tables and sat down to dine.

The portion of ulysses was no less

Than other Suitors had, nor more. For why

Telemachus had order'd every Mess

Should equal be, and men ferv'd equally.

Amongst the Suitors was a very Knave,

Ctefippus was his Name, a rich mans Son; And therefore hop'd Penelope to have.

This man toth' Wooers made a motion.

Hear me you Suitors of Penelope:

This Stranger here is equal made to us And therefore reason 'ris that also we

Should love the Strangers of Telemachus:

Lo, here's a Gift I'll give him, that he may Bestow it, is't please him, on him or her. That empts the Chamber-pots, or giv't away

To any of uly ses Bond-men here, With that he hurled at uly ses head.

A Cows-foor, but he turned his head the while,

Then fmil'd Vlyffes a Sardanique fmile.

Telemachus his anger could not hide:

'Tis well, said he, you did not hurt him here:

For else, believe ir, you had surely di'd

O'th'place, run through the body with my Spear,

And never found a Wife here, but a Grave.

Therefore give over this behaviour wild.

Of good and bad I now some knowledge have;
And do not always take me for a Child.

What's past I bear, the havock of my Cattle, My Corn and Wine confumed lavishly.

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Tie.

'Tis hard for one with many to enter battle. Use me no longer as an Enemy.

For fighting to be flain I'd rather chufe,

Than fee my Guests or Servants harshly us'd, My women, as they pass about the house,

To be so basely tug'd, touz'd, and abus'd. This said, a while the Suitors silent were;

But not long after, Agelaus spake.

Let's not, said he, against a truth so clear Scruggle, and what is said in ill part take;

Nor harshly use the Stranger any more, Nor any Servant of Telemachus.

But yet I have a filly word in store

For him, and for his Mother, and for us. Whilst there was hope uly ses might come home, The Sultors had done best at home to stay,

Expeding him, and not have hither come.

But fince there's none, to's Mother he should say, Take one of them for Husband; which you please,

And most shall give you. So shall he enjoy His Fathers means, and eat and drink at ease, And she with her new Husband go her way.

To this Telemachus replying fays,

By Jove, and by my Fathers milery,

Who now is loft and dead, or somewhere strays Far off from Ithaca, it is not I

That do my Mother keep from marrying

Whom she thinks good. I do advise her still To take the man that shall most Treasure bring.

But I'll not make her do't against her Will. So ended he. Then on the Suitors faces

Pallas fets up a laughter not their own, Nor to be ftopt; their Senses she displaces,

Their meat was bloody, & their hearts were down.

What is't poor men, faid Theoclymenus,

Your heads and faces are wrapt up in night;
You weep and groan; the walls & beams of th'house
To me seem bloody; and left there is no light.

The Hall and Porch, methinks are full of Sprights
Ready to go to Hell, the Sun has lost

His

His place in Heaven, nor are there any lights;
And dismal darkness hath the house engroft:

At this they laught. Then faid Eurymachus, This Stranger is not very well, let him

By those that wait be guided from the House To th'Market-place. For all within is dim.

I am, said Theoclymenus, not blind,

I can go to the Marke: place alone.

I have both eyes and ears, and Feet and mind.

With these I can go hence. Guide need I none.

And go I will. For evil is hard by,

Which none of you the Suitors shall escape

That have so much abus'd the Family.

This faid, he parts, and left the Woo'rs to gape

On one another, and with infipid jefts

To vex Telemachus, and themselves please,

And all upon Telemachus his Guests.

The words that one of them then faid were thefe =

Telemachus, of all men you're least able To make an Entertainment or a Feast.

For first you for this Beggar set a Table, Who eats and drinks as stoutly as the best,

But can no work do, nor has any force;

A very burthen to the earth. And this A Prophet would be, and loves to discourse Of lil to come. My counsel therefore is

That you would put these Strangers both aboard Some Thip, and send them into Sicily.

They that way may some profit you afford Thus said the Woo'rs, but little cared he,

But filently the fign expecting flood

His Father should have giv'n of falling on.

Penelops mean while far where she could

Hear plainly what was faid by every one.

And now the Suitors merry Supper made, And laughing fat, and fed on much good chear =

But After-Supper worse none ever had.

For of the wrong themselves beginners were.

LIB. XXI.

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TBow, Enelope the Suitors ftrength to try Who foon'ft could bend her Noble Husbands And through the Axes make his Arrow fly, And whom the was to marry now to know, Toa high Chamber up the stairs she went, Wherein uly fes precious goods did fland. There hung upon a Pin the Bow unbent; The well made Key she carri'd in her hand, This Bow was given him by Iphitus At Sparta. But ulyffes with him met First at Meffens. For it fell out thus, uly fes then was there about a debt. Messara-men their ships had put ashore At Ithaca, and thence had ta'en a Prey Of sheep, which was in number fifteen score, And with the Shepherds carri'd them away. This was the cause uly ffes thither went. 'Twas a long way, and he scarce past a Boy. But by his Father and the Lords was fent T'ask reparation for this annoy. But Iphitus twelve Mares had loft. Each one A young Mule had that follow'd her behind (Which of his death were the occasion) And at Meffena these he thought to find. But as he was returning back again, And came unto the house of Hercules. That mighty man first did him entertain, And after, killing him his Mares did seize. This was the man that to ulyffes gave The Bow. And from him had a Sword and Spear.

But Hercules had fent him to his Grave, Ere they had tafted one anothers chear.

This Bow he carried not to Ilium,

Nor ever had made use of it in fray, But often had it in his hand at home,

For only as a monument it lay.

Penelope now standing at the door,

Quickly the Bolt struck back with her great Key.

The Valves fly open suddenly and roar;

As when a great Bull roars, so roared they.

Penelope went in, and up she stept

Upon a board whereon were flanding Chefts,

In which 'mongst odours sweet the clothes were kept,
The costly Garments, Robes, and Coats and Vests.

Thence to the Bow the reacht, and from the Pin

She took it as it hung there in the Case. And sitting down, her lap she laid it in.

Aloud the wepr, and tears ran down apace.

And when the long enough had weeping been,

The Bow she did unto the Suitors bear, And Quiver with it full of Arrows keen.

The Axes by her women carri'd were.

Then with her Scarf she shaded both her cheeks,

Having a Waiting-woman on each hand.

Unto her Gallant Suitors thus the speaks:
Hear me you lufty Suitors that here stand,

Using this house not yours, continually

To eat and drink in at anothers coft;

And for it do pretend no reason why,

But as contenders who shall love me most. Lo here; to him I make my self a prize,

Who this good Bow with greatest ease shall bend,

And whose aim'd Arrow through these Axes flies, With him from this most blessed house I'll wend,

This faid, Eumaus, th'Axes and the Bow

By her command unto the Suitors bears,

And as he went, his eyes for grief o'erflow,

Nor could Philatius abstain from tears.
For which Antinous gave them this reproof:

You foolish Clowns, what ails you to shed tears?

Has the not for her Husband grief enough? That you must add your forrow unto hers.

Sir filently, eat and drink quietly.

Or if you needs must weep, go weep without. Leave the Bow here, the Suitors ftrength to try, And that it may be carryed round about.

Not that I think there's any man among Us all can bend it as ulvffes could.

(For I remember him though I were young) So said he, though he thought he bend it should.

And also shoot through th'Axes every one, Though he were only the first to be shot.

For he the other Suitors had fer on,

And was the first contriver of the Plot. Telemachus then to the Suitors spake,

Sure Fove faid he, bereav'd me has of fense.

My Mother tells me she'll a Husband take, And leaving me depart with him from hence;

And I here merry am that should be sad.

But be't as 'twill, the Game must now begin, For fuch a wife as ne'er Achaia had.

Nor in Mysen' or Argos-was e'er seen,

Nor Pyle, nor Ithaca, nor in Epire.

But what need I fer forth my Mothers praise? You know't your felves, Therefore I you defire

To put off all excuses and delays. And I my felf will be the first to try

This mighty Bow, whether I can or no, And through the Axes make the Arrow fly.

'Twill grieve me less to let my Mother go; Since I have strength to bend my Fathers Bow, Why should I doubt of governing his State?

And from him presently his Coat did throw And Sword, and then fell to delineare

The ground whereon the Axes were to stand. On one long line he set them all upright.

The Woo'rs admired the justness of his hand; For why, the like was ne'er done in his fight.

Then went he to the Sill to try the Bow. Thrice he effay'd it and was near it still,

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And thrice again relenting let it go.

Once more had done it. But 'twas not his will.

For then his Father checkt him with a wink

Alass! then said Telemachus, must this

Beall my ftrength? Too young I am I think.

Come, let one take the Bow that elder is.

This faid, the Bow and Arrow he laid by,

And to the Seat went where he fat before.

Then faid Antinous, The Bow let's try

In order as we fit. Let him therefore Try first, whose Table next the Cupboard is.

And so to the right hand up one by one.

The other Suitors all approved this.

Leiodes was the first ; so he begun ;

His place was low ft. He to the threshold went

To try his force. But to his tender hand

And feeble arms the Bow would not relent.

Then down he laid it there, and lets it fland?

And to the Suitors spake: This bow, says he, I cannot bend, some other tak't in hand.

It's like of many Lords the death to be,

When by the strongest it comes to be mann'd.

For better 'tis to dye than live and miss

The hopes you hither come for ev'ry day.

And what is't any of you hope but this,

That you ulyffes Confort marry may?

But when he shall this Bow have understood,

Let him some other Lady wooe at ease

Amongst th' Acheans whom he shall think good,

And let Penelope take whom she please.

This faid, The Bow and Arrow he fer by, And to the Seat went where he fat before,

And by Antinous was angerly

Asson as he had spoke, rebuk'd therefore.

What say you? That this Bow the death shall be Of many Lords? why so? 'Cause you have not

The firength to bend it? Others have, you'll fee,

But you for bending Bows were not begot.

Then to Melanthus he turn'd and faid,

Let fire be made, and a great Chair fet by't,

And let upon it Cushions be laid,

Andlet us have good flore of Tallow white-T'anoint and warm and supple make the Bow,

And try if we perhaps may bend it then.

Fire, Chair and Cushions came, and grease enough, But to no purpose; too weak were the men.

Antinous yet and Eurymachus

Gave it not over; these two were the best Of all the Suitors that came to the house.

No hope at all remained for the rest,

Eumaus and Philatius then went out

Together; after them ulyffes went,

And when they were the Gate and Court without, Himself unto them to discover meant.

And fair he spake them: Master of the Kine, And you Eumeus, Master of the Swine,

Shall I keep in, or speak a thought of mine?

To speak it out my heart does me incline.

What if ulyffes should come suddenly

Brought by some God, and stand before this rout,.
On whose side, his or theirs would you then be?

What your mind prompts you to, speak freely out

Then answer'd him the Master of the Kine.

O that the Gods above would have it so.

You'ld fee the virtue of these hands of mine.

The Master of the Swine then said so too.

When now the hearts of both of them he knew,
He spake again and said, 'Tis I am he,

That after twenty years return to you; And know you longed have this day to fee.

Of all my Servants I find only you.

That wish me here. If therefore it shall please.

The Gods by me the Suitors to Subdue,
I'll give you wealth enough to live at ease,

And Houles near me, and shall wedded live,

And Brothers of Telemachus shall be.

And that you may affuredly believe ulyffes speaks it, you a fign shall see.

With that he pull'd his Rags befide his Thigh, And lets them fee the place the Boar had rent.

Then.

Then when upon Parnassus Mountain high
He with his Unkles Sons a hunting went.
And then they fling their arms about ulysses,

And kis his hand and shoulders, weeping fore;

And he again embraced them with kiffes,

Nor had till Sun-set weeping given o'er But that ulysses hinder'd it. Give o'er, said he,

Your weeping, lest that some one come out hither,

And tell within what here without they fee.

Go in, but one by one, not all together. First I'll go in, and then come you Now mark.

I'll pray the Suitors I the Bow may try.

If to my motion they refuse to hark,

Give it into my hand as you pass by.

And you Eumeus bid the Women that The House-doors all, nor suffer any one

O'th'men without the House his head to put.

And though within they hap to hear men groan,

That they flar not but ply their bus'ness.

The utter-Gate Philatius lock you fast, That to the House there may be no access.

This faid, into the Hall again he paft,

And after him his Servants. Now the Bow,

Was in Eurymachus his hand by th'fire. He warm'd and rub'd, and did what he could do,

But for to bend it he was ne'er the nigher.

At this he vext, and took it heinously,

And, O, faid he, 'cis not for my own part

I troubled am, but for the Company.

'Tis chiefly, that I take so much to heart.

Nor is it for a Wife that I complain;

For in Achaia Ladies be enough,

But that we hope Penelope to gain, "
Although we cannot bend ulyffes Bow.

Then faid Antinous, 'Twill not be fo.

This day unto Apollo facred is,

And not a day for bending of the Bow, Therefore to lay it by is not amis.

And let the Axes stand still as they do;

(For 'cis not like they will be ftoln away)

And so go in and offer Wine unto

The God. The Bow may till to morrow stay.

And bid Melanthus in the morning bring

Goats of the fatteft, and whercof the favour

May from Apollo of all Archers King,

For bending of the Bow procure us favour.

They all agree. Into the house they went. The Officers for hands the water hold;

The Waiters fill the Cups and then present [would,

And when they drunk had each man what he Then spake ulysses to the Suitors thus:

Hear me, ye Suitors, what I have to fay,

Antinous, and you Eurymachus,

For to you two 'cis chiefly that I pray, Since you the bending of the Bow remit

To th'Gods to give to whom they please; and they

To morrow doubtless will determine it,

Let me now of the Bow make an effay, That I may know whether my ftrength be spent,

And what I could before now cannot do.

Whether I still be firm or do relent

With hardship, and with want of looking to. These words of his made all the Suitors mad

With fear that he indeed would bend the Bow.

Antinous gave him language very bad ;

Thou wretched Stranger, is it not enough That of our Feaft thou haft an equal part,

And that of our discourse (and none but thou

Stranger and Beggar) made a hearer art?

'Tis wine that makes thee not thy felf to know. For wine serves all men so that drink too much.

Wine hurt Eurytion the Centaur great.

His carriage in Perithous house was such Among the Lapitha fitting at meat,

That angry with't they were and all arose, And with sharp iron cut off both his ears,

And with the same they pared off his nose.

Away the cause of his own harm he bears

From that day on, Centaurs and men are foes, Themselves men hurr by wine immoderate. 1

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So if you bend the Bow, your ears you'll lofe.

For you'll find here no prating Advocate.

But to King Takim forthwith you shall go,

And he will of you make a cruel end. Therefore fir fill and let alone the Bow;

Nor with men younger than your felf contend.

Then faid Penelope, I'd have you know, Antinous, that you did very ill

To wrong Telemachus his Guest. What though
He bend the Bow, d'ye think I take him will

For Husband? I am fure you think not fo. Let none of you be fad with fear of that.

Then to her said Eurymachus, No, no;

That's not the thing that we be troubled at.

Tis of our Honour that we jealous be.

For how will men and women, think you, prate;

But that fuch Suitors wooe Penelope

he

As could not bend ulyffes Bow, but that

A Beggar that past bye by chance could bend it?

Which unto us will be no little shame.

Who (faid she) live on other means and spend it, Should not stand much on Honour and on Fame.

And of a great man says he is the Son.

Give him the Bow to try his strength withal. For this I'll promise him, and see it done.

If he do bend it, I'll on him bestow

Good Cloathing and a handsom Coat and Vest, Shooes to his feet, Dart, Sword with edges two,

And fend him to fuch place as he thinks beft.

Then spake to her Telemachus her Son :
Mother, to give the Bow or to deny't,

Is in my pow'r, and hinder me can none In Elis, or Achaia, or here right,

From giving it unto this Stranger here,
If I think fit. But Mother, pray go now

Up to your Chamber, and look to your work, And leave to us to dispute of the Bow.

She mused on, and thought his counsel wise; And being in her Chamber sore did weep. For th'absence of her Husband till her eyes

By th'Goddess Pallas closed were with sleep,

Eumeus now had brought the Bow about, And come it was to where ulyffes fat.

The Suitors all at once then cry'd out, [that? Swineherd, Rogue, Lout, what meaneft thou by

If the Gods please to favour our defign,

Thou shalt be sain and carry'd out of fight, And there devoured be by thy own Swine.

This put Bumens into a great fright.
Telemachus then roar'd on th'other part,
Bear on the Four c'about all is not be

Bear on the Bow (t'obey all is not best)

I'll pelt thee (though that thou my elder art)

With stones home to thy Hogsties like a beast.

For I the stronger am. O that I were

But so much stronger than these Suitors all, I soon of some of them the house should clear.

They laught at this, and bated of their gall.

Eumens then took up the Bow agen,
And gave it to ulysses in his hand.
This done, Euryclea he called then.
It is said he Tolemachus comman

It is, said he, Telemachus command To lock the doors all and that if you hear Noise in the house of blows, or groaning men,

Let none go forth, but at their work flay there.

This said, Euryclea went in agen, And lockt the doors. Philatius likewise Went filently and shut the utter-Gate,

And with a Ship-Rope that lay by, it ties, And coming back firs where before he fate;

And lookt upon ulyffes, who to know

What work the worms had in his absence made,

This way and that way turning was the Bow.

At this the Suitors one to another faid, This Beggar furely has no little skill

In Bows or in Bow-stealing, or of's own
He has one like't, or make one like it will,

He doth examine it so up and down. Another said, as he shall bend the Bow,

So let him find, as he is begging Alms.

So mockt they. When he view'd it had enough, And holden it a while had in his palms, He bent it. &sa Fidler does not spend Very much labour the sheeps gut to strain; So he, ulyffes his ftrong Bow to bend Did put himself to very little pain. Then with his left hand he the ftring effay'd,

It founded like the finging of a Swallow. The Suitors then began to be afraid,

And mighty claps of Thunder straightway follow.

by

Jove's Token very welcome was t'ulysses.

Then to the Bow he fet a Shaft, and there

Sitting, fhot through the Axes, nor one miffes, The rest of th'Arrows in the Quiver were.

Then turning to Telemachus, he faid,

I have not sham'd you, nor have mis'd one Axe.

Nor long a bending of the Bow I staid.

You see then that the Woo'rs me failly tax. But now 'tis time for After-suppering

Ere day be done, and taking such delights, As Cups, Discourfe, and pleasant Musick bring; For these of Feaffing are the common rites. Then to his Son with's eye he beckoned.

Telemachus, that well him understood, With Spear in hand and Helmet on his head, Came unto him, and close by his Chair stood!

LIB. XXII.

Lyffes then himself delivereth Of his foul Rags, and leaps up to the Sill With bow in hand and arrows tipt with death, And spake to th' Wooers boafting of his skill Suitors. Suitors, said he, this March is at an end.

Jove speed me now. Another Mark have at,
Which none ere shot at yet. Apollo send

Me luck to hit. As he was faying that,

T'Antinous the Shaft he did address,

Who had the Cup in's hand about to drink.
Than of his death he thought of nothing less.
For one amongst so many who would think,

How strong soever, durst do such a thing?

The Arrow pierc'd his neck from throat to poll.

The wound receiv'd, he turns round ftaggering;

The blood ftream'd out; away he threw the bowl;

And overturn'd the Table with his feet :

Both bread and meat lay scatter'd in the Hall. The Suitors buftle and in clusters meet,

Of this great man amazed at the fall.

Then one of them unto ulyffes faid,

Stranger, this was ill shot; thou killest hast The greatest man in Ithaca. Thou'st plaid

Thy last prize. To the Crows thou shalt be cast: But yet they held their hands for why, they thought

'Twas done by misadventure not contriv'd. For proud and foolish they perceived not

The fatal hour was to them all arriv'd.

Then faid ulysses with a sullen eye,

Dogs, dead you thought me, and spent my estate; With you my women you compell'd to lie;

And would have wedded, whilft I liv'd, my Mate;

No fear you had neither of Gods on high, Nor of revenge from any mortal man;

But now a vengeance to you all is nigh.

At this they frighted were and looked wan;

And each one peept about what way to take

-To fave his own life, if he could by flight.
None but Eurymachus t'ulysses spake:

If you uly ses be, you say but right.

Much harm is done you both in house and field;

But this Antinous Author was of't all; He see us on, and here lies justly kill'd.

For wedding of your Wife his care was small,

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His care was how to make himself here King
(Which Jove not suffer'd him to bring to pass;)

and to destruction how your Son to bring He chiefly thinking and designing was.

And fince that he deservedly is flain,

Spare your own people; we'll repair what's done.

And what is spent we will make up again,

And recompense with twenty Cows each one;

And Brass and Gold till you be satisfi'd.

If nor, there's no man can your anger blame.

To this ulyffes with a four look reply'd;

Your whole effaces, and added to the fame How much seever you can elsewhere get

Too little is to bind me to defift,

Until the Suitors shall have paid their debt.

Two ways before you lie, take which you lift,

To fight or fly, if you will death avoid.

But fly, I think you cannot. So said he.

Eurymachus then to the Suitors,

The man will not lay down his Bow you fee;

But fince 'ris in his hand, and Arrows by,

And stands upon the threshold of the door; His shafts will fly at us continually,

And till we all be flain will not give o'er:

Let's therefore take up Tables for defence
Against his shafts, and (Sword in hand) run all

Unto the door at once and drive him thence,

And people of the Town together call.

This faid, his Sword with double edge he drew,

And thunder'd him with words. But howfoever

A deadly shaft first from ulyffes flew

İs

That enter'd at his breft and fluck in's Liver.

Down fell his Sword, he turns himfelf quite round.

And throwshis blood about him every way;

Ricks down the Table, meat and Cup, to th' ground, And with his brow beating the floor he lay;

And sprawling made the Seat shake with his feet; And endless darkness lay upon his eye.

Then ro'e Amphinomus and death did meet.
He thought from thence to make uly fes fly;

But by Telemachus prevented was,

That flew him with his Spear upon the place, From back to breaft the well-thrown Spear did pass; Down with a thump he falls upon his face.

Telemaibus i'th'body left the Spear.

For why, he had good reason to mistrust Amongst so many Swords, if he staid there, He might be killed by some blow or thrust, Then to his father as he has him stood

Then to his Father as he by him stood,

To fetch down Arms, faid he, 'Twill do no harm, Two Spears, a Buckler, and a Helmet good,

And both Philatius and Eumaus arm.

Run quickly, said ulysses, while there be Arrows remaining, lest they force me should To quit the door. Then quickly up ran he

Linto the room wherein the Armour flood.

Right Spears, four Bucklers, and four Helmets good

He rook, and to his Father came again.

And first he arm'd himself, and ready stood.

The two good Servants themselves armed then.

ulyffes Arrows till they all were gone
Kill'd each his man, and one by one t

Kill'd each his min, and one by one they fall. But when they all were spent and left was none, He sets his Bow to lean against the wall.

Over his shoulder he his Buckler cast,

And puts his well-made Helmet on his head. The two Spears with his hand he griped fast,

And then his posture he considered.

There was i'th'wall a certain window high, By th'Sill whereof a way lay to the Street,

To which he bad Eumeus have an eye, And near it stand. But one way was to it.

Then Agelaus to the Suitors faid,

Why does not some man to that window hast,

And to the people cry aloud for aid,

That so this Shooter may have shot his last? Then said Melantheus, No, no, 'tis in vain;

The fireet-door and the Court-gate stand so close,

That one good man the place may well maintain Against how many s'eyer them oppose.

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But well, I'll fetch you Armour to put on,
And Weapons I will bring you out of hand.

For where they by ulyffes and his Son

Were laid, I know the room and where they stand.
Then up he went. Twelve bucklers he brings thence.
As many Spears, as many Helmers 100.

As miny Spears, as many Helmets too.
The Suitors then prepar'd for their defence;
And now ulyffes knew not what to do.

But to Telemachus he turn'd and faid,

Th'old woman fure, or else Melantheus has For th'Wooers gotten Arms and us betraid.

No, Father, answer'd he, my fault it was.!
The door I left unlockt, and but put to,

Which some body observ'd. Eamous now Go lock it fast. Withal consider who,

The women or Melanthus, ferv'd us fo.

Whilst thus they talk, Melanthus went once more

To fetch down Arms; Eumeus saw him then, and told ulysses, Him we thought before

To be the man, is thither gone agen.

I can) or bring him hither to you to endure
What you think fit for all his villany?

Then faid uly fles, we two will be fure

tilemachus and I, to keep these men

From going out, and therefore go you two and bind his hands and feet together. Then Betwixt his body and his legs put through

Rope, and at his back tie boards. And to Close to a Pillar hoise him up on high. Into the beams o'th'house, that he may know

His fault, and feel his Pain before he dye.
Then up they went, and flood without the door

On each fide one.. Melanthus was within at the far end, looking for Armour more.

And after there he long enough had been,

ut with a Helmet in one hand he came,

A Buckler in the other, great but torn,

tertes in his youth had born the same, But now with lying it was mouldy worn.

But

As he came out they feiz'd him fuddenly, And in again they drag'd him by the hair; And then his hands unto his feet they rie, And up they holfe him as they bidden were.

This done, Eumaus faid unto him jeering, In that fost bed, Melanthus, easily

You will observe the Mornings first appearing, That for th'Woo'rs your Goats may ready be.

Then armed both, and locking up the Door, And breathing courage to ulyffes come.

So that upon the threshold there were four; But many were the Suitors in the room:

Then down unto uly fes Pallas came

In Mentor's shape, to whom ulysses said, You are my friend, and our age is the same; For old acquaintance let me have your aid.

Though thus he said, he thought it Pallas still.

The Suitors clamour'd. Agelaus spake:

Mentor beware, the course you take is ill Against us all ulysses part to take.

For 'ris our purpose when these two are slain Father and Son, that you the next shall be,

And of your rathness suffer shall the pain,

And with his Substance your own mix will we:

Nor shall your Sons, Daughters, or Wife live here.

Pallas was angry at these words of his,

And chid ulysses then, and aske him where

His courage was. And what, faid she, is this.
The man that bravely sought nine years at Troy.

And kill'd in fight so many gallant men, And he whose prudence did the Town destroy, And whines so at his coming home again?

Come hither Milk-sop, says she, stand by me, And how your old friend Mentor shall requite The kindness you have shewn him, you shall see.

Yet presently she would not end the fight; For further yet she would the Courage try Both of ulysses and Telemarbus.

And in a Swaliows shape she up did fly, And far upon a black Beam of the House.

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Mean while the Suitors by Agelaus, Amphimedon and Demoptolemas,

Eurynomus, Pyfandrus, Polybus

The best of all the Suitors in the house, (For many had been killed with the Bow)

Encourag'd were, Friends, said he, let's be bold,

And at them all our good Spears let us throw:
So shall we make the man his hands to hold.

Mentor with theirs, his fortune will not mix,

He and those hopes are gone. Upon the Sill

There are but four. Let's throw at once but fix,
That if Jove please, we may ulysses kill.

When he is gone, the rest we need not fear.

The Sultors all approved this advise.

And then they lanced ev'ry man his Spear;
But Pallas made it fall out otherwife.

For from the Beam she soon blew here and there The slying staves, whereof one hit the door;

The two fide-posts, and the walls wounded were. When of the Spears the danger was past o'er,

Then faid uly ffes, Now our turn it is

To cast our Spears at this unruly rout;

That not content with former injuries

Do what they can to take our lives to boot.

This faid and taking aim, their Spears they threw, ulysses kill'd Demoptolemus.

Telemachus Euryades then flew.

Eumaus with his Spear kill'd Elatus.

Pysandrus by Philatius was flain.

The Suitors then to the rooms end retreat,

And to the four gave time to take again

The Spears that in the wounds were sticking yet.

Again they lanced ev'ry man his Spear,

The Swallow on the Beam still puts them by;

And by the door, walls, posts received they were.
Telemachus and Eumaus only

Had little scratches; one upon the Wrist.

Eumeus on the Shoulder. But the skin

Scarce broken was. And both the other miff.

And then the four amongst the throng threw in

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Their Spears again. And then ulysses slew Eurydamas. And by Telemachus

Was flain Amphimedon. Eumæus threw, And killed Polybus, Phylætius

Then smote Ctelippus and through pierc'd his brest, And over him insulting thus he said.

Bold Prætor that in love art with thy jeft, And to say any thing art not afraid,

For the Cows-foot t'uly fes thrown take that.

ulysses kill'd too Damestorides. Telemachus Leiocrates laid flat

With Spear in hand. When they had killed thefe,

Pallas aloft held forth her frightful fhield.

And then as Cattle flung with a Gad-fly, In heat of Summer run about the field, So round about the Hall the Suitors fly.

As when the Vultures stoop down from the Hill
Upon the Fowl; these couch close to the plain,

Threatned with heavy Glouds, they flay and kill,

These cannot fly away, nor turn again; So they upon the Suitors fiercely fall,

And winding with them as they shift their ground, They killing went. All gore-blood was the Hall,

And made with thumps and groans a difmal found.

Leiodes then kneel'd at ulyffes feet

To beg his life. I came, faid he, as Prieft, And told them their behaviour was unmeet, And always gave them counfel to defift.

But nothing that I said would they obey.

And of their own destruction Authors are.

There's not a woman in the house can say I did amis. Must I like these men sare?

To this ulyffes with a four look faid,

Did you come with the Suitors as their Prieft?
Then furely for them you have also pray'd,

That of my coming home I should have mist, That with these men you daily might here board

Your felf, your wife, and children. Therefore die. With that he rook up Agelaus Sword,

Which when he dy'd fell from him and lay by.

And

And with it at a stroke cut off his head.

But Phemius the Minstrel scaped free.

For thither he came not for meat or bread; The Suitors forc'd him of nece flity.

He had his Fiddle in his hand, and flood Within the door, and fludy'd what to do

Whether unto uly ffes go he should,

Or out a door unto the Altar gol'th'Court, whereon with many a fat beaft

I'ch' Court, whereon with many a fat beaft ulysses of devoutly had serv'd fove.

And having paus'd, at last he thought it best To go t'ulysses and his mercy prove.

Then down he laid his Fiddle on the floor, Between the Temp'rer and a studded Chair.

Then went and fell upon his knees before ulyffes, and thus to him made his Pray'r.

Save me ulyffes, and confider that

If you me flay, it after you will grieve-

I am a Singer, but was never taught.

For Song to me the Gods did freely give.

I fing to Gods and men, and have the skill To fing to you as to a God. Therefore

Of cutting off my head lay by the will.

Befides, Telemachas can tell you more:

I was not hither drawn with finell of roaft.

But many men and from brought me by for

But many men and strong brought me by force-

Telemachus that knew this was no boaft,

Cry'd out, Hold Father, 'tis not our best course

To flay the innocent; and I would fain
Save Medon too, that lov'd me from a Boy,

And took care of me, if he be not flain
By coming in your or your Servants way.

Under a Seat Medon himself had laid,

And wrapt himself up in a raw Cow hide, And hearing what Telemachus had said.

Skipt nimbly out, his Cow skin cast aside,

And falling at Telemachus his knee-

He to him faid, O Friend, loe here I stand; Forbear I pray, and to your Father be A means that also he may hold his hand.

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For whilft his anger 'gainst the Suitors staid,
That wasted had his goods, and him despis'd
Killing each way about him, I'm asraid

He might perhaps kill me too unadvis'd.

utyffes hearing answer'd thus agen,

Take courage man. There is no danger nigh.

And this remember and tell other men,

That Justice better thrives than Knavery.

Go now into the Court and stay without Both you and Phæmius, that I may do The bus'ness in the house I am about.

Then out into the Court away they go, And on the Altar of the God they fat

And on the Altar of the God they lat
Looking about still fearing to be slain.

Wyses to be sure that none remain

ulysses to be sure that none remain

Alive, and under Seats or Tables squat, Searcht well the Hall, and found they all were dead,

As Fishes on the shore lye out, and by The heat of Phaethen be murdered,

So did the Woo'rs one on another lie.
Then to Telemachus tulysses said,

Tell Euryclea I would speak with her. Telemachus his Father straight obey'd,

And foraged at the door that the might hear.

Nurse (says he) Mother of the Maids come out, My Father to you somewhat has to say. She heard him well, and presently without

More words the door she open'd with her Key.

And found ulyffes flanding 'mongst the dead Besmear'd wirh blood. As when a Lion has

Upon a Cow at pafture newly fed,

With goary breft and chaps; so dight he was. Th'old-woman there beholding so much blood And Carcases so many lying dead,

At such a mighty work amazed flood;
And was about to whoop, but hindered

Was by ulysses. Hold, said he, within Your joy, and let it not appear in vain.

To glory over dead men is a fin.

These men the Gods , and their own fins have slain.

For

For neither from above they fear'd the Gods,

Nor men respected good or bad beneath,

And therefore now have felt the Heav'nly Rods.

And therefore now have felt the Heav'nly Rods, And brought upon themselves untimely death.

But tell me Nurse how many women be That me dishonour and do wiekedness.

Fifty, faid she, do serve Penelope,

And learn to work and wait, no more nor less.

Of these there twelve be that are impudent, And care not for me, nor Penelope.

Telemachus was young, the Government

To him of Maids might not well trufted be.

But now I'll to my Ladies Chamber go,

Where she's asseep. Some God has clos'd her eyes

To tell her you are here. But he faid, No; First call those women who do me despise, And have behav'd themselves dishonestly.

Euryclea obeys and goes her way,

And call'd those women; Come away, faid she, Telemachus i'th'Hall does for you stay.

Mean while ulyffes call'd Telemachus

Unto him, aud his faithful Servants two.

Trufty Eumaus and Philatius;

Hear me, faid he, what I would have you do ; Make these lewd women carry hence the dead,

The Chairs and Tables in the Hall make clean,

And when that bus'ness they have finished, Into the Court make them go forth agen,

Into that narrow place 'twixt th'house and hedge,

Till they forget the Suitors Venery,

Make them of your sharp Swords to feel the edge; And for their stoln unclean delight to dye.

Then came the women down into the Hall ... Wailing, and tears abundantly they shed,

And prefently unto their work they fall.

Into the Porch they carry out the dead.

uly sies giving order standeth by.

Telemachus then and Philatius,

Also Eumeus do with shovels ply
The Pavement dawb'd with blood, and cleanse the
N 4
Scraping

Scraping together duft and blood; and that The women also carry out a door.

But when this bus'ness now an end was at,

There rested for them yet one bus'ness more.

They brought them thence into the narrow place

From whence there was no hope at all to fly.

You, said Telemachus, for the disgrace

An honest death. This having said, he stretcht Between two Pillars high a great strong Rope,

That with their feet the ground could not be reacht.

Hung there, they fprawi'd a while, but could not drop.

Then down they described the state of the Note.

Then down they drag'd Melanthus; and his Nose And Ears with cruel steel from's head they tear; And brake his Arms and Legs with many blows;

And to the Dogs to eat they threw his Gear. Their work now done, they washt their hands and feet,

And to ulyffes in the Hall they went,

Who having found the place not very (weet, For Brimftone call'd to take away the fcent.

Enryclea, faid he, fetch Brimstone hither, And Fire, and also wake Penelope;

And bid her Maids come to me all together,
But haften them to come. Then answer'd she,
Dear Child, 'tis well said. But first let me go

And bring you better Cloaths, a Coat and Veft.

These Rags become you not. Then said he, No, Bring me fire first, and after do the rest.

Then Fire the brought and Brimstone presently, Wherewith he air'd both the Court and Hall. The Nurse then up goes to the Rooms on high

To call the Maids. T'ulysses they came all.

They weep and sob and all embrace ulysses,

And kis his head and shoulders, shake his hand; And he again saluted them with kisses.

Weeping for joy they all about him stand.

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H'old woman to the upper Rooms ascended, To wake Penelope, and let her know Her Husband was return'd. Her joy amended Much had her pace, and well she ambled now. And flanding at her head, Rife Child faid the; The Gods at last have granted you your wishes. Come down into the Hall, where you shall see The fo long by you wishe for man alysses. The Suitors he has killed ev'ry one, Who needs the Stewards of his house would be In despight of Telemachus his Son; And live upon his Substance lavishly. To her again Penelope thus fpake: The Gods, Euryclea, fure have made you mad. The Gods can wife men fools, and fools wife make; The Gods have done you hurt, more Wit you had. You do me wrong, that know how little fleep. I have enjoyed fince he went to Troy. I never so well flept fince, but ffill weep. And now you come and wake me with a toy. Be gone, if thad been any Maid but you I should have fent her not well pleas'd away. But to your age some more respect is due. Go down again into the Houle you may. Dear Child, faid she, I mock not, for 'ris true: ulyffes is i'th'house, That Stranger's he, Telemachus and no man elfe him knew. And known to others would not let him be, Till they these proud and naughty men had kill'd-

Penelope then starting from the bed.

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Embrac'd the Nurse; her eyes with tears were fill'd.

And as yet doubtful stil she questioned.

Euryclea is all this true you fay ?

Is he indeed come home? Be ferious.

How could he the proud Suitors all deftroy, He being but one, they many in the House?

Nor faw, nor askt I, but I heard the groans of dying men; for up we all were thut

Within our doors, and locks up all at once; And of our lives into a fear were put;

Till me your Son Telemachus call'd out To come t'ulyffes. In the Hall he flood.

And there in heaps the flain lay him about.
That like a Lion flood befinear'd with blood;

You would have joy'd to see him. Now they lie I'rh'Court all in one heap. But busie he

Is airing of the house, a great fire by;

And for to call you thither has sent me.

But come, that in each other you may joy, For now at last your wishes granted be;

ulysses come; your Son is past a Boy;

And their revenge upon the Woo'rs they see. Nurse, answer'd she, triumph not out of season.

For to be glad to fee him in the house,

You know there none is that have so much reason, As I have and our Son Telemachus.

But 'cis not truth you tell me. What you fay
Will come at last to nothing else but this.

It was fome God that did the Suitors flay,
Hating the fight of what they did amis.

There never man came to them that can boaft He parted from them without injuries.

So by their wickedness their lives they lost.

Euryclea to this again reply'd, [come ? Dear Child, what words are these that from you

ulyffes flands i'th'Hall at the fires fide,

And yet you fay he never will come home.

But well, I'll tell you now a furer fign: When I was washing of his legs and feet,

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I faw where th'wound was giv'n him by the Swine;
And had then told you had he thought it meet
But with his hand for that cause stopt my breath.
Come, I will lay my life on't willingly.

If it be false put me to cruel death. To this Penelope did then reply,

d.

The purpose of the Gods, wise though you be, You know not, Nurse. But I'll go to my Son,

And there upon the place with him I'll fee

What men are flain, and who the deed has done.

Then down she went consulting in her breast, Whether at distance it were best to try,

Or elfe directly go unto the Gueft,

And their receive and kifs him presently.

But when into the Hall the entred was,

Where fitting was ulyffes in the light
Of a good fire, the went and took a place
That was to where he fat inft opposite.

That was to where he far just opposite.

ulysses look't o'th'ground expecting what

His Wife would fay, but long time the spake not-

But gazing on her husband mute she sate,

As one that's in a trance, and has no thought:

But by and by surveying him she thought 'Twas he. But seeing him so ill array'd,

Her mind was chang'd. She thought that he 'twas not-Telemachus his Mother chid, and faid

Mother, hard-hearted Mother and unkind,

Why fit you at such distance from my Father,

And have so little care to know his mind?

When many Questions you should ask him rather.

Another woman would not keep off fo

From her own Husband that away had flaid. Twenty years long, and fuffer'd so much wo,

But at their meeting somewhat would have faid:

Son (faid fhe then) I am aftonisht fo.

I cannot speak, nor look him in the face.

But whether he ulyffes be or no.

I shall be certain in a little space;

For we have figns between us of our own, Which we shall foon know one another by,

That

That to none living but our selves are known.

ulysses to his Son then smilingly

Said, Let (Telemachus) your Mother try me, Perhaps she know me better will anon. The cause why now so little she sets by me,

Is that I have ill-favour'd Garments on.

But now let you and I look well about.
Who kills one man, unless great friends he have

Must leave his Kin and Country, and go out. But we have kill'd both many men and brave.

Therefore confider what is to be done.

Father (faid he) let that be your own care.

So wife as you are men fay there is none.
Our hands to do your pleafure ready are.

Why then I'll tell you what is best to do.

Put on your Coats; and let the women all

Into the Hall in their best Garments go;
The Minstrel play; and they to dancing fall;

That he that flands without, or dwelleth nigh. Unto the house, or travelleth that way, When he shall hear such mirth and melody,

May think this furely is the Wedding-day.

That so before this slaughter Fame have spread,

Depart we may from hence into the field.

And 'gainst the people of the Town make head,
And take such councel more as fore shall yield.
When this was said, the Men their Coats put on.

The Damiels dreis themselves, the Minstrel sung

And plaid upon his Fiddle, and each one To dancing fell, with it the Palace rung. And one that heard this as he flood withour,

Said to another by him, She is Marry'd. Fie, Fie, she could no longer now hold out.

So faid be, ignorant how things were carry'd.

Mean while uly ses bath'd and oynted is B' Eurynome, and also richly clad

With a fair Robe and Coat. And befide this, Taller and greater Pallas made him had,

And varnished with black his curled head, As one by Vulcan and Athena taught.

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Gold upon Sitver skillfully had spread; So Pallas on ulviles beauty wrought.

Then from the Bath he like a God came in, And fat him down before his Wife again ;

And with her to discourse did thus begin. Woman (said he) to speak to you is vain.

Above all women hardned is your heart, What woman elfe that had her Husband feen

After twice ten years absent thus apart

From him to fit, contented would have been? Make me a Bed, Nurse, what should I do here?

Man, said Penelope, Nor mightily

I magnifie nor scorn you. What you were When you went hence, full well remember I.

But go, Nurse, make for him the bed that he Himfelf fram'd, by the Chamber-door without.

Thus faid she, but to try, if that were he,

Yet griev'd him to the heart, and made him doubt.

Woman, faid he, who has remov'd my bed? It cannot be but by a force Divine.

With my own hands 'twas wrought and fiinshed. To th'end thereby it might be known for mine.

I'th'Court an Olive-tree stood great and tall, Thick as a Pillar. I about it made

A Chamber. Of good Stone I made the wall. And cutting off the Bows the roof I laid.

And in the wall a good strong door I form, When this was done, I cut up by the root,

And smooth'd with Iron Tools a lufty Corm.

And fetting it upright fix the bed to't, meet: And pierc'd the wood with wimbles where 'twas

And laid on Silver, Gold, and Ivory, A purple-thong unto the door I fit.

This is the fign for you to know me by.

Whether it still remain I cannot tell.

Or ta'en away and down be cut the Tree. This faid, and she the fign remembring well.

The tears rowl'd from her eyes. Thus weeping the

Acknowledgeth and runner to wirles; About his neck her milk-white arms the lays,

And

And both his shoulders and his Head she kisses,

And, O uly ffes, be not angry fays,

The Gods have giv'n you wildom but deny'd.

To fatisfie our youth with mutual joy;

Take it not ill I have you thus far try'd;

Since horrour hath possess my mind alway
Lest some deceitful man (for such there be

Too many in the world) (hould hither come,

And flatt'ring bring me into infamy.

And not gone with the Adulterer of Troy,
Had the confidered that th' Achean Lords

Might chance to come and fercht her thence away

Again into her Country with their Swords.

This speech inflam'd his love and wet his eyes.

As a man shipwrackt swimming for his life,

Rejoyceth when the Land he near him spies; So welcome was ulysses to his Wife.

She hung upon him fill, nor had let go

Till Morning but for Pallas, who would not Let Phaëton and Lampus, th'Horses two

That draw the Morn, be fet to th'Chariot.

Then faid tely fes to Penelope,

O Wife! my troubles ended are not yet;
For still there many more remaining be;
Long time 'twill be ere to the end I get:

Tirefias did tell me this in Hell.

When I went thither of his Ghoft to know Whether I with my Mates should come home well

Or not to thaca again, and how.

But come, 'tis bed-time, let us fatisfie
Our selves with sleep. Then said Penelope,

Your bed made ready shall be presently.

But fince you mentioned have the Prophesie,

Tell me what faid Tirefias. I know

You'll tell it me one time or other, why
If you will may you not tell me it now?
Tothis uly fes did again reply,

Because you long to know't, I tell you then,
Tirestar advised me to go

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With Oar on Shoulder to a place where men Inhabit that the briny Sea not know;

Nor ever mingle falt with what they eat, Nor ever faw the ship with crimson face;

Nor yet those wings which do the water beat

(Call'd Oars) to make the good ship go apace. Now mark me well. When you shall meet a man,

Just at the end of Neptunes utmost bound,

Bearing upon his shoulder a Corn-fan,

Stick down your lufty Oar upon the ground.

There facrifice to the worlds Admiral

For new admittance a Ram, Boar, and Bull.

Then home again, and offer unto all

The Gods by name a hundred Oxen full. Your death will not ungentle be, for which

Age shall prepare you, and your Soul unglew

Infenfibly. Your People shall be rich

Which round about you dwell. All this is true.

Then faid Penelope, if this be all,

Since your old age the Gods will happy make :

The forrow yet to come can be but small.

Whilst thus this couple t'one another spake, Mean while their bed with cov'rings soft was clad,

The Maids return'd i'th'Hall before them stand.

Eurynome a Torch to light them had,

And carry'd it before them in her hand. Then parting left them under Marriage-Law, Telemachus and the good Servants two,

When they had to the dancers faid Hola, Unto their Beds within the Palace go.

ulyffes and Penelope their joy

Converted had into a new content;

She to ulyffes telleth the annoy

She fuffer'd from her Suitors impudent;

What havock they had made of Cows and Sheep.
And many Barrels of her wine had wasted.

And he to her; what hurt o'th' Land and Deep He done and suffer'd had. While his tale lasted

Well pleas'd fhe was, and had no lift to fleep He told her how the Cicons he had beaten; How Lote from love of home his men did keep;
How Cyclops his Companions had eaten;
And in revenge how he had made him blind;
How to convey him home he did obtain

How to convey him home he did obtain Of Solus a leather Bag of wind,

Which breaking Prison blewhim back again.

And how in Lastrigonia he lost

His good ships all but one, in which he was; Told her the wiles of circe; what the Ghost.

In Hell said to him of Tiresias,
To whom he went his fortune for to know,
In a black ship; and with his Mother there

Discoursed; and saw many a one laid low That in the Argive Host had been his Peer; And how he heard the tempting Syrens sing

In confort, and scap'd safely by and how By th'shifting Rocks, Charybdes vomiting, And Scylla's clutches he did safely row;

How to Ogygia he came, and how

Calypso kept him in a Cave, where she

To be his wife did promife to beftow.

Upon him Youth and Immortality.

How to Pheacia he came, where he Much honour'd was, and thence by Sea did come

Enricht by publick liberality

With Brass and Gold and coftly Veffures home. And at these words sleep seised on his eyes.

When Pallas thought ulyffes fatish'd
With bed and fleep, the makes the morning rife,
And day from Mortals now no longer hide.

wyles rose, and speaking to his Wife, We have, said he, both of us had much wo;

You for my absence weeping out your life, And I, because the Gods would have it so-

But fince we now again united be,
Look to the goods within. My folds I'll fill
Partly with booty from the Enemy,

And many also my Friends give me will.

Now to my grieved Father I must go,

And therefore with your Maids go up again.

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For ere the Sun be up, the Town will know
That in my House the Suitors all are slain,
Do not so much as look out, or enquire.
This said, he puts on Arms. To arm also
His Son and his two men he did require.
Then they got up, and there stood armed too.
Then open'd they the door and forth they went.
uly ses led the way. Day light was spread.
But Pallas out of Town them safely sent
Into the Field, and undiscovered.

LIB. XXIV.

Mean while unto the house came Mercury.

A Golden Rod he carry'd in his hand, Wherewith he lays afleep a Mortal eye, And opens it again with the same Wand. And at the bloody-heap he calls away The Suitors Souls. They all about him fly. And as the Rod directeth them the way, They follow all, but screaming searfully. As in some venerable hollow Cave, Where Bars that are at rooft upon a stone, And from the ledge one chance a fall to have, The rest scream out and hold fast one by one; So screaming all the Souls together fly. And first pais by Oceanus his Streams, Then by Sol's Gate, and Rock of Leucady; And then they passed through the Town of Dreams, And in a trice to th'Mead of Alphodel, And faw the Soul there of Peleiades, (For there the Souls of wretched Mortals dwell) And of Patroclus and Nestorides.

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The Soul of Ajax Son of Telamon

Was also there, who 'mongst those Warriours tall,

The Goodliest person was, except the Son

Of Peleus, who did much excel them all. To these Atrides Soul came from hard by,

And theirs whose death had joyned been with his,

And by Agistus hand were made to dye.

Then to Atrides said Achilles this:

Atrides, we thought you of all the Hoft

That came to fight against the Town of Troy,

Had been by the high Gods beloved most; For in the Army you bore greatest sway.

Yet afterwards the first you were to fall.

T'had better been Commanding t'have been sain.

Then had you had a noble Funeral

And Tomb, whereby your glory might remain.

But now you dy'd a miserable death. To this Atrides Soul thus answered,

Happy were you at Troy to lose your breath
With other Argives that there perished,

Fighting about you, in your duffy Bed

Stretcht out, your feats of Horimanship forgot,

But fighting we all day continued,

And till we gain'd your Body ceased not. Nor had we ceased then, but for the storm.

And then we bare your Body to the Fleet,

And there the blemishes thereof reform With water fair and warm, and Unguents sweet,

The Greeks about you wept, and cut their hair;

Your Mother and her Nymphs then come & roar'd;

Th' Achean Army was in such a fear, That they were ready all to run aboard.

But Neftor, whose advice most currant was,

Cry'd, stay you Argives, this is not the noise Of armed Foes, but Thetis now doth pass

With all her Nymphs; of them this is the voice. Then they all fearless staid. And the Nymphs stood Mourning, and clothed him with Garments meet.

The Muses nine in turn with voices good Singing, made all the standers by to weep:

And

And seventeen days both Gods and men we mourn.

all.

On the eighteenth we Sheep and Cattle flay. And then in Godlike Cloaths your Body burn With many Unguents sweet that on it lay.

Both Foot and Horse many the Pile sustain, And loudly shout, and Vulcan makes an end.

Only the Bones and nothing else remain, Which with pure Wine and Unquents sweet we

Your Mother fent the Urn, by Vulcan made, But given her by Bacchus, and therein

Noble Achilles your white bones we laid, Mixt with Patroclus you delighted in.

By yours, the ashes of Antilochus,

Whom next Patroclus was to you most dear,

We placed in an Urn apart, and thus Over you all one Monument we rear,

High to be feen from Sea by them that now, Or shall hereafter failing be that way.

Your Mother allo to the Gods did vow T'have noble Prizes for the Lords to play.

At Princes Sepultures I oft have feen Propos'd rich Prizes to provoke the strife

Of noble minds; but that like these had been, I never any faw in all my life.

So after death renown'd your name will be. But what am I the better, to whom Fove

Did for my pains a wretched Death decree (Such was the pleasure of the Gods above)

B' Leystus and my own Wives bloody hand ? Thus they to one another talkt in Helk There Mercury came to them with his Band

Of Woo'rs that in ulyffes Palace fell. Of these Atrides knew Amphimedon,

(For he in Ithaca had been his Guest) And speaking to him first, he thus begun. Amphimedon what ail'd you and the reft,

To come to this dark place so in a throng. Th: flow'r of Ithaca, of equal years? If purpofely a man should seek among .

Your people all, he should not find you Peers.

Were

Were you by Neptune drowned in the Main, And hither fent by fury of the weather ? Or landing to find Booty were you flain? Or fighting for fair women were fent hither? Come tell me freely; I have been your Guest Know you not I t'your Fathers house did come With Menelaus, ulyffes to request That he would go with us to Ilium? Then said Amphimedon, I know it all, And how we all deprived were of life, I'll tell you true, and manner of our fall. ulysses absent, we all woo'd his Wife. She none deny'd, nor any marry'd, But cafting how of life us to bereave, To fet a Loom up came into her head, As if the somewhat did intend to weave. She fets it up, and did begin to weave. Suitors (faid The) fince dead uly ffes is, Stay yet a little while and give me leave To make an end but of one business. I must for old Laertes make a-Cloth Which in his Sepulchre he is to wear. T'offend the Wives of Greece I should be loth. For to accuse me they will not sorbear. They'll fay I very hafty was to wed, If I go hence and not provide a shroud, Wherein Laurtes must be buried. Out of his wealth that might have been allow'd. The Suitors then were all content. And then All day she wove, but ere she went to bed, What she had wow'n the ravell'd out agen.

Three years her Suitors the thus fruffrated. In the fourth year her women her betray'd;

And in we came while she the Web undid. She could the Wedding now no more avoid.

The Robe when it was finished and done She washed clean, and it before us laid, As bright it shin'd as either Moon or Sun.

And then ill Fortune brought ulyffes home To th'House where dwelt the Master of the Swine.

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And thither to Telemachus did come

From fandy Pylus fafely through the brine.
And both together there our death contrive:

That done, they both into the City come.

Telemachus the first was to arrive.

The Mafter of th'Swine brought th'other home.

Like an old Beggar with a Staff in's hand,

Apparel'd in such miserable gear,

That, that was he, we could not understand, Nor no man else, although he elder were.

We mock, we rate him, throw things at his head.

He patiently endured all his harms,

Until by Jupiter encouraged

From out the Hall he took away the Arms ;

And in an upper Chamber lockt them faft.

Then craftily he bids his Wife to fend To us his mighty Bow, our strength to taste.

This the beginning was of our ill end. For much to weak to bend the Bow were we.

But when it was unto ulyffes brought, Fearing by him left it should bended be,

We all at once cry'd out, Hold, give't him not.

Only Telemachus cry'd, Let him try.

And then 'twas put into uly fes hands.

ulyffes bent it very eafily.

Then leapt he to the Sill, and there he stands;

And round about he lookt upon us grim;

And first of all he shot Antinous,

At whom he took his aim and killed him; And with his Arrows after, more of us.

And one upon another down we fall.

'Twas plain some present God there gave him aid,

For then he follow'd us about the Hall

Till all on heaps at laft he had us laid.
Of Groans and Blows it made a difmall found.

And thus, King Agamemnon, died we.

Our Bodies yet there lie upon the ground.
Our Friends yet unacquainted with it be.

That else would wash our wounds and us lament,
Which to the Dead are Ceremonies due.

Then

Then faid Atrides, O vertue excellent
Of your fair Wife. Happy thysses you.
That with great valour have her repossest.
My Wife Tyndarens Daughter was not such.
Your Consorts fame will be hereafter drest
In noble Songs, and the Sex honour much.
But my Wives name shall stand in Ballads vile,
And sung in filthy Songs the Sex disgrace.

Thus they discoursing were in Hell. Mean while

uly fes comerh to Laertes place.

About it many Lodgings were; wherein His necessary Servants all were laid;

And there they fed, and fat, and flept. But in The house it self one old Sicelian Maid, That of his person always had the care.

ulysses then, left Supper they should lack, Said to his two good Servants, For our fare. You must again unto the Town go back,

And fetch a Swine the fatteft in the Sties;
Mean while I'll to the Vineyard go and try
Whether my Father know can with his eyes,

After so long an absence, that 'tis I. This said, his Servants armed homeward hie;

And to the Vineyard goes uly fies then. But Dollius he there could not efpy, Nor any of his Sons or of his men.

His Sons and Servants all abroad were gone
For thorns to mend the hedges of the ground.

Laertes in the Vineyard all alone

Placing of Earth about a Plant he found.
On him he had a foul Coat full of patches,
And ugly Leather-Boots, those patcht also;
But good enough to save his legs from scratches.

Gloves of the fame against the Briars too.

A Goatskin Head-piece he had on to boot.

Wyss when he saw him in this plight
Worn out with age and so much sorrow to it,
Under a Tree stood weeping out of sight.

And then bethought him whether it were best T'embrace and kis him, and directly say, Re

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am ulyffes, or first talk in jest,

And give him time his person to survey. Resolv'd at last, his Father he goes nigh,

Who with his head down dig'd about a Plant. Old man, faid he, your skill is good. For why,

Your Garden neither Art nor Care does want.

Nor Plant, nor Fig, nor Vine, nor Olive-tree, Nor so much as a Leek but prospers here. One thing there wants (I pray not angry be)

You look not to your felf. Ill Cloaths you wear,

And also pale and yellow is your hue.

Which cannot be imputed to being aged.

Tis not because you do no work, that you He little sets by that has you engaged.

There's nothing in your aspect of a Slave:

The look and flature you have of a King, and the appearance of a King would have,

If you what's due to age had ev'ry thing.
Whose Servant are you, and who owns the ground?

And say if this be Ithaca or no.

For this man whom upon the way I found,

Is not so wise as certainly to know.

I askt him of a friend that I had here

Whether alive he were or dead. But he

Whether he dead, or living still, he were Unable was at all to answer me.

My house a Stranger on a time was at,

Which of all Strangers I did love the best; That said he came from Ithaca, And that

Laertes was his Fathers name. This Gueft

I entertain'd as kindly as I could

With Viands good, whereof I had good flore.

And gave him Talents ten of well-wrought Gold, And beside that I gave him these Gifts more:

A Pot for temper'd Wine of Silver bright; [were Twelve Carpets fair; twelve Robes; twelve Coats that

All lined through; and twelve more that were light; And four Maid-Servants, both well taught and fair,

Such as he from a greater number choic:

Then faid Lagries, Ithacathis is,

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Now held by wicked men. But you will lose
Your Presents all, and of requital miss.
But had you found my Son ulysses here,
He would have kept of Amity the Law,
And well required both your Gifts and Chear.
But say, how long it is fince you last saw

And entertain'd my Son, if yet hebe:
But he at Sea devoured is by Fish

Far hence, or else to Beasts and Fowls is he Somewhere, poor man, at Land become a dish;

Neither his Father nor his Mother by,

To wind him and to shed tears o'er his bed; Nor yet his Wise weeping to close his eye, Which are the honours due unto the Dead. Tell me also your dwelling and your name,

Your Parents and your City what they be;
And where the good Ship lies in which you came,
And what men with you came in company,

Or with some Merchants in their ship, and they Departing hence have left you here alone?

To this ulysses answering did say,
I'll answer to your Questions each one.

My City's Alybas, and of the same Apheidas is the King. His Son am I, And called am Eperitus by name.

Far hence at the lands end my ship doth lie.

And fince tely fes from me went away,

'Tis now five years, and with good Augury That we should meet again another day,

And joy in mutual hospitality.
This said Laertes overcome with woe,

Took up the scalding dust with both his hands, And pour'd the same upon his head of snow,

And fobbing thick and weeping there he stands.

whiles heart up to his nostrils swell'd.

With pity to behold his Fathers woe,

And to him leapt; and's arms about him held, And faid, The man you weep and mourn for fo

Am I, come after twenty years again.

Give over fobbing now; for (though in hafte)

I tell you must, the Suitors I have slain,
And made them of their crimes the fruit to taste.

Then faid Laertes, If indeed you be My Son ulysses, let me see some fign

To know you by, for certain. Then faid he,

Behold the wound received from the Swine

On Mount Parnassus, when I thither went

T'Autolicus my Mothers Father, to

Receive the Gifts he promis'd me. You fent Me thither, and so did my Mother too.

I'll tell you too what Trees you gave me when

I walking once was with you there. And I Askt you of all the Trees the names (for then

'Twixt Man and Boy I was.) And feverally As I the Trees names askt, you told the fame.

Pear-trees thirteen; Apple-trees half a score; Rankles fifty (to the Vines you gave that name)

All of them in their Seafon Berries bore; And forty Fig-trees. Th'old man knew it all;

Embrac'd his Son, and with abundant joy Fainted, and finking ready was to fall,

But that his Sons embraces were his stay.

Then coming to himself again he said,

Fove Father and you Gods (Gods there are yet.)

The Sultors for their evil deeds have paid,

But now I fear the Town will on us fet, And with themselves make all the City rise In Cophalonia. Then said his Son.

Fear not. Of that we'll by and by advise.

Eumaus and Philatius are gone To get a Supper ready at your house.

This faid, into the house they come away,

And find Eumaus and Philatius

At work to cut our meat and Wine allay.

Mean while Laurtes oyl'd and bathed is,

And by his Maid in feemly Garments clad,

And Pallas flanding by him added this,

A larger stature their before he had. As of a God his presence did appear, whyse seeing him, admir'd, and said, Father, you greater now are than you were.
Some God has Beauty on your person laid.
Then said Laertes, O ye Gods on high,

Jove, Pallas, and Apollo, had I been

Such as I was at Neritus, when I

Stormed the Town, and armed had come in, When you and the proud Suitors were in fight,

And you would have rejoyced at the fight.

So to his Son uly fes talked he.

Supper brought in, they fit; and then came in Old Dolius, fent for, from his Husbandry,

And his Sons weary. Working they had been. The Nurse had bidden them come speedily.

They wondered to fee ulyffes there. But he to Dolius then gently faid,

Pray for a while your wondring to forbear.

We hungry are, and long have for you flaid.

Then Dolius embrac'd him, and faid,

Since long'd for you are come, and unexpected, And to us by the Gods have been convey'd;

All hail, and by the Gods be fill protected.

But tell me if Penelope yet have

The news received of your coming home, or shall we send her word? That labour save (Reply'd Ulysses) for she knows I'm come.

This faid, he fat him down. His Sons also With decent words ulyffes entertain,

And lay their hands in his. That done they go And by their Father fat them down again.

Now Fame divulged had the Suitors fate; And people howling came in every way.

And gather'd were about ulyffes Gate, To fetch the bodies of the dead away.

And those that out of Ithaca had liv'd,

To Fishermen they gave to carry home:

And staying on the place, though forely griev'd,

Amongst themselves they into counsel come.

Eupeithes Faher of Antinous

That first of all flain by ulyffes was,

Spake

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Spake first, and weeping for his Son, said thus.
See how much mischief this man done us has.
He carried hence our Ships and ablest men;

And loft them all, as one that had design de

Oar utter ruin : Coming back agen

He killed harh those whom he left behind. Come then let's to him quickly, left mean while He should pass over the wide Sea, and get

Protection at Elis or at Pyle,

And we so sham'd as we were never yet.

'Twill be a fcorn to our Posterity.

To let the murder of our Children so-Stay unreveng'd, and put up cowardly.

For my part, to my Grave I'd rather go. Come quickly then left we prevented be.

This faid, the people for him pity had.
Then came in Medon, who had scaped free,

And Phemius that seap'd too, and was glad. And Medon to th' Assembly spake, and said,

ulyssis of himself-could not have done
This mighty deed without th'Immortals aid.

This mighty deed without th'Immortals aid.
I saw when present I was looking on,

A God fland by that him encouraged.

In Mentor's shape he plainly did appear ;.
And then about the room the Suitors fled,

And felt before ulyffes in their fear.

Next him spake Alitherses, who alone

· Saw Fore and Afr. Hear me you men, faid he.

Of this great flaughter I accuse can none,

But ev'n your selves that gave no ear to me, Nor yet to Mentor. We you counselled

The licence of your Children to take down,

That spent the Substance, and dishonoured
The Wife of him that was of such renown:

My counsel therefore to you now is this,

Not to proceed, left on your felves you bring

More mischief yet, and of your purpose miss.
So said he then, but little profiting.

For more than half with Alalaes up start,
And cry aloud, to Arms, go on, proceed.

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But quietly fat still the leffer part,

That with Eupeithes Judgment difagreed.

When they had clad themselves in glist'ning brass, Without the Town they came to Rendezvouz

In open field. Eupeithes Leader was,

Seeking revenge where he his life shall loofe. Then Pallas to her Father came, and said,

O Father, King of Kings, what do you mean, The War shall last between them, or be staid?

To this her Father answer'd her agen:

Child, why d'ye ask me that? 'twas your request,
The Suitors for their insolence should pay.
Do what you please, but yet I think it best,

When you have done, that Peace for ever flay;

And ever reign wlyffes and his race,

Which to confirm, Oblivion I'll fend Of former acts the image to deface.

Then gladly Pallas did from Heaven descend.

When now uly ffes and his Company

Removed had their hunger with good chear, uly said, Some one go forth and see

Whether the thacefians be near.

And then one of the young men francing there Went forth and faw them as he past the Sill;

And turning back, Arm, faid he, they are here; And then they all put on their Arms of Steel.

Wivsfes and his Son, and Servants four, Six Sons of Dolins. And the old men Lacrtes were and Dolins two more.

Aged they were, burnecessary then. Then arm'd, ulysses leading, out they go.

And Pullar bo h in person and in voice Resembling Mentor in came to them too.

uly seeing her did much rejoyce.

And looking on Telemachus he faid, Telemachus, this Bartle will declare

Who Courage has, who not. Be not afraid.

That you dishonour not your stock beware.

Father, faid he, you shall see by and by, You need not be ashamed of your Son.

Laertes

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Laertes this discourse heard joyfully And to the Godscry'd out in passion,

Oye kind Gods, an happy day is shis! O joy! My Son and Grandson are at ftrife,

Which of the two the most Courageous is, And ready to buy Honour with his life.

Then Pallas to Laertes faid, my Friend, Son of Arcefius, whom the Gods do love,

With all your force your Spear now from you fend. But pray first unto Pallas and to Fove.

He pray'd, and threw his Spear which th'Helmet imote: Of old Eupeithes, and went into's head.

Down dead he fell; the Helmet fav'd him not. His Armour rattled, and his spirit fled.

And then fell on ulyffes and his Son,

Upon the foremost both with Sword and Spear

And furely had deffroy'd them ev'ry one,

Had not Jove's Daughter Pallas then been there:

She to the People call'd aloud and faid. Hold Ithacefians. The Quarrel may.

Without more blood be ended. They afraid Of th'Heavenly voice began to run away.

ulyffes yet nor ceafed to purfue

The Capsains of his foes, till from above -In Thunder Jove his footy Bolt down threw. Then Pallas faid, beware; offend not Fove;

And glad was then ulyffes to give o'era

By Pallas were propounded terms of Peace. In Menter's shape; and each part to them swore. And thus it was agreed the War should cease.

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N a Council of the Gods (Neptune ablent) Pallas procureth an Order for the restitution of Ulysses. And appearing to his Son Telemachus in humane shape, adviseth bim to complain of the Suitors before the Council of the Lords, and then to go to Pylus and Sparta to enquire about his Father.

LIB. II.

Telemachus complains in vain, and borrowing a Ship goes secretly to Pyle by Night. And how he was there received.

LIB. III.

Neftor entertains bim at Pyle, and tells him how the Greeks departed from Troy; and sends him for further information to Sparta.

1 B. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta, where Menelaus tells him what befel many of the Greeks in their return; that Ulysies was with Calypso in the Isle Ogygia, as he was told by Proteus.

LIB. V.

The Gods in Council command Calypso (by Mercury) to send away Ulysses, on a Raft of Trees; and Neptune returning from Echiopia, and seeing him on the Coast of Phæacia, scattered his Raft; and how by the help of Ino he swam ashore, and slept in a heap of dry leaves till the next day.

LIB. VI.

Nausica going to a River near that place to wash the cloathes of her Father, Mother and Brethren, while the cloaths were drying played with her Maids at Ball; and Ulysses coming forth is sed and cloathed, & led to the house of her Father King Alcinous; where heing received, the Queen after Supper taking notice of his Garments, gave him occasion to relate his Passage thither on the Rast.

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Alcinous entertains him, and grants him a Convey; and both he and the Lords give him Presents.

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LIB. IX.

Ulysses relates, first, what befel him amongst the Cicones at Ismarus. Secondly, among the Lotophagi. Thirdly, how he was used by the Cyclops Polyphemus.

LIB. X.

Ullysses his entertainment by Aolus, of whom he received a fair wind for the present, and all the rest of the winds tied in a Bag; which his men untying, slew out, and arried him back to Aolus, who resused to receive him.

LIB. XI.

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of his Swine, where he is well used, and tells a seigned story, and informs himself of the behaviour of the wooers.

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LIB. XXIV.

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